FT MEADE
GenColl

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS

AN UNSATISFACTORY LOVER.

By MRS. HUNGERFORD ("The Duchess"),

AUTHOR OF "MOLLY BAWN," "PHYLLIS," "LADY PATTY," ETC.

COMPLETE.

NOVEMBER, 1893

LIPPINCOTT'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

LIPPINCOTT'S CONTENTS No. 311.

AN UNSATISFACTORY LOVER	*Mrs. Hungerford ("The Duchess")*	513–608
GOLF. (Athletic Series)	*John Gilmer Speed*	609
THE LAPP MAIDEN'S SONG. (Poem)	*Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen*	613
THE RUSTLERS. (Lippincott's Notable Stories.—No. IX.)	*Alice MacGowan*	614
PROGRESS IN LOCAL TRANSPORTATION	*Lewis M. Haupt*	622
THE WIND AND THE TREE. (Poem)	*Bliss Carman*	624
HOW THE LIGHT CAME	*J. Armoy Knox*	625
AN OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN	*Charles C. Abbott*	630
EXPENSIVE RELIGION	*Phil Stansbury*	632
THE AWAKENING. (Poem)	*Richard E. Burton*	633
WHY THE BODY SHOULD BE CULTIVATED	*Wilton Tournier*	635
TWO TURNINGS. (Poem)	*Florence E. Pratt*	636
A THREE-VOLUME TRACT	*Frederic M. Bird*	637
MEN OF THE DAY	*M. Crofton*	640

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

PUBLISHED BY

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO. PHILADELPHIA

LONDON: WARD, LOCK, BOWDEN & CO.

PARIS: BRENTANO'S, 17 AVENUE DE L'OPERA

The Test of an Encyclopædia

Is the manner in which it answers the thousand questions that come up in the busy man's life.

Chambers's Encyclopædia

will stand this test, does stand it, with very gratifying results. It is extremely suggestive, helpful, and satisfactory in its daily use. Its service to a household of varied needs, where parents and children constantly need a book of reference, is of incalculable benefit. It will have a fresh fame from this successful revision, and will be sure of justifying itself wherever a choice of it is made for a daily companion.

Send for large circular, showing specimen pages and illustrations, to the publishers,

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY,

715-717 MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

Bright's Disease

and all other stubborn complaints of the Kidneys, Liver, and Stomach, can be cured by the great mineral specific,

Bedford Water.

Bottled just as it flows from the spring, absolutely pure and unadulterated. Prescribed by the eminent physicians of the day, and every day growing more popular. Sold by druggists.

A beautiful book of interesting facts mailed *Free.*

BEDFORD MINERAL SPRINGS CO.,
BEDFORD, PA.

E. Stanley Hart & Co., Selling Agts.,
152 Franklin St., New York City.

For_____

Busy Men.

Business men with exhausted nerves and tired heads need a stimulating food that will replace the daily wear and tear. The phosphorus, lime and sodium contained in

BURNHAM'S CLAM BOUILLON.

is what you must have. It is an acknowledged fact that no other food contains so large a percentage of nerve and brain stimulant as this.

Never buy Clam Bouillon for the sick, except in Glass Bottles.

Grocers and Druggists.

Six ½ pint bottles expressed for $1.50. Send stamps for book, "Household Hints."

E. S. Burnham Co., 120 Ganesvoort St., N.Y.

AN UNSATISFACTORY LOVER.

BY

MRS. HUNGERFORD

("THE DUCHESS"),

AUTHOR OF "MOLLY BAWN," "PHYLLIS," "NOR WIFE NOR MAID," ETC.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
COPYRIGHT,
OCT 18 1893
CITY OF WASHINGTON.

PHILADELPHIA:

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

PZ3
.H9
Uns

Copyright, 1893, by J. B. Lippincott Company.

Printed by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, U.S.A.

LIPPINCOTT'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1893.

AN UNSATISFACTORY LOVER.

CHAPTER I.

The rose is living on her cheeks,
  The lily in her rounded chin;
She speaks but when her whole soul speaks,
  And then the two flow out and in
And mix their red and white to make
The hue for which I'd Paradise forsake.

THE old house, in spite of the decay that is fast compassing its ruin, is looking lovely in the rays of this hot noon sunshine. The windows are all blazing as though on fire, and seem to be seeking comfort from the cool green of the ivy that is hanging round them, —framing them, as it were,—hanging too closely, indeed, to some of them, as though suggesting the idea that a clipping would be good for it.

Decidedly the ivy does want clipping; but, alas, the old house wants so many things! "It is difficult to grow old gracefully," says Madame de Staël in one of her charming letters. No one has ever contradicted her, and indeed this old house, so very much the worse for wear, is an argument on her side. Yet there are some beautiful features about its fading.

The terraces, for one thing,—or rather for two things,—are looking delightful to-day. They too are bathed in the lovely light that shows up all the flaws and ruined places. It shines indiscriminately on the broken body of the Diana over there, on the headless Cupid in this corner, on the exquisite old cedar on the lawn below, and on the two bare spaces in the balustrade where the pillars have been broken away, and through which the boys now sometimes creep, to the terror of the old nurse (who is as old as everything else in this sweet forsaken spot), and clamber down by the ivy branches, coming, as a rule, to the end of their journey with a tumble to the turf beneath.

In the garden beyond, the fountain is dead. Great Pan has ceased

his playing. His pipe lies idle in his mouth; one of his hands is gone; and the big banks where flowers used to lie in profusion, enriching the air,—why, they are dead too, and dull, and forgotten. Yet there is about these banks a certain air as if some one had been desirous of restoring their fallen glories. A digging here, a prodding there. A boyish hand, perhaps; an amateur's hand, beyond question. It might be a girl's. Whatever it is, it seems to have done little good. The violets alone have proved grateful for the slight if honest care bestowed upon them: in the spring, year after year, they rush to deck this sad and lonely bank, making glad the world around them by their priceless presence.

Just beyond this "wilderness of sweets" a little garden lies, all wooded round by evergreens, bays, laurels, and the red-flowered escallonia. In here, flowers grow apace, as swift as weeds, though weeds there are none,—only such dear flower-blossoms as are known to us from childhood,—things that cost us nothing, that would fetch but a poor price in any market, and that yet are so sweet to our souls,—so beyond all money!—flowers that speak to us with a living breath, a living beauty, and a thousand fond memories, past griefs, past joys.

This is Terry's garden.

Upon the green, sloping lawn before the house, three stately beech-trees, broad and strong and great, are spreading their branches; beneath them shadows lie. Far, far beyond them is a glimpse of the ocean, silver and green, but no sound comes from it to-day. This day is so still that hardly even a twitter from the birds disturbs the air.

Silence lies on everything.

A silence broken now, however, and in a most tempestuous fashion. Out from one of the drawing-room windows, brushing aside the too obtrusive ivy that looks as if it would have liked to catch her and detain her, springs a slight, girlish figure; after her rush two boys. For a moment, like a bird, she alights upon the terrace, poising herself as it were, then flies to the steps, and away.

Away across the sunlit lawn; away over the tiny, sparkling stream, her two hounds in full cry; away into the scented wood beyond, and out again. Across the road now, and through an opening in the hedge into another wood, and so on, and on, and on.

Swift as Atalanta she flies; no laugh upon her parted lips. This is business. But oh, here is an obstacle!

A high wall uprears itself before her: she has made a mistake, has come the wrong way. She glances back, her blue eyes full of the desire for victory, the excitement of the chase rendering every nerve tense. Yes, they are gaining on her. "The foe, they come, they come!"

This dreadful wall! Her eager and (it must be confessed) experienced eyes search it from side to side. There is very little time for search; the foes, and "those of her own household" too, draw nearer every second.

With a little wild brandishing of her arms she makes for a kindly projecting stone in the wall before her, that up to this had escaped her notice, and, catching by the mosses and grasses that decorate the wall's

old sides, she clambers to the top of it, and, standing there, looks down at the other side.

It is steep,—horribly steep. Eagerly she looks to the right; no hope. As eagerly she looks to the left, and here her eyes stand still.

"Do you want to come down, Miss O'More?" asks a voice that has something of surprised condemnation in it.

"Oh, is that you?" cries Terry, frantically. "Hurry! hurry! Help me down!" She is too excited at the moment to notice the disagreeable tone in his voice, but afterwards it comes back to her and rankles in her heart. "They'll be here in a second! Give me your hands!" She leans down towards him. "Oh, hurry—*do!*"

"One moment," says Mr. Trefusis, calmly, taking his gun from his shoulder. He has been sent out by his hostess to shoot a rabbit, as Miss Anson wants a rabbit-skin to make something for the coming bazaar that is to be held in the school-house.

"There isn't a moment!" cries Terry, wildly. "They"—looking back—"they have turned the corner! What!" stamping her foot impatiently on the top of the wall, "what *are* you doing with that gun?"

"Taking out the cartridge," says the Englishman, immovably. "I think it unwise—actually reprehensible—ever to let a gun out of one's possession loaded; and you say your brothers are coming?"

"Oh, bother your gun!" cries Terry. "Look here. If you won't help me, I'll jump."

"I beg you won't do that," says Mr. Trefusis, coming quickly to her. He has flung both the gun and the cartridges upon the ground. He *has* unloaded it, however. Now, placing one foot against the wall, he reaches up his arms to her, and she, catching his hands, springs light as a feather to the ground.

"This is Den!' she cries, triumphantly. She breaks into a burst of merry laughter as the boys' heads now appear at the top of the wall. In a moment they have swung themselves over and are beside her. "I've won!" she cries, gayly. "That's another penny. It was fivepence yesterday. It's sixpence now." She laughs again; her laugh is like music, sweet, spontaneous, irresistible.

"Oh, it isn't fair!" cries the eldest boy, Max, who has the face of an angel, but a nature that I'm afraid even the strongest-minded angel would disown. "Mr. Trefusis helped you; we saw him. Of course if *we* had people to help *us*, we'd have won."

"He only gave me his hand. Wasn't that all, Mr. Trefusis?"

Trefusis regards her curiously. Does she know how anxious he is to give her his hand forever? But her question is still unanswered, and, being an Englishman, he answers it to the letter.

"Both hands, I think," says he. Somehow the answer seems to militate against her in the eyes of the two pursuers.

"There! you see!" says Geoffrey, the second boy, who is the very image of his sister. "He thinks it unfair, too!"

"Do you?" asks the girl, turning to Trefusis hotly. "Oh, yes," —resenting his hesitation, which arises only from a desire to understand the situation,—"I can see you do. I," indignantly, "I'm very sorry

I asked you to help me at all. I could have jumped it quite easily by myself."

"I am glad, however, I was on the spot," returns Trefusis, calmly, —with, indeed, most aggravating calmness. "You might have seriously hurt yourself if you had jumped down here; sprained your ankle, or——"

"Nonsense!" says Terry, shortly.

"There have been cases of the kind, however," continues Trefusis, coloring slightly. "And, besides, to run so much as you do, do you think it wise?" "Ladylike" was on the tip of his tongue, but Providence came to his aid and suppressed it.

"I don't think about it at all," says Miss O'More, with a little tilt of her chin: there is distinct resentment in her glance. "If *you* object to running, then don't run. As for me, I am now going to run again—home. Come, boys."

The boys are at her side in a moment.

"If you think I didn't win that last penny fairly," says she, "I'll race you all over again. But you must give me the same odds. To that tree over there," pointing to a distant birch.

"All right," cry the boys in a breath. They have thrown themselves into running attitudes, and Terry is about to start, when Trefusis comes quickly forward:

"Miss O'More, a word. I have a letter from your cousin for you: I was going to your place with it. She hopes you will come up to dinner to-night."

Whatever Terry's cousin may be feeling on the subject, there is unmistakable hope in the face of Trefusis.

"You—I may tell her you are coming?" says he, seeing with a curious pang at his heart that she has not even cared to open the letter he has given her.

"Oh, I don't know," returns she, carelessly. "I'll think about it. At all events, I'll send her word."

"But——"

"There isn't time for 'buts,'" cries she, with a rather malicious little laugh at him. "Now—Geoff—Max—I'm off!"

And, like a second Atalanta, away she flies again, like an arrow from its bow.

CHAPTER II.

O light of dead and of dying days!
  O Love! in thy glory go,
In a rosy mist and a moony haze,
  O'er the pathless peaks of snow.
* * * * * *
But what is left for the cold gray soul
  That moans like a wounded dove?

THROUGH the wood they have flown all three, and now into an open field beyond, that runs by the side of the high-road. Here a young man, riding leisurely along, stands up in the stirrups and calls aloud to Terry. Turning, she sees him.

"A pax! a pax!" cries she to her brothers, whereon they all troop down to the wall to talk to the man on horseback, a very tall and very well set-up young man, and that uncommon thing, a handsome Irishman.

"Are you going up to the Hall to-night?" he calls over the thickening hedge of furze and blackberry behind which Terry is standing on tiptoe with a vain hope of seeing him face to face. Finding this impossible, she now smiles at him, though he does not know it, through an opening in the bushes. "I've had a line from Fanny. But I want to know if you are going."

"Why?" she asks.

"Only because, if you aren't, I shan't go either," says her cousin, Laurence O'More.

"Oh, well, set your mind at rest. I'm going," says Terry.

"Where on earth are you?" asks Laurence, peering right and left. "I wish I could see you: I'd know what you really meant then."

"Do you mean to insinuate that my word is not as good as my bond?" asks Terry. She clambers up a break in the bank and shows him a lovely face, just between two branches of furze that are heavily and most sweetly in bloom.

"Well?" she says, saucily, "am I going to Fanny's to-night, or am I not?"

"Oh, it wasn't about that I wanted to question you," says the young giant on horseback. "It was——" he hesitates. "Was that Trefusis I saw you speaking to just now in the lower field?"

"Yes."

"He seems to haunt you."

"Don't be stupid," says Miss O'More, turning a little red, however.

"Oh, stupid! Mark my words," says her cousin, leaning over his saddle towards her, as if to emphasize his words,—perhaps to watch her face more closely: "he wants to marry you."

"Pouf! Go home!" says Miss O'More. She scrambles down from the bank again and goes on her homeward way. But she resigns that penny to the boys. She will run no more. She is tired.

"Terry," says Geoffrey, twisting his arm into hers, "why did you tell Larry you were going to Fanny's to-night, and Mr. Trefusis that you didn't know whether you would go or not?"

"Because Mr. Trefusis asks too many questions," returns his sister, with a disdainful little shake of her charming head.

If she had known that he was going to ask her yet one more question to-night, perhaps she would not have gone to dine with Fanny, after all.

* * * * * * * *

Terry O'More, the eldest of the O'Mores now living, had been christened Terentia by her mother. The late Mrs. O'More had so adored her husband that when her first baby came she had feared to let this opportunity pass of complimenting him and perpetuating his beloved name, lest a second opportunity for doing so should never

arise. As a fact, two other opportunities did arise, and the latter put an end to her pretty, graceful, tender life. Her husband followed her to the land of shadows ten years later, killed by a fall from his horse while hunting, and from that time Terry had lived practically alone. Terry she was, for Terentia had been felt to be too impossible a name in a household where the rents had been lowered to such an extent that carriages were put down, and the box stalls where the horses used to stand were rotting.

On her father's death, her cousin, Mrs. Adare, had offered her and the two boys a home at the Hall, but Terry would not leave the old house, though, indeed, the four walls were all that was left to her, and about a hundred a year. Even old Miss Bridget O'More, her aunt, who lived at Derrymain, about two miles from More House, Terry's home, and who, though "wallowing in money," as the peasants said, was proverbially close-fisted, had declared herself willing to saddle herself for the rest of her days with her brother's children, but Terry, though much pressed to it by Fanny Adare, would not consent to go beneath another roof as long as her own old roof would stand.

Then efforts had been made to provide the desolate child, who was only sixteen, with a companion, but against this she set her face resolutely, and, with a certain force that startled her listeners and made Miss Bridget shake her head over her future, declined to live with any stranger. She had the boys, she said, Max, who was fourteen, and Geoffrey, who was twelve, as promising a pair of pickles as one could meet with in a day's march. Besides which, there was Nurse. She would stay with her.

Mrs. Ryan, on being questioned, gave it to be understood that wild horses wouldn't draw her out of More House.

And Mrs. Ryan, it was felt, was a force in herself. When "the masther lay stretched," as she graphically and with heart-rending sobs described it, it had been intimated to her by one of the maids that there would be little hope of wages in the future, the "masther" having died most hopelessly in debt, and that she had better join the others and make a clean exit. Whereupon bad times arose for that maid. Mrs. Ryan, full of grief, had fallen upon her tooth and nail, and boxed her ears soundly.

After that she had settled down, seen all the other servants out of the house, and accepted a quarter of the old wages she was supposed to receive (there had been great difficulty about the paying of anything during the last few years), accepting that only because her darling, her foster-child, would not be content unless she shared something with her besides her troubles. Terry was the light of her eyes, as unfortunately, in some cases, she was the light of other eyes too.

Thus Terry carried the day, and lived alone in the old tumble-down beautiful house, with only the boys and the nurse to keep her company, and without actual chaperonage of any kind; yet such was the girl that no one ever said there was anything wrong in the doing of this thing. Terry was Terry; no breath of scandal could come near her. Even the rector's sister, who made all the parish "sit up" occasionally, had never a word to say against Terry; at least, a word

that signified. It was not in Miss Gabbett's nature to let any one go quite scot-free. Even her brother, the rector, she condemned at times, and the rector was a saint. Perhaps that was why she was his sister; saints have always burdens to bear.

However, Terry escaped very well at her hands; though her brothers certainly did not. Everything she spared Terry in the way of objurgation she added to the vials of wrath that she daily poured upon the boys. More House was always under her supervision.

Poor old More House, once so beautiful, now in the last stages of decay. The boys have turned its name into a joke. "We don't want More House," they say; "what we do want is more furniture." And indeed furniture is at a low ebb in the large rooms that look now like barracks vacated. As time went on, the tables and chairs and knick-knacks had fallen asunder, and been consigned, not to the attics, as with most people, but to the kitchen fire, fire-wood being an article unknown of late years. And these articles, thus brought to the hammer of life, had never afterwards been renewed. There are a few things still in the drawing-room and dining-room and bedrooms, but Want stalks through the house, rampant at waking hours, mercifully forgotten in the dark moments of the silent night.

Poor Terry! She makes that very uncertain hundred a year go a long way, the longer because of the rector, who would not take a penny from her for the education of the boys, and who yet drills them, and scolds them, and grinds them, as though he were getting a thousand a year for them. Good rector! Your reward is in the courts above; a great, a high reward!

CHAPTER III.

Oh, her cheek, her cheek was pale,
Her voice was hardly musical;
  But your proud gray eyes grew tender,
Child, when mine they met,
  With a piteous self-surrender,
Margaret.

"JUST in time," whispers Mrs. Adare, giving Terry's hand a warm pressure as the girl enters the drawing-room at the Hall, a few hours later. Mrs. Adare (Fanny, as her intimates call her) is a young and pretty woman, a cousin of Terry's, who had married Tom Adare, the owner of the Hall and Master of the Hounds in this county, almost five years ago. An excellent match as far as money goes, and a still better one in that love alone made it.

"I was so afraid I was late," whispers Terry back. She is looking charming,—a little flushed from excitement attendant on the fear that she was keeping them all waiting. Her lovely brown hair, with its threads of gold running through it, is lying loosely on her forehead, half concealing, half betraying the whiteness of it, and her dark-blue eyes are brilliant. She is dressed in black, a grenadine skirt on a black silk one (the latter had been her mother's), and, though undoubtedly it has seen service, still somehow it looks lovely on her—or she looks

lovely in it. It certainly throws out the exquisite fairness of her soft childish neck and arms. She has no gloves,—gloves are so expensive,—and no rings on her slender fingers, and nothing round her throat, and, indeed, not a jewel anywhere. Yet to Trefusis, standing by the window at the far end of the room, talking to Miss Anson, she seems the most delicately beautiful thing he has ever seen in all his life.

He is too much a society man to show his thoughts, yet all the time he is talking of the last new novel to Miss Anson he is thinking of Terry. How fair she is, how self-possessed! With what a perfect air she greets her friends! Is this the same girl who was running wild as a roe through the fields this morning? What "infinite variety"! And that little trick of half closing her eyes!

"Gerrard, you will take Miss O'More in to dinner," says his hostess, softly. He smiles gratefully at her. He had, indeed, asked her earlier in the day to let him have Terry as his companion at dinner. He now moves towards her, not seeing the frown on the face of the girl he has just left, who would very willingly have accompanied him anywhere. Fanny does, and smiles a little. Trefusis's secret, if it is one, is no longer unknown to her. She is an old friend of his, and meeting him in England last winter had asked him to come and stay with her. He had come, a month ago, had seen Terry, and had been conquered. He has hardly cared to disguise his admiration for her; certainly not from Fanny, who is delighted at this chance of a good marriage for her cousin,—a penniless cousin, and a cousin extremely dear to her. But how will Terry act? Will she refuse him, or accept? Fanny's kindly heart sinks within her, as she thinks of the girl's impetuous, honest nature. If she does not love him, how will it be then? All through dinner she trembles for the result of the interview that she is almost certain Trefusis is bent on arranging between Terry and himself to-night.

Indeed, when she finds, after dinner, that Terry and Trefusis have disappeared, into the conservatory presumably, her nervousness grows on her. That foolish girl—if she, Fanny, could only have said a word to her, about the boys for instance, and their good——

"This is your doing, I suppose," says her brother, in an infuriated tone. She looks up. Laurence O'More, his handsome face alive with wrath, is looking down at her where she sits near one of the curtains.

"What is my doing?" she asks, with the access of indignation that guilty people usually acquire.

"I tell you what," says Laurence, hotly, "Trefusis won't thank you for this, when it is all over."

"The original riddler was nothing to you," says his sister, meanly hiding herself from his wrath beneath a pretence of ignorance. "What have I done, Larry?"

"You've let that fellow propose to Terry. Pshaw! as if I didn't know what he's taken her into the conservatory for! As if you didn't know too! And a very sisterly act on your part, I must call it!—knowing, as you do, how—I—regard Terry! But there is one satisfaction," maliciously; "she won't have him. She'll refuse him; and then how will you explain yourself to him?"

"She will have him; she must," says Mrs. Adare, solemnly. "Larry," catching one of the tails of his coat as he angrily leaves her, "come back. Listen to me. Of course I know you have a sort of fancy for her——"

"Fancy for her!"

"Well," with the irritating air of one who is willing to go all lengths to gain a purpose, "a sort of love for her."

"A *sort* of love!"

"Well, isn't it a sort of love?" cries Mrs. Adare. "It can come to nothing. She hasn't a penny; and you have about two hundred a year. Do you propose to marry on that? Don't be a fool, Larry; and don't be selfish, either. Give Terry her chance."

"Oh, as for her chance," says he, "I've nothing to do with that. She cares nothing for me. What I object to is your driving her into a marriage with a man for whom she cares nothing either." He pauses, and then, "After all, it doesn't matter," says he: "she will refuse him."

* * * * * * * *

Has she refused him? As Terry comes into the hall half an hour later, cloaked and hooded for her journey home, Mrs. Adare comes up to her over the marble pavement of the hall. She has been dying to see her before, but it is so hard to get away from one's older guests.

"Terry! Something has happened? He has asked you to marry him?"

"Yes."

"And you?" breathlessly.

"I said I didn't know."

"Oh, Terry!"

"Well," with a sad if defiant glance, "I *don't* know."

"You don't!" Mrs. Adare looks at her. In her tone there is reproach, vehement but repressed. "There," hurriedly, "go home. I'll come over in the morning. But," holding her, as the girl with a rather glad activity goes by her, "you *will* say 'Yes,' dearest? Think of the boys!"

"I have," slowly. "I thought of them. That was why I didn't say 'No.'"

"Oh, Terry!"

* * * * * * * *

Mrs. Adare knows little sleep to-night. Honestly concerned for her cousin's welfare, she lies awake, thinking of her future. This thought keeps her wakeful, and in the morning at breakfast it is still with her. She cannot refrain from casting curious glances at Trefusis during the meal, and is discomfited by finding him quite as calm as usual.

Is he so sure, then? Even if he is, he should not show it. "I hope he will change his manner before he goes to see her this morning," says she to herself. Oh, if only she could give him a hint! but that is, of course, impossible.

Breakfast over, she makes a slight apology to her guests,—the Hall, as a rule, is always full,—and hurries away to Terry. First, however,

she sends off a note to her aunt,—hers and Terry's,—giving her a hint as to the situation. Old Miss Bridget might be useful on such an occasion as this, and no chance should be neglected to induce Terry to accept an alliance that will raise her from absolute poverty to the light of day.

Not finding Terry down-stairs, Mrs. Adare runs up to the girl's bedroom.

"What are you doing here?" she cries, gayly. "Making yourself lovely for him?"

"No. Hiding, I think," says Terry, with a rather nervous laugh. "Fanny,"—her eyes fill with frightened tears,—"do you think I *must* see him to-day?"

"Not only that," says Fanny, with decision, and refusing to see the tears, though her heart is aching, "but you must say 'Yes' to him."

"Must I say that?"

"My dear girl," says Fanny, "you will be mad if you say anything else. What do you expect, Terry? Gerrard is a gentleman. He is very well off; he is next heir to a title, and he is extremely good-looking."

"Is he?"

"In love with you? I never saw any one so head-over-ears in love with any one in my life," says Mrs. Adare. "If that is what troubles you, I——"

"Oh, no, it isn't that," says Terry, carelessly, indifferently,—with indeed such an assured air about his being in love with her, that Fanny laughs outright.

"That goes without telling, I suppose," says she. "What a conceited little cat! Well, what is your question, then? His money?"

"No; his looks. You said he was extremely good-looking."

"So does everybody, unless you are the solitary exception. Some people call him downright handsome!"

"You mean Miss Anson," says Terry, lifting her shoulders. She hesitates, and then, "His face is very long," says she.

"So is his purse," returns Fanny, sententiously.

"Still, I——"

"Nonsense, Terry! His face is not long." She is looking at the girl searchingly. "It is not as short as Larry's, certainly, but——"

"What has Larry got to do with it?" asks Terry, with a quick frown.

"Nothing, I hope. Yet sometimes I cannot help thinking, Terry, that you give a good many of your thoughts to him."

"You are wrong, then,—in a sense. I know what you mean; but Larry is only like a brother to me."

"I am afraid he does not feel like a brother towards you."

"Oh, as for that, it is all nonsense," says Terry, blushing hotly. "He only fancies he is in love with me. He won't break his heart over me, anyway."

"No, he will never break his heart over anything," says his sister, thoughtfully. "Larry is a typical Irishman, all storm and energy to-day, all sunshine and indifference to-morrow; raging at his fate in the

morning, and telling you a good story in the afternoon. Larry is delightful; he's a darling! If any one knows Larry, I do. He wouldn't suit you, Terry."

"I wish you wouldn't take such a wrong view of it all," says Terry, angrily. "I am as little in love with Larry as I am with——"

"No, don't say it," says Fanny, interrupting her quickly. "Try to be in love with Gerrard, Terry. Think what a help he would be to you and the boys. You know you won't let me help you; but a husband—you could not refuse help from him. And Max ought soon to go to college, and——" she grows silent for a moment; then, "You *will* accept him, Terry?"

"I don't know. I——"

"What did you say to him last night?"

"Just that. That I didn't know."

"But you must know now! All last night! You must have thought last night. If you don't care for any one else, I implore you not to throw away this chance. You—you don't care for any one else?"

"No, not in that way."

"Then you——?"

"I'll say 'Yes,'" says the girl, abruptly. "It will be for the boys."

"For yourself too, darling! He is one of the best fellows in the world; he——" She breaks off: a loud familiar voice can be heard outside. It is the voice of Miss Bridget O'More.

"Here is Aunt Bridget," says Fanny, nervously.

"You have told her!" says Terry, rising and gazing at her cousin with keen reproach.

"Well, it had to be told sooner or later," says Fanny, airily.

CHAPTER IV.

Whether we die or we live,
Matters it now no more:
Life has naught further to give.

MISS BRIDGET O'MORE stalks into the room, her face one great aggressive smile. As her face is about the broadest thing on record, as far as faces go, the smile passes all bounds. The smile of the famous Cheshire cat isn't in it, by comparison. Miss Bridget is tall, stout, and vigorous. When she speaks she shouts. This latter delightful trait (that, as a rule, reduces the nervous stranger to the verge of lunacy) arises probably from the fact that she has insisted on getting her false teeth from the cheapest man in Dublin, and therefore unless she yells no one can understand her: there are times when she does not understand herself.

It has been suggested to her by long-suffering relatives that she would gain in the saving to her lungs if she would only go to a good dentist; but to save in purse is the joy of Miss Bridget O'More.

Having considerably more money than she knows what to do with, it is Miss Bridget's chief delight to pile up sum after sum and invest them carefully. She might have been of immense good to Terry and the boys since (and long before) their father's death, but, beyond that one offer on Mr. O'More's demise, she has carefully refrained from mixing herself up with their affairs until now,—now when she hears that Terry, the despised because impecunious Terry, is about to form an alliance with a man rich enough to satisfy even her dreams of avarice.

She comes beaming into the room, her skirts well caught up, her ponderous feet showing.

"My good girl! This is excellent news!" she cries, falling upon Terry and nearly stifling her in a huge embrace. "Good heavens! fancy such luck coming to you! Who'd have thought a man as rich as he is would have cast a second thought on a lean little creature like you?"

Here she catches Fanny's eye, who is gesticulating to her frantically behind Terry's back. Fanny is fast growing desperate. After all the trouble she has taken to bring Terry to the desired point, now here comes this meddling silly old woman, saying the very things that are likely to make the girl angry enough to break through her late decision!

"I knew you'd be glad, Aunt Bridget," says Fanny, in a delightful tone. "But I must confess I disagree with you about Terry in one way. I think," laughing brightly, "Gerrard Trefusis will have the best of the bargain. But it is a good match, all the same."

"Such wealth!" says Miss Bridget, uplifting her hands.

"Oh, not that so much," says Fanny, prettily. "He is so good, so true, so handsome."

"It is an epoch in her life," says Miss Bridget, solemnly. "Terentia, you must have a new gown for Fanny's dance. And"—with overwhelming generosity—"I shall give it to you. When does your dance come off, Fanny? Next month?"

Terry, who has not spoken up to this, now turns suddenly upon the speaker.

"I don't want it!" says she, clearly, distinctly. The words read rudely, but Terry does not look rude as she stands there, her face very white, her eyes flashing. She looks only troubled, and perhaps a little haughty.

"It isn't what you want, it is what I want!" says Miss Bridget, autocratically. "I insist, now that you are engaged to so—so"—warned by another frown from Fanny, she changes the word on her lips—"so worthy a young man, on your appearing properly dressed for once in your life!"

Terry makes an angry movement. "One would think I had been improperly dressed up to this," says she, indignantly.

"You have certainly been shabby at times," says Miss Bridget, who, not being troubled with nerves of her own, is indifferent to the sensibility of other people. "I tell you I shall give you a new dress for Fanny's dance: you want one badly."

"And yet you have waited to give it to me until I had promised to marry a man with money," says the girl, bitterly. "I don't want new frocks now. I won't have them."

"Dear Terry," says Fanny, in a low tone, who is in an agony lest Terry shall refuse this charming offer from their parsimonious old aunt, "think."

"I *am* thinking, and—no, I don't want it," says Terry, obstinately. "If Mr. Trefusis has liked me in shabby frocks, I don't see why I should put on silks and satins just because I am engaged to him. Perhaps he wouldn't like me in them. King Cophetua"—with a cold smile, full of *hauteur*—"might not like his beggar-maid without her rags." She turns contemptuously away.

"What does she mean?" demands Miss Bridget, angrily. "What does the girl mean, Fanny?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all," says Mrs. Adare. "She is only—you know—just a little *tête montée*." She puts her fingers lightly to her own head to illustrate her meaning. But this, too, is Greek to Miss Bridget.

"I know nothing of kings!" cries that irate old lady; "though," with a cruel glance at Terry, "of beggary I know much; and as to your foreign languages, Fanny, I would ask you not to trouble me with them. Indecent, I call them. What I've got to say, and I say it in proper English, is that Terentia must and shall be well dressed for your dance."

"Ah! take care what you are doing," cries Terry, mockingly. "What if he no longer fancies me when you have pranked me out!"

"Stuff!" says Miss Bridget. The word "stuff" has been in her mind all along, indeed, and she has hardly heard Terry's little sarcasm, so intent is her mind on discovering for how small a sum she may make her niece presentable in the eyes of her prospective lover. Yet it can't be stuff. Silk it must be,—at least the underskirt. "A dress you must have, for I am determined you shall appear as my niece should."

"I have been your niece for eighteen years," says Terry, coldly.

"Fanny, this is insolence!" says Miss Bridget, rising.

"Not at all," says Fanny, rising too. "Not at all," she whispers hurriedly in Miss Bridget's ear. "Mere excitement. Dear Aunt Bridget, have patience. When a niece of yours is going to marry a man with twenty thousand a year and a title in prospect, no wonder her wits go a bit astray."

That touch about the title is even more subtle than the one about the money. Miss Bridget sinks back in her chair, much mollified.

Fanny goes over to where Terry is standing, angry, hurt, her face a very picture of disgust.

"Look here, Terry; don't be a fool," says her cousin, softly. "Every girl likes a new dress. And you are just like the rest: so don't give yourself airs. It may be proper pride to refuse things from me, who am only your cousin (though I don't think so, mind), but to refuse them from Aunt Bridget is pure folly. Pull yourself together, you little goose, and see how things are. You will want your trousseau

from her later on. I only wish to goodness"—she laughs, and turns to where Miss Bridget is sitting—"that Aunt Bridget would see her way to giving *me* a gown!"

To Mrs. Adare's everlasting astonishment, Aunt Bridget rises to the bait that had been thrown without any meaning.

"As for that, Fanny, I'll give you one too, if you like," says the old miser, slowly. She is so elated by the thought that one of her nieces is going to make so distinguished a marriage, that not only her heart-strings but her purse-strings are expanded.

"What!" says Mrs. Adare. "Aunt Bridget! Let me fall upon your neck. You really mean it? A prayer shall be said for you night and morning for a month."

"My own prayers are sufficient for me," says Miss Bridget, austerely, who is of the Low-Church party, and scents ritualism in Fanny's words. "You can order the dress at your own woman's, Fanny; but it must not be too expensive, mind."

"Oh, I'll mind," says Fanny, who is already wondering what is the most expensive material now in fashion. "And now for Terry," says she. "What shall it be, Terry? White, of course. But——"

"You can arrange it," says the girl, drearily. She flings herself into a chair as if nothing any longer is of any consequence to her, and gazes fixedly out of the window.

"You give us *carte blanche*, then?" says Fanny, enchanted at having got her consent at all. "Perhaps you are wise. Aunt Bridget and I will manage it. We'll make you a Queen of Beauty.—Going now, Aunt Bridget? Well, good-by. You will be sure to come to the rector's lecture to-night?"

Aunt Bridget, having said "Yes" to this, disappears, whereupon Mrs. Adare goes up to Terry.

"You lucky girl!" cries she.

"I don't feel at all lucky," says Terry, disconsolately. "I don't want to marry any one."

"Bless me! I wasn't thinking of Gerrard. I was thinking of that terrible old woman who has just left us. To marry Gerrard is a triumph, of course, but to be able to get a gown out of Aunt Bridget puts everything else into the shade. Good gracious! it lifts you to the heights of genius."

"You must be a genius too," says Terry, resentfully. "She is giving you a dress as well."

"Ah! but that was basely come by, in comparison!"

"And yet you pretended to be grateful to her."

"My dear child, I am grateful. A gown is a gown always."

"But to say you would pray for her!"

"Well, doesn't she want prayers, and are we not ordered to pray for all Turks?" asks Mrs. Adare, giving way to a burst of frivolous if irresistible laughter.

"You are too bad, Fanny," says Terry, who is laughing in spite of herself. Suddenly, however, as though struck by a thought, her laughter dies away. Her eyes are on the window. "Fanny! here he is! he is coming! Fanny, will you stay with me?"

"Not likely," says Fanny, picking up her gloves and flying to the door.

"But what shall I say to him?" wringing her hands in her distress.

"Say 'Yes!'" cries Fanny, with a little malicious grin, as she runs out of the door-way and down the back-stairs to the garden, so as to escape him.

CHAPTER V.

Fancy paints with hues unreal
  Smile of bliss and sorrow's mood:
If they both are but ideal,
  They reject the seeming good.

"WELL?" says Trefusis. He has come forward to meet Terry, as the latter, with all the air of a first-class misdemeanant on the way to execution, comes into the drawing-room,—the poor old drawing-room that surely never has seemed so shabby as it does to-day. He is a tall man of about twenty-eight, with a slight but powerful figure and rather large hands and feet. There is something powerful about the lean face, too,—something rather too masterful, perhaps, especially about the lower jaw. His eyes are a very dark gray, and his hair is cropped as close to his head as any woman could desire. Strictly speaking, he could never be considered handsome,—not half so good-looking, for example, as Laurence O'More, who might pose at any moment as a young Apollo. His mouth is too severe, his nose too straight, his eyes too searching; but, in spite of all these defects, Gerrard Trefusis is a man not lightly to be loved or hated.

He has come across the room to meet her, but he has not even attempted to take her hand. He had told himself that he would leave it to her entirely. That silence of hers last night, that half-acceptance,—or was it a half-refusal?—had stirred him. He would not coerce her by soft words or tender actions. That she does not love him now he knows, but in time she may learn to love him. It seems to him, however, that it would be dishonorable to entice her into an engagement which she might afterwards learn to regret. Let her make her own choice, free and unfettered. Perhaps there is some pride mixed up with this Spartan resolve.

Unfortunately, Terry somewhat spoils the magnanimity of his resolution by holding out her hand to him, courtesy compelling her to the act. He takes it, and holds it closely enough, but with nothing beyond that to show the girl the depth of the love that burns within his heart.

"How d'ye do?" says Terry, shaking his hand nervously, almost warmly. She is feeling frightened to death. How tall he looks! how stern! She tries to meet him as an every-day acquaintance; she pushes a chair towards him; she even attempts to give him her usual smile reserved for visitors; but this is a distinct failure.

"I told you I should come," says Trefusis, ignoring the smile and the chair alike. He feels as if he could not sit down until this is settled.

"Yes, I know," says Terry, giving up the society air and sinking

into deep depression. "I told you, too—that I—you remember?—that I——"

"That you did not love me?" says Trefusis, in a perfectly matter-of-fact tone. There is such an utter dearth of emotion in it that Terry's nervousness disappears as if by magic. It seems to brace her to the task before her. If he doesn't really care——

"It is not a thing to forget," says Trefusis. "But you told me also that you loved no one else."

"That is quite as true," says she, coldly. His calmness has nettled her almost beyond bearing. "I love no one but the boys and Fanny."

"I do not fear them," says Trefusis.

"No?" His confident tone annoys her. If he could only know how far above her bare toleration of him these dear ones count, he might speak less certainly. Yet perhaps that is why he does so speak, she tells herself with a sigh, because he knows that for their sakes—the boys' sakes—she is going to say "Yes."

"All that is nothing," says Trefusis, suddenly. There had been a little pause. "We went through that last night. The answer I want to-day has to do with one question only. Will you marry me?"

Was there ever so bald, so unlover-like a proposal? Terry stands silent. A whole minute goes by. In that minute she tells herself that he does not love her; and yet, if not, why does he want to marry her? It is a riddle insoluble. She draws a sharp quick breath. Then—

"Yes," she says, bravely. Her face is as white as death,—so white that it checks the words on Trefusis's lips and kills the growing gladness in his eyes.

"You would rather say 'No'?" says he, very quietly, but distinctly.

Terry throws up her head. Her large eyes flash defiance into his.

"I have said 'Yes,'" says she. "Would you prefer that I should say 'No'?"

Trefusis smiles. It is a pity she does not see the smile, there is so much strange sweetness in it. But the girl's eyes are bent upon the ground. They are heavy with tears, tears she would not have let him see for a king's ransom.

"You cannot so misjudge me," says Trefusis, gently. "I am glad indeed that you have said 'Yes.' My only regret is that you cannot say it more willingly. But I hope—time will help me."

He lifts her hand and presses it to his lips. To her it seems such a foolish formal act, yet she is thankful too that he desires no more of her than this slight caress upon her hand. She makes no objection to that; her little hand lies limp and unsympathetic within his.

"As to that," says she, his last words ringing in her ears, "you must let me say something. It"—lifting shy uncertain eyes to his—"it is quite true that I care for no one—in that way. But time, that you speak of, may *not* make me care for you—in——"

"That way," Trefusis repeats. "Yes, I know. I understand; and I take the risk."

"There is something more," says Terry, wretchedly. Will nothing

touch him, hurt him, offend him? Has he no pride? Will nothing send him away?

"I want to be quite fair with you. I want to tell you——I"—miserably and in a most ashamed little way that is full of sweetness—"*must* tell you that I am marrying you only because I think it will be so good for—for——"

"The boys?" says Trefusis, slowly, seeing she cannot go on. "Yes, I know even that. Fanny, without knowing it, let me see it. Well, I will be good to the boys. Is that all? Is there any other thing that must yet be told?"

Terry turns suddenly upon him, a passion of anger, of despair, within her heart.

"There is!" cries she. "Why do you want to marry me? How could any one want to marry a girl who does not love him,—who thinks only of her own people,—who——"

"You spoke of riddles just now," says he, interrupting her unceremoniously. "This is mine. You can give any answer to it that you like. I shall only say that, in spite of all your reasons to the contrary, I still want to marry you."

"Well, I have told you," says she, slowly, heavily.

"You have, indeed."

A silence follows upon this. He breaks it.

"Perhaps you thought your honesty would induce me to withdraw from my proposal," says he, in a curious tone; "but, if so, you were mistaken. It has only waked in me a stronger desire for you. I like honesty."

"Sometimes honesty sounds like rudeness," says Terry, coldly. She has given up all hope of being able to get rid of this good match that has been thrust upon her. "I hope you exonerate me from that; actual rudeness, I mean."

"I am not a fault-finder," says Trefusis. "Is that how you regard me? I am sure, at all events, I shall never find a fault in you."

Later on these words of his trouble her mind, and she threshes them through and through. Was there a threat conveyed in them? a threat that he would be on the lookout for faults? or was it a flattering declaration that as yet he had seen no fault in her?

He rises to go.

"Shall I see you at the rector's lecture to-night?" he asks. His voice is that of a mere ordinary acquaintance.

"Yes, I think so. Fanny is going, I know. And the boys want to go."

"Ah! the boys! If it is for the good of the boys, of course you will go. And"—he hesitates to watch her face—"and so of course shall I."

"I hope you will never make yourself uncomfortable because of the boys," says she, hurriedly, anxiously. "That is not necessary, really; and, besides——"

"Besides," says he, interrupting her again, "I am bound to go; I've promised the rector to sing for him in between the pauses of his lecture. Nature most unkindly has given me a sort of a voice, and

you see what a martyr it makes of me. You will be there too—with the boys?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"You don't want to go?" says he, suddenly.

"Not very much." She glances at him for a second, then her eyes fall.

"Is your cousin, Mr. O'More, to be there to-night?"

"I am not sure; he has been at Ballybrack all day. He may be home in time. But why?"

"A mere matter of curiosity," says Trefusis, in a queer tone. He goes suddenly to her and takes her hands and clasps them hard.

"You have said that you love no one but the boys," says he. "Will you swear that?"

Terry shakes herself free of him passionately.

"I never swear," says she. "I have told you: believe me or not, as you will."

She looks beautiful as she stands back from him, her head on high, her large eyes burning with angry fire. Trefusis, staring at her, reads truth in those angry depths.

"I do believe you," says he; yet he leaves her without another word, a touch of her hand, a glance.

CHAPTER VI.

He came unlooked for, undesired.

THE school-room, a bare, desolate sort of room on week-days, is looking quite festive to-night. It is arrayed in a glory unprecedented: the decorations hitherto have been confined to a few decorous boughs of evergreens carefully placed here and there where the damp patches on the wall are most conspicuous, but this evening the room seems ablaze with color. There is something, indeed, positively bacchanalian about the hitherto modest old school-room.

All the candles, arranged in sconces against the bare whitewashed walls, have been dressed *à la ballet*. Frivolous little skirts of pink and yellow tissue-paper have been hung on little frames around them, —regretfully short little skirts, too, sticking out in a disgracefully flaunting fashion, and making the candles look like danseuses with only one white leg instead of two.

As for the oil lamps, they put the candles completely in the shade, being redder, skirtier, even more ballet-ish. As yet gas has not found its way to this small town, and electric light, if they had even heard of it, would have been regarded by the shopkeepers and small farmers as a device of the devil to allure their souls to perdition. "Perdition" the place is always called in Ballymore, the shorter word being considered rude.

A little stage—they would have died, however, if you had called it that: they are very Low-Church in Ballymore,—a little erection, let us therefore say, has been made at the end of the room, and this is

covered with a thin scarlet substance that looks admirable from a distance, but which has an unfortunate trick of catching up the unwary one and following after the train of the lady's gown that moves over it. "Turkey red" is what the shopkeeper called it when he sold it this morning to Miss Gabbett, the rector's sister. It has a queer smell, and it feels damp.

Wreaths of ivy and laurel droop from every possible corner and are hanging from every beam. A particularly splendid wreath of roses is suspended from the central lamp. This is evidently meant to be the *chef-d'œuvre* of the evening; but, unfortunately, the roses have succumbed to the heat, and their leaves are hanging dead.

When Terry enters, accompanied by the boys, the room is quite full, and the foreign missionary who is staying with the rector, and who has offered to enlighten the inhabitants of Ballymore about the present state of Jerusalem, is already on the platform. The rector has borrowed a magic-lantern from a clerical friend in the next parish (who has some slides supposed to represent streets and scenes of the ancient city), and is now going over the lantern and examining the slides, oblivious of the fact that his sister, a tart old maid of about sixty, is beckoning to him to come and arrange seats for the Hall party, who have just arrived.

They had come only a moment before Terry and her brothers. Terry had purposely held back from entering until Fanny, accompanied by Trefusis and followed by at least a dozen people, had gone in first. This had annoyed the boys, who were eager for the lantern, and who would indeed, if their wishes had been granted, have been seated before the lamps were lit. Now, to their disgust, Terry elects to sit on a bench just behind Miss Gabbett (their pet aversion, at whose hands they have suffered much), in quite a dark corner, a place that barely divides the sheep from the goats,—that is, the townspeople from their betters.

"Can't you move on, Terry?" asks Geoffrey, in an angry whisper. "What do you want to sit behind this old cat for?"

Providentially, Miss Gabbett is deaf.

"No, no. Stay here. It is a very good place, and we can see so well." She seats herself resolutely; she is glad of the dark, of the quiet; she dreads the thought of going into the fuller light, with the fresh new terrible change in her life still tormenting her. She has not even told the boys about it. Some undefined feeling has kept her tongue silent. She did not say to herself that the boys were very fond of Larry, but she thought of it all the same. And do they like Mr. Trefusis? They have had hardly an opportunity to like or dislike; she has therefore been actually afraid to say a word to them about it, especially as they have been in a rather truculent mood all day. It was something about Miss Gabbett. At dinner, she remembers now, they had said something to her disparagement. She had been scolding them when they were at the rectory for their lessons. She had evidently been at her worst with them, and that would be very bad indeed. Miss Gabbett's tongue is a sword. And the boys are always at war with her.

"Be quiet, Geoff. Mr. Dormer is going to begin." Mr. Dormer is the foreign missionary.

"Well, I hate being here," says Max, rebelliously, his beautiful face growing dark.

"You have come," says a voice behind Terry. She starts violently. She has not once looked towards Fanny's party, or she would have seen that Trefusis rose at once on her entrance and came towards her.

"Fanny wants to know if you won't come over and sit with her."

"No. Tell her no," says Terry, hurriedly. "I would rather sit here. I"—with an anxious little laugh—"I should be afraid to cross the room before all those eyes."

"I suppose you could not give me a seat here?" says Trefusis. At this both the boys, whose ears are wide open, rise simultaneously to their feet.

"Sit down," says Terry, turning to them indignantly. Hateful boys! She feels as if she could willingly box their ears: yet only yesterday she would have felt nothing but a sisterly admiration for their excellent good manners. Not that manners have much to do with it in this case; a desire to escape from the proximity of Miss Gabbett has given a stimulus to the boys' courtesy. Besides, to be near Fanny; Fanny is such fun! Poor boys! they are doomed to disappointment.

"You must not be offended," says Terry, deliberately, looking with a fair show of courage into Trefusis's face, "but I hope you will go away. I could not bear—— Oh, *do* go! They will all be talking, and asking me questions. I—it is dreadful!" she says, turning very pale.

Her courage breaks down here, her voice trembles.

"I am going," he replies, calmly. He rather admires this shrinking from publicity, from observation, so sure to follow on her engagement to him. "I would go away altogether," says he, rising and preparing to return to Mrs. Adare, "but that I have promised Mr. Gabbett to sing something for him during the pauses in the lecture."

"You sing?" says Terry, with some amazement. She has forgotten that he told her before. She has seen him so often, but had never thought of him as one who could sing.

"Occasionally," smiling: then suddenly he looks back at her; he has taken a step or two away. "I shall sing to you," he says, gravely.

By this time the lecture has commenced and the rector is showing off his slides. The lights have been lowered, and, except for the ballet-dancers planted along the walls, all is gloom. Jerusalem, in little spasmodic jerks, is being shown to a breathless audience.

Jerusalem as here described must be a truly remarkable place. No wonder so many people nowadays make pilgrimages to it.

The lecturer has grown a little hoarse over Bethany and Nazareth, and is now working himself into a fever over a full-blown view of the Holy City. The coloring is immense. The clouds are indigo of the deepest dye. The walls are red as blood; most of the houses are of the tint of yellow ochre, and the rest are a pale and sickly pink. The prevailing color through all the slides, however, is vermilion, and the more vermilion the greater the success, to judge by the shouts of the village children in the rear.

Mr. Dormer is prosing along in the orthodox style. He is a tall, sad-visaged man, dull from life's fight with the Jews, and evidently without a joke left in him, if ever he knew the meaning of one. Not that it matters; no one is listening to him; the slides have all the attention that can be spared from a round of low-voiced gossip. Here in the dark, where no one can be seen, it is found delightfully easy to whisper little bits of scandal into one's neighbors' ears.

Once great applause breaks forth: this is when the rector, to whom the lantern is somewhat of a Chinese puzzle, puts in one of the slides upside down. This shows a camel with its four legs in the air, and some specimens of the human form that look dismembered. It is a great success: every one grows hysterical. Old Mr. Martin, the butcher, standing up in the corner, asks, excitedly, "What's thim wild animals there?" and is very angry when the mistake is explained to him. Mrs. Adare is in convulsions; and as for the two O'More boys, there is "no houldin' thim," as their old nurse would have said.

Miss Gabbett looks back indignantly.

"Geoffrey, cease that noise!" says she, in a loud whisper.

"Every one is laughing as well as me," returns Geoffrey, angrily.

"Silence, sir, whilst your superiors are speaking!" says Miss Gabbett, alluding to the good rector, who is now explaining his mistake.

"It is you who are speaking," says Geoffrey, raging; and there threatens to be a prolonged scuffle between him and Miss Gabbett, when Terry comes to the rescue.

"Be quiet, Geoffrey," says she, whereon Geoffrey stops speaking, and broods on vengeance.

"Ladies and gentlemen," says the rector, good-humoredly, "the camel, in the last picture I had the pleasure of showing you, had evidently proved refractory. It must have upset its riders. It was a thoroughly realistic representation. I hope you will take it as such."

Here all the old ladies prick up their ears and begin to whisper. "Realistic!" Is that word orthodox! Is it High-Church? Did he mean ritualistic? The rector has been secretly accused lately of a leaning towards flowers and decorations. And perhaps the society of a man fresh from "India's coral strand" and Ceylon's spicy isle (they all call it Cee-lone when they sing that hymn, and many of them think the "ile" is "Macassar") would be very likely to upset his views still further. Missionaries are hardly respectable sometimes. Living so much among savages is so deteriorating!

The lecture is once more in full swing. The lights are a little lower than before, and the vengeance in Geoffrey's breast is growing stronger. Unfortunately, the means to gratify it are in his grasp. Some misguided person had given him an orange on his way through the village, and this he now presses into the service. Under cover of the darkness he leans forward, and by the aid of a long piece of cord fastens it securely to one of the ribbons hanging at the back of his enemy's cap.

Terry, happening to glance in his direction, sees him leaning forward suspiciously close to the old lady's back. A sudden misgiving seizes her: she knows Geoffrey and his capabilities. What is he doing?

A thrill of fear shoots through her: she too leans forward. Almost her hand is on his, when, looking up, he sees her intention, and sees, too, the coming destruction of his hopes. Quick as lightning he draws back, lifts his arm, and sends the orange shooting into space.

Into space goes Miss Gabbett's cap with it. There is a wild if smothered skirl on her part; up go her two hands to her bald head. There is one awful moment. Even slides have ceased to attract. Miss Gabbett's head carries all before it. Then Terry, sheltered by the providential gloom, dashes forward, picks up the cap, and tremblingly pushes it down once more upon Miss Gabbett's head, then sinks half fainting on her seat.

The lecturer has seen nothing: he has gone on with his prosing. Miss Gabbett is muttering and snorting with wrath.

"Go home, Geoffrey," says poor Terry, in a low but terrible voice; and Geoffrey, disgraced but unrepentant, moves down three yards or so on the empty bench and there sits out the remainder of the performance. Terry pretends not to see him.

And now the first half of the lecture is at an end. Trefusis, rising, goes up the steps to the little platform, and Mrs. Connor, a friend of Fanny's, who has offered to accompany him, strikes the first chords of his song.

CHAPTER VII.

Ah! were she pitiful as she is fair!

O yes! O yes! O yes!
Here is a pretty mess!
A maiden's heart is gone,
And she is left forlorn!

His singing is a revelation to Terry. Passionately susceptible to the delights of music, her whole soul seems to thrill within her as his rich voice resounds through the room, filling it with melody. The tender waves rise and fall; the words come to her distinctly; not one of them is lost. He had said he would sing to *her;* and what is it he is singing?

Oh, touch that rose-bud, it will bloom,
My lady fair,
A passionate red in dim green gloom,
A joy, a splendor, a perfume,
That sleeps in air.

You touched my heart, it gave a thrill,
Just like a rose
That opens at a lady's will;
Its bloom is always yours until
You bid it close.

Mortimer Collins's charming verses, set to some charming sounds! But the sounds are even more, to this girl whose heart is not awake, than the words. She is entranced. She leans forward, watching him, listening, delighted. She had not known he could sing like that. She has forgotten everything, the people, her dread of their observa-

tion, even Larry,—Larry, who is standing, his back against the side of the small platform, glowering at her.

"You touched my heart." The girl, looking at Trefusis, finds his eyes fixed earnestly on her. This gives her a little shock, but the power of his singing is so great that she does not draw back from that deep gaze, and even when it is over she still looks at him and smiles faintly. It is the vaguest smile, born altogether of her joy in his singing, not at all of her joy in him, and Trefusis is strong enough to acknowledge this to himself and keep away from her. Yet because of that smile there is high hope in his heart as he goes back to his seat.

Ah me! ah me! what frugal cheer
My love doth feed upon!

Miss Anson pushes her skirts aside and greets him as he returns to where she sits. She is a tall girl, very handsome, with fine shoulders, and a fine nose too, remarkably Roman. She had heard a little of the new engagement during the day, but had chosen to disregard it as *un fait accompli.* She had indeed desired to engage herself to him, and was therefore unwilling to believe that that little ill-dressed girl Miss O'More had spoiled her chance. But she had watched him as he sang, and, being by no means a fool, had understood the look he had bent on Terry. To make assurance doubly sure, however, she had, during the pause after the first verse, asked Fanny more directly about it, and received a full account at once.

"I must congratulate you," says she now, when Trefusis has seated himself beside her, his heart full of Terry and that last strange smile she had given him.

"You have heard?" says Trefusis, pleasantly. "Yes, you may congratulate me, indeed."

"Well, I have done it." She pauses and looks at him. "She is very clever," says Miss Anson.

Something in her tone nettles him.

"What do you mean by that?" he asks, quickly.

"That"—sweetly—"she is very clever."

"'Very charming' would describe her better."

"You think," lifting her brows, "that she isn't clever, then?"

"No. Certainly not. What I think is, that she is both."

"Ah! Perhaps so," with a shrug of her shapely shoulders,—such beautiful shoulders, and so exquisitely white and rounded,—a trifle too rounded, perhaps, too matured, but very handsome for all that; and she is so perfectly dressed too. His eyes turn quickly to where Terry sits, in her dark plain little frock, with her slender figure, her high-bred air. How impossible to compare them! "Perhaps so," says Miss Anson, smiling doubtfully. "But certainly she is clever."

"You mean something," says Trefusis.

"Well, since you will have it," laughing, "I think you will find that the girl who, without a penny, captures the man with many pennies, will always be called by the world—clever."

"She has not captured me, in the sense you mean," says Trefusis, warmly.

"No?" She laughs again. "You have captured her, then?"

"I object to the word altogether," says Trefusis, who has now regained his usual cool manner. "It does away with freedom,—the freedom of choice."

"Ah! Freedom!" Miss Anson twirls her fan meaningly. "Is she free?"

"Free?" What does she mean? Trefusis regards her curiously: what strange suggestion would she make? He knows Terry is not in love with him, but he has her word for it that she loves no other man.

"Oh, don't look so horrified," says Miss Anson, in a delightfully amused tone. She has been studying his face, and has perhaps drawn some amusement out of it, though of a rather bitter description. "I know nothing of a rival: I was only wondering—very stupidly, no doubt—whether any girl could be free, circumstanced as she is: free to choose, I mean. A girl so poor, is she not always bound and fettered, compelled, as it were, to accept any chance that Heaven—or the other place—may send her?"

"You misjudge her. Miss O'More would be a difficult person to compel," says Trefusis, coldly. "And," with a still colder smile, "you are not very flattering to me."

"Oh, you! It is good for you! You have had too much flattery all your days!" says Miss Anson, with a quick little glance that has coquetry in it. Unfortunately, the magic-lantern being once more required, the lights are at this moment abruptly lowered, so that the glance is unseen. There are few things ruder than a magic-lantern entertainment. The lecture is again in full swing. More hectic grow the lights of Jerusalem. Standing out, as they do, from the surrounding gloom, they positively glow.

Max O'More, much pleased with their florid effects, looks around for Geoffrey, and, perceiving that in his disgraced corner he can see but little of the joys spread out for the parish, even though he should crane his long young neck to the uttermost, is filled with pity and quick rage. Poor old Geoff! After all, what had he done? Only given that old cat her deserts. Well, if Geoffrey is to be punished for nothing, he will be punished too. A fond but unfortunate desire to share Geoffrey's trouble leads him to regard with a thoughtful eye the huge board on which is written in big letters the programme for the evening:

Lecture by the REV. H. DORMER, M.A.

Magic-Lantern . . . . . REV. CANON GABBETT.

SONG.

"Oh, touch that rose-bud!" . . . . MR. TREFUSIS.

and so on, until it comes to

DUET.

"What are the wild waves saying?" . MRS. BARRY and MRS. DORMER.

Alas! when Max's eyes come to this, they stay there. They dwell upon it; in the darkness a broad smile widens on his youthful lips; in

the darkness he creeps towards that programme. There is a little scrape-scrape to be heard,—nothing more; and now Max creeps back to his seat by Terry, who has not noticed his going or coming.

Mrs. Dormer, the wife of the missionary,—a tall, gaunt female, who looks as if she ought to have a moustache and whiskers,—had kindly consented to delight the people of Ballymore with a duet, in which, according to the programme, she had been promised assistance by Mrs. Barry, a stout elderly person of sixty, who once, in the dark ages, sang at a concert in Dublin, and has ever since insisted on singing at every concert in this her native town. In fact, it would not be a safe thing to give a concert here without asking Mrs. Barry to "contribute" something.

She is now "contributing." The lecture has ceased again for the time being. Once again the lights burn gayly. The duet has commenced. Mrs. Dormer, evidently bursting with a desire to know what the "wild waves" are saying, is singing with all her might. Mrs. Barry is trembling with impatience to begin her part. All is going well enough, when suddenly an electric shock runs through the assembly. Some one has chanced to look at the big programme,—and after that——!

A ripple runs through the room,—a ripple of laughter. The "waves" are sounding loudly on the "small erection," but the ripple rushes through the seats below.

All eyes are now directed towards the programme. What has happened to it?

Terry, following the eyes of the others, knows, alas, only too well what has happened. Her heart sinks within her. There, where "waves" was once written, the word now is "wives"! Somebody has scratched out the *a* and put in an *i*. Somebody! How well she knows the somebody!

As the programme reads now, it is

"What are the wild *wives* saying?"

What, indeed? The poor "wild wives" know nothing of all this. They are still pounding away at the duet, shouting at the top of their lungs. Mrs. Barry, just now, is addressing Mrs. Dormer as her brother, a slight aberration of the intellect, no doubt, and to be excused, as Mrs. Dormer in a coat and trousers would not be amiss. Gayly they sing.

Miss Gabbett has risen; she is beckoning furiously to her brother. Now the rector, recovering from the trance of horror into which he has fallen, has come quickly to the front. Involuntarily his eyes seek those of Max O'More, and, seeing him the only unsmiling one among the audience, he knows him at once as the culprit. In a second the rector has sprung towards the insulting programme, has torn it down, and placed it with its face to the wall.

Thus a tragedy is averted.

And now the duet is drawing to a close. The final shrieks are reached. The "Yes, yes, yeses" and the "No, no, noes" are over. Mrs. Barry has cracked most successfully on the last high note, and all is peace.

CHAPTER VIII.

One face alone, one face alone,
These eyes require;
But when that longed-for sight is shown,
What fatal fire
Shoots through my veins a keen and liquid flame?

TO-DAY has come, has grown, and has broadened to high noon. The air is mildness itself. No wind has arisen to stir the gentle shrubberies, yet there have been storms at More House terrible enough to almost shake it to its foundations.

First came the rector. He was dreadfully angry over Miss Gabbett's cap. The "wild wives," he said (though it, too, was a most disgraceful episode), he could pass over in sorrowful silence, but an insult to an old lady—and so on. Terry had dissolved into tears. She had implored the rector to forgive Geoffrey. She had spoken to him, spoken severely, she said, and he had promised her faithfully never to do it again.

"He won't have the opportunity," replied the rector, grimly. "She has spent her whole morning cutting off those streamers behind, and making them into big bows in the front of her cap. But it is a great grief to her to have to do it," said he, sighing (Miss Gabbett has led his gentle soul a truly awful life for the last forty-five years, but as yet he has not quite discovered the fact). "She—she was very proud of those streamers," said he.

Eventually Terry made friends with him again, and even induced him to say a forgiving word to Geoffrey, who came sulkily enough into the room at first, but who, at the first kind word the rector said, astounded them all by suddenly flinging himself into his arms and clinging to him, sobbing as if his heart would break. In direct ratio to his hatred for Miss Gabbett is his love for her brother. He was a curious mixture of good and evil, that boy.

It is now four o'clock. The rector has gone. Geoffrey has been consoled by Terry with loving words and kisses, and comforted with hot sponge-cake straight out of the oven, and Terry is beginning once more to breathe freely, when a second avalanche descends upon her.

It is Larry this time,—Larry, pale, furious, in a flaming passion. He strides up to her across the little garden she calls her own, behind those banks where the violets grow, and, catching both her arms, holds her as in a vice.

"Is it true," he demands, in a choking voice, "that you have promised to marry that English fellow?"

"Yes, it is true,—quite true," says Terry, in low but heart-broken tones.

"What a voice!" says Larry, still holding her, still glaring at her. "You aren't in love with him, then? I defy you to say you are in love with him. Come! Are you?"

"I'm not," says Terry. Furtively (he has let go one of her hands) she wipes her eyes.

"Then you are marrying him for his money?" with strong dis-

gust. "You"—contemptuously—"ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"I am," says poor Terry, meekly.

"Pshaw!" says Laurence. "Enough of this nonsense. Come into the drawing-room and write a line to him at once. Break it off with him."

"I can't. I can't, indeed. I couldn't," nervously. "And, besides, I ought not. Both Fanny and Aunt Bridget say it is my positive duty to marry him. They say Providence has thrown him in my path (I wish," sadly, "it hadn't!), and that on account of the boys I——"

"I'll tell you what's your duty," says Laurence, vehemently. "It is to marry me!"

"Nonsense, Larry! When we haven't a penny between us! And, besides," with a sigh and with much more candor than tact, it must be confessed, "you are not at all the sort of person I should like to marry!"

"Nonsense yourself!" says her cousin, not in the least overcome by this rather point-blank declaration. "You would be as happy as the day is long if you were once my wife."

"No, no! we should do nothing but quarrel from morning till night," says Terry, shaking her head. "You know, Larry, we are never together for five minutes without having a skirmish of some sort."

"That's because I love you," says Larry, with conviction. "There isn't another girl in Ballymore I'd be bothered quarrelling with. Is there, now?"

"Still, you know, to spend one's life quarrelling——"

"You know it wouldn't be like that, Terry. As if I wasn't your slave! Give up this fellow Trefusis, and listen to me."

"The fact is," says Terry, her eyes on the ground, "I don't want to marry any one."

"The fact is," his anger rising again, "you want to be a rich woman. Girls are all alike. I thought you would be above that sort of thing; but there isn't one of you who wouldn't give her soul for a diamond ring."

"Don't be a fool," says Miss O'More, tenderly.

"You won't give him up, then?"

"There are the boys,—their futures," says poor Terry, sore distressed.

"Rubbish! I never heard a word about the boys' futures till this fellow appeared. Well, go your own way." He turns towards the gate, but she runs after him.

"Larry, don't go like that; I have no one to talk to, to consult with, but you."

"You have Trefusis now."

"Oh, no. Of course I could not speak to him as I do to you."

"'Pon my word," indignantly, "I wish he could hear you."

"Well, he can't, anyway. And, Larry, what's the good of fighting with me about this?"

"Oh, as for that, you know I couldn't fight with you. I'd kill myself the day I couldn't see you."

He loosens her hold on his arm rather roughly, and stalks away.

Away through the woods that lead to the Hall. He is bent on seeing Fanny, on giving her a piece of his mind first, then remonstrating with her, then going on his knees to her to stop this hateful marriage.

Half-way through the wood he finds himself face to face with Trefusis.

"How d'ye do?" says Trefusis, in the ordinary tone. Being an Englishman, of course he does not go beyond this formula; he waits for the other to speak.

"I've been down at More House," says Larry, whose whole frame is on fire.

"Yes?"

The deliberate calmness of Trefusis infuriates the other.

"Yes. And she has told me of her engagement to you." His face grows very white. "Of her engagement to *you!*"

His breath seems to fail him a little. He looks at Trefusis.

"You think she is in love with you," says Larry.

"No," replies Trefusis, plainly. "Your cousin has herself told me that she is not in love with me." His voice is clear, calm, and distinct, yet in spite of his strong effort it is impossible to keep out the bitterness that lies in it. "She told me something else, too," says he, gazing straight at Laurence: "that she loved no one else."

Laurence winces.

"She told you the truth then, as she surely would," says he, loyal to his love when he would most joyfully have lied, and turns on his heel and leaves him.

Trefusis, in no pleasant frame of mind, keeps on his way to More House. Hearing that Terry is outside, he goes in search of her, his whole mental bearing towards her a little transversed.

Why had her cousin made that sudden attack on him, unless—unless——! He pushes this suspicion from him as unworthy of her, but still with his mind a little inflamed against her. He turns the corner and goes straight to where Mrs. Ryan told him she would be, in her own little garden where Laurence had left her.

She is standing beside a tiny flower-bed, with a spade in her hand, digging vigorously. Her attitude, her evident unconcern, her plain disregard of the stories that are flying around her, fill Trefusis's almost too full heart with anger,—a very calm, self-contained anger, certainly, very different from Larry's, but none the less intense for all that.

She looks up at him as he draws nearer. Her face is as beautiful as usual, perhaps even more beautiful, but it is flushed, tired!

Tired! Trefusis would have refused to acknowledge his anger of a moment ago, but here is surely just cause for anger. Why should she be slaving, working until her face is red, her hands spoiled,—she, who has promised to be his wife? Surely such an occupation is not necessary, is not worthy of her. In the world in which he has lived, so rich, so calm, so prosperous, among the women with whom up to the present his lot has been cast there has never been one who dug her

garden and hoed it with her own hands. The touch of priggishness in his character comes to the front now.

"I am afraid you will spoil your hands," says he, with admirable self-control, with undiminished calm, indeed, though inwardly his heart is on fire. It is his salutation to her, and the girl resents it. As a fact, she is not very safe to approach just now, except with extreme tenderness. Last night's worries with the boys, and to-day's troubles with the rector and Larry, have somewhat overstrung her nerves.

She looks at him, standing there in her serge gown and pale-blue blouse, with her hands grasping the spade, and her face as beautiful as Heaven has made it. And, looking at him, something of his thoughts grows clear to her, though not all, and wrath takes hold of her. To greet her thus, without a gentle word!

It is a very quiet wrath, however.

"It is either my garden or my hands that must be spoiled," says she, "and I like my garden the best."

There is a note of defiance in her air. As she speaks, she lets the spade fall and holds up to him her hands. There is defiance too in this gesture. The hands beyond doubt are a little soiled by the contact of the brown earth beneath. Her answer seems to annoy Trefusis.

"I think it would be better to like one's hands," says he, coldly but courteously: "they are of so much more use to one in society."

"That is true," says Terry, tranquilly. "One cannot take one's garden into the drawing-room; one *must* take one's hands there. Still, one can stay out of the drawing-room."

"I think not," says Trefusis, who no doubt has cause for much displeasure, but who, unhappily, does not know how to cope with this present trouble. He looks back at her unflinchingly. "At least as my wife you cannot."

"Oh, your wife!" says she. She stops as if choking. "You should think—think, before it goes too far. I am what I am: nothing can change me. You are angry with me now. No, don't speak; I know you are angry. You think I ought not to be digging here. Your mother never digged in her garden, or your sisters, or your aunts——"

"I have no sisters, and no mother," says Trefusis, in a distant tone.

"No? Well," with a short little laugh, "even if you had, they would not be guilty of such unladylike work as this: I feel sure of that. But I—I glory in it. I like it. I'm sorry if you are angry, but I do like to dig. I know I shall always go on digging. It is better for you to know this at once. In case you might——"

He interrupts her.

"So far as I am concerned, you may go on digging forever," says he, haughtily. "As it is such a favorite amusement of yours, I shall see that there is a place set apart for you in our future home in which you can dig and delve to your heart's content."

This he says quite easily in spite of his coldness,—with an ease, indeed, that enrages her.

"You mean, I suppose, that whatever I do must be a matter of indifference to you."

"Certainly not. I wished rather to convey to you the idea that what was your pleasure should be mine also."

"You convey things very queerly," says Miss O'More. "I should have thought you meant the other thing."

"The other thing?" Trefusis lifts his brows rather superciliously as he asks this superfluous question. He would not confess it even to himself, but, as a fact, the usual imperturbability of his temper has been somewhat overthrown by his encounter with Larry.

"You know what I mean," says Terry, her brow darkening, her soft eyes emitting a flash. "You object to my working in this way; you think I ought to be sitting on a lounge all day long, with my hands in my lap. If you really meant that you didn't object to my doing it, you would have said so."

"I thought," coldly, "that I had said so."

"You couldn't have thought that!" she cries, passionately; "you couldn't!" With a sudden impetuous movement most unexpected by him, she flings her spade at his feet, and, hurrying past him, goes towards the house.

Trefusis, unused to this kind of thing, looks after her thoughtfully. He does not attempt to follow her. When she is out of sight he stoops, picks up the spade, sticks it into the ground, turns methodically towards the garden gate, and so to the front of the house. It is the shortest way back to the Hall.

As he passes the balcony, however, a voice calls to him. Looking up, he sees Terry bending over.

"I am sorry I was so rude to you," says she, slowly, formally. Her face is a little flushed, her eyes proud, her whole air, it must be confessed, far removed from penitence of any sort. If there is regret in it, it is certainly of a very haughty kind. "I beg your pardon."

"Was there anything to beg my pardon about?" asks Trefusis, ungenerously. His entire manner, indeed, is so ungenerous that any inward promptings towards righteous dealing with him that might have existed in Terry's heart are frozen on the spot. If he had only accepted her apology, indifferently though it was offered, some small bond might have risen between them; but he is still smarting under a sense of injury, and the fact that she almost disdainfully refuses to let her eyes rest on his has driven him to the verge of discourtesy.

"You are right. I believe there was none," says she, taking her arms off the balcony and turning away.

"Terry!" says he, quickly, but too late. She waves her hand impatiently and goes into the house.

CHAPTER IX.

Shadows we are: our triumph and our trouble
Pass like a dream, and we are passing too.
Life is a fancy, glory is a bubble.
Shadows we are, and shadows we pursue.

THE cocks and the hens are in a high state of indignation: what does it all mean, this flying backward and forward through the yard? To Terry with meal in her pretty hands they are quite accustomed, but Terry playing hide-and-seek from the stable to the coach-house (where, in good times past, the coaches used to be), and from the cow-stall to the sheds, is a thing altogether out of their line. The pigeons, too, seem greatly upset by the proceedings beneath them, but they are up so high in their little homes over the stables that they can afford to look down upon the matter with a smiling contempt.

"Tip," shouts Geoffrey, having caught hold of Terry's skirt, but ineffectually, for she eludes him and escapes, though with a distinct rent in her gown.

It is a day that makes one wonder if heaven has anything more beautiful to show. The light is a pale shimmering gold, the air is delicious. All over the place the perfume of the swooning flowers comes to one: on the top of the old wall dark velvety wall-flowers are nodding their homely heads. Round there in the orchard, just behind the yard, "the place is on fire with roses."

It is a week later,—a week that has troubled Trefusis a good deal. Every day he had gone down from the Hall to see Terry, and every day they had parted on exactly the same terms as they parted the day before. It seemed to him impossible to get nearer to the girl, to see into her heart, to touch the core of it. He could hold her hand; she had borne that,—endured, he told himself, with extreme bitterness, was the word. Twice he had kissed her; she had said nothing, but she certainly had not kissed him.

At night he used to laugh at himself—there was little gayety in the laugh—and wonder why on earth he didn't make an end of it all, and break asunder a connection which redounded to nothing but his own discomfiture. Yet when the morning came and he started to see her once again, and yet more, when he did see her, he knew he should never be the one to sever his life from hers. And through it all a deadly jealousy troubled him,—jealousy of her cousin,—of Larry!

Every day he saw her at her home, and often in the evenings she dined at the Hall. Fanny would have had her come every evening, but Terry sometimes made excuses. Now and then, too, she lunched with Fanny, but he couldn't help knowing, from a word here and there, that it was less often than before he came on the scene.

After these luncheons he used to walk back with her through the scented woods, and always he was conscious that he made no way with her.

She did not care! She was marrying him—she had told him that frankly that first day—for his money only. But she had told him, too, that her heart was free, and he had built a great structure upon that.

It seemed now to be crumbling to ruin. Yet to give her up—No. Never! Never!

To-day he has come down as usual to pay her his morning visit,—a visit seldom accomplished without the boys' supervision. He has come a little earlier this morning, hoping to escape them, to have her quite to himself for five minutes. Half-way down the avenue the sound of voices, coming from the yard that lies on his right hand, reaches his ears. He pauses: is not that her laugh, that ringing silvery peal? After it comes a cry of "Caught! caught!" Surely Geoffrey's voice this time. Evidently there is no escaping the boys. What a pity Mr. Gabbett cannot give them their lessons in the morning rather than in the afternoon! The afternoons are always so full, and Terry is so seldom at home then. He turns towards the yard with a half-suppressed sigh.

Leading into it from one point is a low gate. To this Trefusis goes, and as he comes to it he stands still. There is an excellent view of the entire yard from this gate-way, as Trefusis acknowledges to himself a moment later rather grimly. He stops short at the entrance, and gazes on the picture before him.

Behind a huge water-barrel, Terry is standing, stooping low to avoid the eyes of her brothers, and beside her, stooping also, is Laurence O'More. Every now and then either of them peeps out from his or her side of the barrel, and as quickly draws back again, but not before Trefusis's angry glance can see that Terry's charming face is lit with laughter.

Evidently the game of hide-and-seek is now in full swing, but the boys are on the wrong scent; they are hunting about down below, behind the hay-stack, up in the lofts. Now they are down again, and are getting a little warmer. Terry's face glancing out from behind the barrel is growing full of excitement. She darts back behind her shelter, and Trefusis, from where he is standing, can see that she is whispering to her companion.

Meantime, the foe is drawing ever nearer, and, to add to the discomfiture of the two in hiding, a flock of soft white pigeons, coming swooping back to their homes in the yard, fresh from their petty larcenies committed in the cornfields around them, make straight for Terry. Are they not sure of their crumbs when she is near?

The boys being now in the stable, Terry has the courage to show herself, to raise her hands, to try and frighten away her feathered friends. In vain! Lower and lower they descend, their soft silvery wings gleaming in the sunlight.

Trefusis can see her rise in desperate stress, can see her uplifted arms, can almost hear her lips cry, "Cush! Cush!" though she says it in the softest whisper. He can see, too, that the pigeons think nothing of this, are not in the least afraid of their loving mistress. Bodily they descend upon her, perching on head and arms and dainty shoulders, cooing loudly the while.

And now the boys are out again. They see the pigeons. Where the pigeons are, there surely is Terry. A piercing war-whoop bursts from them. Terry springs to her feet and stands for a second laughing,

her snowy betrayers still fluttering round her; then she springs forward, Laurence after her, the boys in hot pursuit.

They so head her that she makes straight for the small gate where stands Justice,—that is, Trefusis. She is laughing as she runs; her face is all alight, full of a beautiful, almost childish, excitement.

> The fair full earth, the enraptured skies,
> She images in constant play:
> Night and the stars are in her eyes,
> But her sweet face is beaming day,
> A bounteous interblush of flowers,
> A dewy brilliance in a dale of bowers.

She has run almost into Trefusis's arms—into his presence, rather, for his arms are certainly at this moment not ready to receive her—before she sees him.

Then she stops short. The lovely light dies from her eyes, the laughter from her lips.

"You!" she says, faintly.

Trefusis says nothing. For the first time in his excellently well regulated life, he finds himself without words. That change in her face! The dying away of the mirth, the happy laughter! He had been angry because O'More was with her, but that hardly counts now. He can think of only one thing, that when she saw him her pretty face fell, her pretty smile died.

A very rage of anger against her surges in his heart.

"Oh! I didn't know," she cries, breathing quickly both from surprise and her late fast run, "that you were coming so early."

"So I perceive," says Trefusis, dryly.

Terry turns round as if to say something to Larry or the boys, but they are nowhere to be seen. Larry, scenting trouble in the air, has considerately carried her brothers away with him. Thus deserted, Terry once more looks at Trefusis.

"We were playing hide-and-seek," she says, nervously.

It is the unhappiest thing, but her nervousness only angers him still further. What has he done to her, that she should show actual distrust of him? What has there been in all his dealings with her to cause her to know fear, however slight, however transitory?

"I am sorry I was unfortunate enough to interrupt you," he says, calmly, without a trace in his voice of the emotion that is stirring him to his heart's core. This is his misfortune. If he had stormed at her, scolded her heartily, shown himself abominably jealous, she could have understood him,—having been brought up in an atmosphere where every one said just what he or she thought at the moment, where anger, justly shown, was accepted in a right spirit, and a storm or two in the week considered of little consequence. That Trefusis, though she knew he must be angry with her, should refrain from saying so, makes him at once even a greater stranger to her than he was before. Larry would have said so much! and then she could have explained; but he, Mr. Trefusis, he will say nothing. She feels suffocated. Suddenly a sense of anger, most honest anger, stirs her breast. She turns to him a charming face, now all frowning with her thought.

"Why don't you say what is in your mind?" she cries, her head well upheld. "Why are you hiding things? Why don't you say at once that you are furious because I was playing hide-and-seek with Larry? Why shouldn't I play hide-and-seek with him and the boys? I've played it all my life up to this, and nobody ever was angry with me before. As for Larry, he is as good as my brother——"

"Better, no doubt," says Trefusis, misunderstanding her purposely.

"You know what I mean!" stamping her foot. "He is the same to me as if he were my brother. Why shouldn't he be?"

"You have already two," says Trefusis. "But I assure you I do not grudge you another. What I do grudge is that I have come here at an unfortunate time, and so spoiled your amusement."

"You have not spoiled it."

"Judging by your face——"

"My face?" She colors hotly. "I was slightly taken aback, certainly, because, as I have said, I know you do not like me to—to——"

"Enjoy yourself?" suggests Trefusis, coldly. "Is that the view you take of it,—of me? It is not a correct one: I so desire your enjoyment that I shall go now. I half promised to call at the rectory, so perhaps when my visit there is at an end you will be able to receive me—to——"

"Ah! I knew you were angry," says Terry, contemptuously. "And all because of Larry!"

There is so much truth in the accusation that Trefusis makes her no answer for a moment. Then, "Do you think I have no cause to be jealous?" he asks, calmly.

She stares at him. Then something like laughter grows in her pretty eyes, chasing the anger out.

"Oh! Jealous!" says she. "Fancy *you* being jealous!" She looks and evidently is amused, though in a somewhat supercilious style.

"You do not give me credit for even so much feeling," says Trefusis, regarding her curiously. What does she think about him? What are her thoughts? Perhaps there are no thoughts at all. "Yet," says he, "I can feel, now and again."

He takes a step nearer to her, to where she is leaning on the old gate, idly, and perhaps a little defiantly, swinging herself to and fro. "I feel that if I were anything to you in the world, you would occasionally wear something I had given you."

It has been a sore point with him. To do him justice, he is one of the most generous men alive, and this his allusion to the gifts he has bestowed, nay, rather, heaped upon her, must not be taken in a wrong sense. The sense with him indeed, at this moment, is one of injustice. If she has accepted him, why will she not acknowledge her bondage?

He lifts her hand, looks at it, and drops it again.

"You will not even wear your engagement ring," says he. "The commonest courtesies of society demand that, however distasteful to her"—he draws his breath sharply—"a girl's future husband may be, still, she wears his ring."

"I am not in society," says Terry, softly, feverishly. She gives a

little glance round her, as if hoping that the heavens above will be kind and send her a protection,—in other words, a chance of escape from this most embarrassing conversation.

"As for the ring, it is lovely," she says, hurriedly. "I'm quite sure I told you how lovely I think it. But I am not accustomed to rings, and—it is heavy!"

"Heavy!" His face has hardened. "It weighs on you? Perhaps your engagement weighs on you too!"

"You mean——" says she, quickly, so quickly that he dares not go on. Dares not? He wonders at himself; but if he should go on, what would she say next? And could he dare that? He despises himself utterly, as he makes his next remark.

"Let me get you a lighter one, then," he says.

And, as usual, weakness is its own reward. Terry makes an impatient movement.

"Why should I wear rings at all?" says she. "I don't want them. They don't suit me, nor my dresses, nor the boys, nor anything else belonging to me. We are so poor, the boys and I."

"You will not always be poor," says Trefusis, steadily. "When you are my wife you shall have as much money as I have. You shall," he goes on slowly, steadily, "have all that I have."

"Oh, money!" says the girl, with extraordinary contempt, seeing that all her life she has been bereft of it. "I hate money!"

Trefusis turns and takes a step backward and forward. What does she mean now? What does it all mean? Had she made a mistake when she said her heart was free? Even now he cannot believe that she has wilfully lied to him.

She could not lie! But she might mistake; and if so—— He comes back to her.

"You did not always speak like this," says he, quietly, but in an icy tone. He had always told himself he would not coerce her in any way. "When first I asked you to marry me, you——"

"Ah!" Terry breaks in with a slight but eloquent gesture. She looks at him as if he had struck her. "You remember that, what I said to you that day? You will remember it always! Always!" She stops as if thinking. "Even after we are married," says she, in a tone so low as to be almost unheard, "you will remember it!"

Trefusis stands silent. Those words, "after we are married," are still ringing in his ears. They are like fire running through his veins. She still thinks, then, of that "sweet consummation" as possible? Why, here is hope still, in spite of all evil prognostications!

"Don't misjudge me more than you can help," says he.

"I don't misjudge you at all," is the careless answer. "I understand you perfectly. You are very good to me, very kind, very"—with a pause—"generous. But"—she quite startles him by the way she flashes round upon him now, her eyes brilliant, her color deepening—"what puzzles me is, why you want to marry me!"

For a moment Trefusis worries his brain for an answer. The real answer seems so inadequate. Yet, after a prolonged examination of his powers of reply, he comes back to it.

"Because I love you," he says, simply. There is nothing lover-like, however, in his tone. He has answered truly, honestly, but with a distinct sense of injustice.

Terry frowns. She makes a little impatient gesture that has disbelief in it.

"Queer. This is the first time you have said so," says she, with a little elevation of her shoulders that means many things.

She turns from him, and, leaning on the gate, with her back deliberately turned to him, stands tapping her foot impatiently against the ground. Why doesn't he go and pay his visit to the rector? Her act is distinctly discourteous.

Trefusis, left thus in the background, savage at heart, yet filled with some strange hope, goes quickly to her, catches her, turns her round with a swift force, and kisses her!

She shakes herself free, draws back, and looks at him with parted lips and flaming eyes. His caresses hitherto have been so few and far between, so expected, so touched with the coldness of routine, that this strange impetuous kiss has shaken her.

She makes a little inarticulate gesture, as if to push him from her.

"Go! go!" says she, with a faint violence. "I can't bear it!"

"As you will!" He leaves her at once.

His face is hidden from her by the crimson fuchsias that he passes on his rapid way, yet she has a faint remembrance of it as white,—whiter than it ought to be.

CHAPTER X.

But wide as pathless was the space
That lay our lives between,
And dangerous as the foaming race
Of ocean-surges green.

"OH, Terry, how lovely you look!" says Mrs. Adare, coming into the room she has assigned Terry for to-night, the night of her ball.

"Do I?" Terry asks, naïvely, advancing towards her cousin, and looking at her with anxious eyes. "Lovely is such a big word. But do I look presentable,—nice,—like other girls, I mean?"

"Not a bit!" says Fanny. "You look a thousand times nicer than any girl I've ever seen. I only hope to goodness my girls" (alluding to two little tots in the nursery) "when they grow up will look just like you. There! Can flattery farther go? What a blessing I made you accept this dress from our old relative! Really, I hardly knew how delicious you *could* look until to-night! Poor Gerrard! Are you going to show yourself to him like this without a word of warning? It might be fatal. I think he ought to be prepared."

"You needn't be uneasy," says Terry, making a contemptuous little *moue*. "He is not so easily upset as you seem to think. He will stick his glass in his eye, regard me critically for a moment, and say, 'White becomes you!' That will be all."

"I think you are a little unfair to him," says Fanny. She studies

the girl with some anxiety. "What is his fault?" she asks. "Is he not kind, thoughtful? Was there ever a more attentive lover? Does he ever find fault with you?"

"He does nothing but find fault with me. He"—with a sudden burst of anger long restrained—"he disapproves of me."

"Nonsense, Terry! What has he said to you, to make you come to such an extraordinary conclusion?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all," indignantly. "That is the worst of it. If he would say something, I could forgive him. But he only thinks, and thinks, and looks, and looks. I," passionately, "can't bear it. If he would only once get really mad with me,—say something dreadful,—swear at me,—I could like him better. I could at all events," gloomily, "understand him."

"My dear Terry——"

"But he won't," says Terry, with dreary conviction. "I'm sure he thinks it isn't a respectable thing for a man to say——"

"Cuss words?" suggests Fanny, gravely. She is secretly convulsed with mirth.

"No," frowning. "Cross words, to a woman."

"Perhaps experience has taught him that there is little to be gained by them,—that they bring in, as a rule, more kicks than ha'pence," says Fanny, whose speech is a model of propriety in the drawing-room, but who can give herself away very considerably in her bedroom. "And so all you have to object to in Gerrard is that he won't swear at you!"

"Oh! If you can't be sober!"

"My dear girl, I haven't touched a drop of—tea since——"

Terry abruptly leaves the room, angered the more by the sound of Fanny's suppressed laughter, that seems to echo down the corridor behind her.

If Mrs. Adare had meant to advocate Trefusis's cause, she has certainly failed. Her sense of humor has killed her design.

It is with an ever-increasing anger against Trefusis—against the man she has promised to marry—that Terry runs down the stairs and straight to the library.

On the threshold she pauses, standing behind the velvet portières as if half afraid to draw them aside.

Is any one down before her? Suddenly she does draw the curtains, and, holding one in each hand, peeps in. Standing so, she makes a charming picture,—a picture all white, white silk and lace, and a grace most indescribable, a beauty rare, a sweetness and perfection not to be surpassed. So she stands looking in, her white gown framed on either side by the rich red of the velvet hangings. Her lovely face, lit by happy expectation, is brilliant, her whole air almost tremulous with delight. To the two gazing back at her she seems like the incarnation of youth and light and love.

Thy cheek is o' the rose's hue,
My only jo and dearie, O;
Thy neck is like the siller dew
Upon the banks so briery, O;

Thy teeth are o' the ivory ;
Oh, sweet's the twinkle o' thine e'e !
Nae joy, nae pleasure blinks on me,
My only jo and dearie, O.

To the two looking back at her she is certainly their "dearie O." Seeing them, she makes a step forward, letting the curtains swing behind her. Larry is the first to move; Trefusis stands silent, his eyes fixed on her. He had not anticipated, perhaps, the Irishman's impetuosity; and, besides, he would not have stirred if he could. He is content to gaze and gaze. It is as though he is looking at her for the first time: she seems to him a revelation, and indeed in a sense she is. He has seen her, up to this, only in dresses much the worse for wear, and now——! In her very shabbiest frock he had always thought her the prettiest girl he had ever met, but he had not known how beautiful she could be!

"Oh, I say! How awfully pretty you look!" says Larry, in his boyish way. He too is astonished at the change in her. He catches her hand and draws her into the centre of the room under the big chandelier, from which many wax candles cast their gleams upon her, as if in love with her. "Is that the dress the Old Demon gave you? If so, I forgive her a lot of her sins!"

"You like me?" asks Terry, gayly. She is feeling a little excited, a little vain, perhaps, and decidedly a little angry. Trefusis has not said one word.

"Oh, you know I love you," says Laurence, with a rather forced mirth. "You will give me a dance, won't you? I ask in a hurry, as I see," shaking his head with a mixture of despair and pride in her, "your card will be full five seconds after you enter the dancing-room."

"A dance? Any dance!" says Terry, quickly, smiling charmingly at him. She has never glanced at Trefusis since that first quick look she gave him on her entrance; and indeed, so far as she concerns herself with him now, he might as well not be in the room,—perhaps better. "Will you have the first waltz?"

"The first?" repeats Larry, with a little stammer. "But that," with a rather uncomfortable glance at Trefusis, who is looking perfectly placid and unconcerned, "is promised, of course."

"No, it isn't," shaking her charming head. "Strange as it may sound to you, not a soul has asked me for it." It gives her a kind of wicked joy to say this in Trefusis's hearing. For the last two days he had spoken to her now and again of Fanny's coming dance, and in a way had given her to understand that this and that dance should be his. But he had not directly asked her for the first, and this had nettled her. He had made so sure. She was his property, it seemed, and she was to keep open her card for him. "Won't you have it?" she asks. She gives Larry a distinctly coquettish glance from under her long dark lashes.

"Thank you," says O'More,—a little gravely, however.

Terry looks back over her soft round shoulders to admire the train behind her.

"So you like my dress?" says she to Larry.

"Oh, like it!" says that young man, ecstatically. "It is perfect; and so are you."

Terry turns her eyes slowly at last on Trefusis. His silence has irritated her into speech.

"And you?" she asks. "What do you think of it?" There is defiance in her air. Trefusis regards her calmly for a moment or two, then lets his gaze travel over her gown in a slow, unhurried fashion.

"It suits you very well," he says, indifferently.

Terry turns away from him, bitterly affronted. She laughs, however, as she turns. Such a cold answer, after all dear Larry's loving admiration! What a fool she must be, to fancy at times that he is in love with her!

She runs quickly to a long mirror, and stares at the charming reflection therein, a reflection with a considerably heightened color and flashing eyes. This replica of her pretty self she regards with studied approval for a while.

"You are right," says she, nodding her head gayly at herself. "It *does* suit me. But, Larry, what about this sleeve? Isn't the ribbon a little high, eh? Come here and look."

Larry rushes to her.

"A little, perhaps," says he. "If there can be a fault anywhere, it is there. Shall I flatten it a bit?"

"Yes, but take care."

"Now," patting the ribbon anxiously, though to Trefusis, looking imperturbably on, it seems that he is patting the pretty childish shoulder only, "will that do? There!" standing back to admire her afresh. "You are, if possible, half an inch lovelier than you were a moment ago. But I assure you, Terry, you didn't want that touch. You," tenderly, "would take the shine out of the lot of them, even if you were dressed in that old black gown of yours. As it is, I tremble for the consequences. To-night will draw tears of blood from——"

"Nonsense!" interrupts Miss O'More, lightly. "You rave! Here, fasten my gloves. You seem to have nothing to do but talk nonsense; and these buttons will help you through your time." She laughs merrily, and holds out to him her slender hand.

"After all," says Laurence, critically, taking the hand she has held out, but gazing at her shoulder, "I don't think I like what I did to that ribbon. I think I'll pull it up again. Just wait a moment——"

Trefusis walks in a leisurely fashion to the door, opens it, goes out, and closes it almost silently behind him. There is no haste, no noise, no suspicion of anger. Laurence looks at her.

"He's angry about that waltz," says he, with a badly subdued and most unholy joy. "Terry, if——"

"Oh, never mind him," says Terry, petulantly. "Get my gloves fastened, can't you?"

At this moment one of the servants enters the room, and brings to Terry a very exquisite bouquet. It is all white, and suggests Covent Garden at once. It had arrived a little late by the nine-o'clock train.

"For you, Miss O'More, with Mr. Trefusis's compliments," says the man.

A pang of remorse troubles Terry's breast. She takes the flowers and looks at them. He must have expected them, told his man to unpack them the instant they came, and have almost met him with them as he left the room just now. After all, she had behaved very queerly to him, very coldly, at all events; and he *has* been good to her and the boys, especially to the boys. It has been a little grievance with her of late that the boys have so gone over to his side. But what would not boys do, she tells herself, for cricket-bats, and tennis-rackets, and penknives, and unlimited pocket-money? But in this she wrongs boyhood generally, for what boy of decent sort can be bought over by the gems of Golconda? Certainly the O'More boys could not. As a fact, they like Trefusis for himself.

Yes, he has been kind to the boys. She ought to like him for that alone.

Whilst thus struggling with her better nature, Miss Anson enters the room.

CHAPTER XI.

Dark is the blue of her soft-rolling e'e.
Red, red are her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses.
Where could my wee thing wander frae me?

"ARE we the first down?" she says. "How delightful! I like being punctual; it says so much for one." She is looking larger than ever, in a very handsome dress of amber tulle over amber satin. Her fine broad shoulders shine out of it. Her nose is magnificent. She looks as if she ought to have a laurel wreath upon her brow.

"What delicious flowers!" says she, dipping the Roman nose into them, and coming out apparently much refreshed. "From"—with a massive smile at Larry—"Mr. O'More?"

"No. From Mr. Trefusis," returns Terry, shortly.

"Ah! How perfect! And how they match your gown! I quite thought they had been Mr. O'More's gift. Mr. Trefusis does not seem to me—I don't know how you regard him,—but—well, hardly an idealist, you know. Sort of man who would like everything to go on velvet; a perfectly appointed house, for example, a correct ménage, faultless servants, a—well, a pretty wife, you know, to sit at the head of the table—*just* to sit at the head of his table. You know the sort of man, don't you?"

"No, I don't," says Terry, quietly.

"But you must, you really must!" says Miss Anson, growing quite elephantinely playful; "because you know Mr. Trefusis. As I say, he is not an idealist, he is not romantic. Now, you, Mr. O'More," turning her handsome face to him, "you look romantic. You look capable of anything."

"Thank you," says Larry, laughing. He has hardly followed Miss Anson's argument. "Is that a compliment, or—the other thing?"

"Not the other thing, certainly. Well," smiling blandly, "aren't you going to ask me for a dance?"

"Am I not!" says Larry, effusively. He likes her in a way, and

besides, like most people inclined towards *embonpoint*, she dances very lightly. "May I have the second waltz?"

"The second? How ungallant!" says Miss Anson, who is now touching up her fringe before a mirror. "Why not the first?"

"That is my cousin's," says Larry.

"Your cousin's!" Miss Anson stays the fluffing up of her fringe to stare at him, as one who disbelieves her ears.—"But surely," addressing Terry direct, "you have given the first to Mr. Trefusis, of course. I have heard a word or two here and there about you and him."

"Still, I *have* given the first waltz to Laurence," replies Terry, coldly; then a sense of honesty compels her to add, "Gerrard did not ask me for it."

"Ah!" says Miss Anson. A sudden last hope springs to life within her breast.

It is past midnight, and by this time most programmes are full. There has been very little heart-burning to-night even among the notorious wall-flowers of the neighborhood, for Fanny has seen well to her men. She has not only filled her own house for the occasion, but has induced her neighbors to fill theirs also, and has secured two regiments, or at least as much of two regiments as are stationed in the barracks in the next town.

Past midnight, and as yet Terry has not once danced with Trefusis. Not once has Trefusis asked her to dance with him. He has been delightful each time they have met in dancing-room or hall or corridors, in any of the innumerable little sitting-out places that the considerate Fanny has arranged for her guests to flirt in, and he has been most anxious to know if she had had some supper, but he has not asked her to go in to supper with him. This fact has been commented upon a little by some of the guests, Terry's lucky engagement to a rich Englishman having been discussed right and left over every afternoon tea-table in the county twenty-four hours after it was made public. It has also been remarked how very often she has danced with her cousin, Laurence O'More; she has also danced with Mr. Kitts, a most frivolous person, and that young man in the Lancers, and the Poet, all three of whom are staying at the Hall; but nobody takes any notice of *them*. Speculation, however, is high about Larry. Used there not to be old passages between her and her cousin? Surely Mr. Trefusis had better look to it. But, after all, who knows?—a fashionable man like that, and a little country-girl like Terry! No doubt he has tired of his bargain, etc., etc.

Miss Anson has said a few of these little things during the evening whenever opportunity was given her. Indeed, she has not been beyond making her opportunities.

"How handsome those O'Mores are!" says old Lady Mackenzie, the "grand old woman" of the immediate neighborhood, who might indeed have been called the "grand old man," so healthy is the moustache that adorns her upper lip. She peers across the room as she speaks, through her gold-rimmed glasses, to where Terry is standing

with Laurence. "She ought to have married her cousin, you know, my dear general, she ought indeed. And I dare say she will, too, judging by what I see to-night. Really, though, poor as they both assuredly are, it seems a pity to spoil——" She stops abruptly, becoming conscious that Trefusis is beside her, having just paused in his waltz with Miss Anson. "Oh, you there, Mr. Trefusis?" says she. "Well," frankly, and getting out of her awkward corner with supreme *aplomb*, "I should not have said that, perhaps; I certainly should not, if"—with a twinkle in her small old eyes—"I had known you were so near me; but you must confess Laurence O'More is uncommonly good to look at."

"I think he is one of the handsomest men I ever met in my life," says Trefusis, smiling delightfully at her.

"Ah! that is generous," says the old lady. She gives him this stab because she thinks he deserves it. In her time a lover *was* a lover, and to be outrageously jealous on the smallest provocation was the fashion. What does he mean by his smile, and his acquiescence about Larry's beauty? What does the creature mean? "I'd advise you to look to your guns, however," says she, tartly. "Terry is a little coquette. All Irish girls are flirts. You shouldn't make too sure; you should keep your eye on her."

"The difficulty is to keep one's eyes off her," says Trefusis, unmoved, and smiling always.

"Ah, but there are too many eyes upon her," says old Lady Mackenzie, exasperated by his coolness.

"That is what I think. You shouldn't, you really shouldn't," says Trefusis, lightly. "You might keep yours off, you know."

He passes his arm around Miss Anson's waist, and again disappears among the dancers.

Miss Anson is at her best to-night. The amber gown suits her to perfection. It tones her, and makes the whiteness of her regal shoulders even whiter. She looks, however, a little bigger than usual,—a fault, perhaps, but then they say you can't have too much of a good thing. Her arms, if large, are splendidly modelled, and her feet, beneath her amber petticoat, look like anything but little mice as they peer in and out: they are indeed substantial members, and worthy of the fine frame they were made to uphold. The Poet has been struck with her.

Mr. Evingley—or "The Poet," as his friends affectionately (or otherwise) call him—is a young gentleman with a long nose and no chin. He has also three hairs on his upper lip, that must be the toughest hairs on record, as, though he never ceases tugging at them, they never yield to the attack. He had once sent a poem to a leading magazine; the editor in a misguided moment had accepted it, and in due course published it on the last page. On the strength of this, Mr. Evingley has ever since posed "as a writer of sweet verse" (this is his own expression); and now that Lord Tennyson has left us disconsolate, he has hopes of the Laureateship.

He is at this moment falling against a wall, in the latest known fashion, gazing at Miss Anson with lack-lustre eyes, when Mr. Kitts

comes up to him; whereon he rouses himself sufficiently, though very sadly, "to speak dull prose" (his own again) about the stars outside, which to-night indeed are resplendent.

Now, Mr. Kitts is a Philistine, pure, but not simple. He is a young man of about—well, his mother alone knows his age, and she is dead; but one might say that he was twenty-one. This you might say to-day, but to-morrow you would be sure to say he was thirty, and the next day you would hark back again, and say you knew he was only twenty-five; at all events, only one thing is sure, and that is that no one has ever called him forty. He is a young man who, if not possessed of extreme charms outwardly, is certainly filled to the brim with an unquenchable flow of animal spirits and small talk, that would have made his fortune in other times. As a cheap jack, for example, he would have been invaluable, and would doubtless have died a millionaire.

Then he will talk: "Good gods! how he will talk!" Easier to stop the current of the Shannon than that of Mr. Kitts's conversation once he has started.

The Poet has been maundering on about the stars for so considerable a time that Mr. Kitts at last grows angry.

"I confess," says he, "I like the stars that are earth-born better. My dear fellow, you should encourage home manufacture. It's your duty, and, disagreeable as it may be to you——"

"Duty belongs even to the gods," says Mr. Evingley, solemnly; "then why not to us poor worms?"

"Well, now, I like you to take it like that," says Mr. Kitts, regarding him with immense admiration. "It sounds so modest—and from you! Worms! That's a good word! Worms! Wrigglers! 'Then why not to us poor wrigglers!' It is immense! Even you! Do you wriggle?"

"Ah! what a question! That is the fault of the uninitiated," says the Poet, who certainly is beginning to wriggle a good deal: "they are so material. No *soul!* Now, if you had a soul——"

"I shouldn't wriggle. Well, I always understood I had one somewhere, but if you tell me I haven't"—cheerfully—"I'm quite prepared to believe you. In the mean time, let us come back for a moment to mundane matters, if"—politely—"you can spare the time. We were talking, if you can remember, of the minor constellations—the earth-stars—the *glow*-worms shall we call them? Can I so far venture?"

"Ah, not bad, not bad; really sweet little simile," says the Poet, with a piteous smile. "Glow-worms! There is certainly one glow-worm in this room to-night, who——"

"You've noticed her?" says Mr. Kitts, changing his manner in a sudden and beginning to hunt the room with his eyes for Terry.

"Ah, yes. I have been feasting on her," says the Poet, sadly. His eyes are devouring the room for Miss Anson.

"Well, as to that," says Kitts, who has at last seen Terry, "I don't think she'd make much of a meal, but I'm sure I never saw her look so well."

"Sweet! very sweet!" cooes the Poet, ecstatically. "A mere breath, as it were, but so satisfying."

"A veritable *soufflé!*" cries Kitts, enthusiastically, who is beginning to enjoy himself. "I'm glad you agree with me about her. Evingley, do you think I too might be a poet? I feel like one, when I look at her! And in that dress, too——"

"Ah! that amber dress! That diaphanous vapor——"

"Great Scott!" says Mr. Kitts, but to himself, "the idiot has evidently been thinking of that big Anson girl all the time. So much for poets!"

As a fact, the two girls, Geraldine Anson and Terry, have been standing at the end of the room with their partners while this conversation has been going on.

"Yes. Yes, I see," says he aloud.

"She is special. So very, *very* special," says Mr. Evingley, with something that sounds like a sob. "Haven't you noticed it?"

"The speciality! I'm so dull, you know," says Kitts, trying to look as if he wanted to cry. "We miserable outsiders, what can we know of beauty?"

"Ah, that is true, dear friend. But you should cultivate yourself; you should lower yourself at the feet of a master, and learn from him. As for Miss Anson—I think we were dwelling upon her—how calm she is! Like a dream! So beautiful! 'A dream within a dream!' You know the precious lines. Now, Miss Anson seems to me, when she moves, not so much to walk as to float—to sail——"

"Like a man-o'-war," suggests Kitts, enthusiastically.

The Poet frowns upon him. "Like a cloud," says he.

"A storm-cloud, judging of her from afar," says Mr. Kitts, who now has given way to wild if secret mirth.

And indeed Miss Anson's face at this moment is not descriptive of the cloud at even, the calm cloud, as we are accustomed to see it. It is now cold and angry. Even the most impartial observer might have called it ill-tempered. As a fact, she has just been asking Trefusis why Terry had not given him that first waltz. And Trefusis's answer has angered her.

He had laughed. Didn't she know that it was bad form for engaged people to dance together? No? Why, it is considered in decent circles only a little worse than married people dancing together. Still, if Miss Anson clings to old-fashioned ideas, she need not be altogether unhappy, because he hopes—he is not sure, but he hopes to induce Miss O'More to give the go-by to both their prejudices (heavy emphasis on the both), and to let him have one waltz before the night is finished.

No wonder Miss Anson's fair handsome face looks like a storm-cloud.

Yet the storm in Miss Anson's face is nothing to the storm in Trefusis's heart, as presently, his dance with the latter coming to an end, he goes up to Terry, who has just finished her dance with Laurence.

CHAPTER XII.

"Our armies swore terribly in Flanders," cried my uncle Toby, "but nothing to this."

"MAY I have this dance?" he asks. His face is a study. Terry starts and changes color. Laurence had gone off a moment before to fulfil his engagement with a most uninteresting old girl belonging to the Gabbett tribe, so that she feels herself without so much as one spear to her back. It is, unfortunately, one of the supper dances, and impossible to refuse. Something in his manner tells her that he knows she is not engaged for it.

"Certainly," she replies, slowly, coldly.

"That is very good of you," says he, in a rather untranslatable tone. To Terry it sounds too suave.

It is the first time she has ever danced with him, and half-way round she is obliged to confess to herself that his dancing is beyond reproach. He is, indeed, the best partner she has ever had. "He is a piece of perfection," she tells herself, with a disgusted but inward shrug. "He does everything excellently well. How I hate perfection!" Her own dancing is a thing of beauty,—a fact Trefusis acknowledges with far greater generosity than she had accorded to him. In spite of the fact that he would not ask her, he had been longing to dance with her all the night, and now as he holds her in his arms (it is very seldom during his engagement that he has ever held her so) he wishes devoutly he had forgiven her wilful ill-treatment of him earlier in the evening.

How exquisite she is! How perfectly her graceful form keeps time with the music! She seems to sway to it, as a slender stalk to a breeze.

> When you do dance, I wish you
> A wave of the sea, that you might ever do
> Nothing but that.

She puts an end to the waltz herself.

"I am tired," says she, in a courteous but unfriendly tone.

"A sudden fatigue," says Trefusis, with, however, unfailing calm. "I am afraid what you really mean is that you do not like dancing with me."

"I am sorry you should look at it in that light," says she, with an indifference that belies her words.

"Will you come and sit down?" he asks.

But this is the last thing Terry desires,—a *tête-à-tête* with him. She is sufficiently conscience-stricken to know that she has been in fault all through, and to sit out five, perhaps ten, minutes with him alone——

"Oh, no!" says she, hurriedly.

"Not even when you are so tired?" There is surprise in his voice; polite surprise, no more. There is, however, a rather mocking smile within his eyes, that enrages Terry.

"You are right. It will rest me to sit down for a few minutes," she says. She turns abruptly, and, taking the initiative (as if action of some sort is necessary to her in her present mood), leads the way

into an adjoining apartment, a small room fantastically draped in red and yellow and with one low lamp burning on a table in the distant corner. Here she flings herself upon a lounge, and, opening her fan, studies the rose-buds on it, as if seeing them for the first time. Suddenly remembering it is one of his gifts, she closes it again with a click.

"Well," says Trefusis, slowly, "what is my crime?"

"Your crime?"

"Why would you not dance with me to-night?"

"What a question from you!" says she, flushing crimson,—"you, who never asked me until it was almost time for every one to go home."

"How could I ask you before? I felt quite afraid to do it." There is again that mocking light within his eyes, and she draws her breath sharply. "After your reception of me early in the evening——"

"Your reception of me, you mean. Your manner when I asked you how my dress looked,—you can't have forgotten that. It," passionately, "was studied—meant! Meant to humiliate me before——" She hesitates.

"Before your cousin! Pray do not refrain from mentioning him on my account. As to humiliating you, that is an absurd argument, as it is quite out of my power to do so. And," a little haughtily, "if I had it, I should not exercise that power where any woman was concerned. For the rest, your cousin had been so eloquent in his admiration of you that he left me literally without an adjective to go upon; and, besides, when he was there to praise you, what would be the use of my pæans?"

"Every one can talk," says Terry, rising tumultuously to her feet. "It is the easiest thing in the world. But nothing can alter a fact. You were very rude to me before Larry, and you know it."

"You seem to bring Larry a good deal into the question," he says, coldly. "Perhaps you would like to bring him into it a little more,—*altogether?*" His lips now have taken a very fine smile. His manner is undoubtedly abominable.

"You mean——?" says the girl, regarding him earnestly.

"Whatever you wish," icily.

"No, no. Let us have it in words. You are annoyed about something. Though you smile, and try to show nothing," she cries, impetuously, "I can see that you are angry. What is it?"

"If you compel me to speak," says Trefusis, "perhaps—it is very unreasonable of me, of course—but perhaps I *do* object to my future wife dancing all night with another man." His lips have grown a little white.

"All night—with Larry?" She turns upon him indignantly, but she has betrayed herself for all that. He had not given a name to the "other man;" she has!

"I see you quite understand," says Trefusis, grimly. "And, now that we are upon the subject, I think I had better say at once that if 'Larry'—I think it is 'Larry' you call him—is so indispensable to your happiness, you had better consider, before marrying me, the fact that in all probability you will see him very little after your marriage. I know you are fond of facts, so I mention it."

"I wonder you can't say what you have to say without all this rig-

marole," says Miss O'More, who really ought to be given a medal for the "come to the point" service. "What you mean is that you want to break off our engagement. Well," looking full at him, and looking like an angel of beauty as she does so, but of the destroying type certainly, "you need not wait: you can put an end to it as soon as you like. I shall not place an obstacle in your way."

Trefusis regards her steadily.

"You would be glad?" asks he at last,—"glad to be rid of me?"

"Neither glad nor sorry," says the girl, unflinchingly.

"Not glad?"

"No." She pauses. There is evidently a struggle going on within her. Trefusis tells himself that the worst will soon be over. She is going to confess at last that her heart is not her own to give to him or any man, save one. He had been white before. He is a little whiter now. He has always believed her honest. And he was right: she proves it now.

"I told you," says she, stammering painfully, "I would marry you, because—because of the boys."

"That is nothing! Terry!" He goes to her, catches her hands, and holds them in a painful grip. "Swear to me that you are not in love with your cousin!"

"With Larry? How do you mean?" she asks, nervously. "If you want me to say I am not fond of him——"

"That is beside it," with fierce impatience. "Do you love him? do you want to marry him?"

"Marry him! Oh, no!" says Terry, fervently. "How could you think that? I," with a heavy sigh, "don't want to marry any one."

"And me least of all." He flings her hands aside.

"Well, why should I like you?" she cries, trembling. "You, who are always so cold, so critical, so——"

"Hateful! Don't mince matters."

"Yes, hateful, then—to me. You can be very charming to others,—to Miss Anson,"—she pauses, and a flood of hope drowns his misery for a moment, but it recedes again at her next words, "and Fanny, and Miss Mainwaring, and all the rest of them. To me only you are unkind."

"Unkind!"

"Yes, awfully unkind. You find fault with me from morning till night. I—at home, at all events—I am supposed to have quite a good temper, but with you—look at me now!" spreading forth her hands angrily. "I was never in such a bad temper in all my life before. And it is your fault! I am never in a bad temper except when I am with you!"

"It gives us pleasing prospects for our future," says Trefusis, with a somewhat ironical intonation.

"I told Aunt Bridget you wouldn't like me in silk attire," says Terry, breaking fresh ground with astonishing vivacity. "But she *would* deck me out like this, and—I can see you disapprove of me. Not that I care. Other people might, but I don't. And, besides, every one doesn't disapprove of me."

"Your cousin, for example?" suggests Trefusis, whose temper is now hardly his own.

Terry gives him a withering glance and sweeps out of the room.

In the corridor outside she meets Fanny, who immediately seizes upon her.

"You can't go home to-morrow, Terry. Mr. Gabbett has just sent me word that the bazaar must be a week earlier than was first intended, and you know what a number of little odds and ends are still left to be finished. I've sent word to the boys to come up to afternoon tea to-morrow, and to bring you anything you may want, but you really cannot go. I shall ask some of the nearest people to give us a help with the dolls and things."

"I can't," begins Terry.

"What nonsense! My dear girl, you must! Just consider how perilously near it is now, and I haven't anything to speak of ready yet. There are twenty-four dolls in a state of actual destitution; and you know how clever you are at dressing them. I'm going to get up a regular bee for to-morrow: one always feels a little flat after a dance, and it will do us good to work for the poor,—set us up again after our night's frivolity, and make us feel quite saintly. Now that's settled. The boys will be all right, I assure you," says Fanny, not understanding the real cause of Terry's hesitation.

"Very well: I'll stay," says Terry, slowly.

"By the way, how modest you and Gerrard are!" says Fanny, laughing. "Such a model pair of lovers! I was glad to see you gave him one dance, at all events.—Oh! you!" turning to Mr. Kitts, who has come up, evidently in the last stage of exhaustion. "Is that you?"

"It's what remains of me," says Mr. Kitts, weakly.

"You have been——?"

"I have, indeed. I've been bleating all round the house after you. There's a big woman in red velvet who says she won't leave the house until she sees you. I do hope you haven't been doing anything?—anything criminal, I mean. She looks awfully wild."

"Oh, it's that tiresome Mrs. Burke," says Fanny, with some disgust. "She always will insist on saying good-by. Such bad taste! It makes all the others go at once, and some of the girls are so enjoying themselves, poor things! Come, take me to her; perhaps I can smuggle her out by the armory door."

Meantime, Terry has escaped.

CHAPTER XIII.

The doubt of those we love, and, more,
The rayless dull despair
When trusted hearts are worthless found,
And all our dreams are air, but air.

THE house is quiet enough now. Some of the men have gone to the smoking-room, and all the women have gone to their beds, or, at

all events, are supposed to have gone there. Mrs. Adare, passing Terry's room, glances in, and, seeing the girl no farther advanced towards rest than the shedding of her ball-gown, the getting into her dressing-gown, and the brushing out of her long and lovely hair, seats herself in the nearest chair and begins an exhaustive conversation about the events of the evening.

"Robbie won't be up for another hour," says she, alluding to her husband, who is in the smoking-room with his guests, poor man, though he would far rather be in bed; "and you can't possibly finish your undressing under ten minutes: so I'll sit here and talk to you."

And talk she does, as gayly and sleeplessly as when she was nineteen, though now I suppose she must be thirty-four at all events. In the middle of quite an exciting episode that has the woman in red for its heroine, a gentle tap sounds at the door.

"Come in," cries Terry, gayly, who under the charm of Fanny's high spirits has entirely recovered her own; and, the door opening, Miss Anson, still in full ball costume, stands revealed on the threshold.

"You, Geraldine, and not even undressed!" says Mrs. Adare, in great amazement. "What have you been doing, you silly girl?"

"Looking for you," says Miss Anson, frankly. "The fact is, I couldn't undress until I saw you. I—it is awful of me, I know," giving way to rather shamed mirth, "but I am dying of hunger."

"Oh, do you know, so am I," cries Terry. "I didn't eat a bit of supper; and now I remember a pie that was at the side of the table, near the top: I wonder if it is all gone."

"Little gourmande!" cries Fanny. "There, run down, you two, as quickly as you can, and get something to eat. Time is flying, remember, and there is very little of it left for your beauty sleep; and all those people coming to-morrow, too! If you hurry, I dare say the lights won't be out in the supper-room yet, though I must say Patrick is unrivalled at putting out everything at a second's notice. Take a candle with you, and light one of the lamps if you find he has been at it again. There, go!"

She stops Terry, however, for a moment.

"Let me tie back your hair," says she, catching up a pale-blue ribbon on the table. With this she draws the girl's soft lovely locks into a loose binding behind her head,—such long locks, that fall far below her waist. Fanny, having tied the ribbon, turns her around.

"Oh, how absurd!" says she. "You look like a baby,—a little thing of fifteen."

She accompanies them to the door and sees them safely down-stairs.

"There are a few men still in the smoking-room," says she, "victimizing Robbie, but if you go delicately, like Agag, they won't hear you."

Thus she dismisses them with her blessing, but with hardly sound advice, however, as they have no sooner reached the lowest step than they see Larry coming across the hall.

"I don't believe in visions," says that young man, advancing, "and I hope it isn't D. T. But what are you doing here?"

He addresses himself to Terry. His eyes, indeed, are fastened on

her in open admiration, an admiration that rather galls Miss Anson, who fancies herself a good deal. And, considering that she is in her full war-paint still, and Terry in only a little, simple, white dimity gown (loosely made, and without a vestige of lace about it), one should not take her to task too much for her disgust.

But then Terry is so much prettier in the white dimity, with only her face and her youth and her sweetness.

Miss Anson, seeing him, makes a little gesture as if to go back. She catches Terry's sleeve. Terry looks at her as if wondering.

"It is so late," says Miss Anson, in a would-be whisper.

"It isn't a bit later than it was a minute ago," says Terry, making a most extraordinary calculation, it must be confessed, "and I am still hungry. Larry, we want some supper. Come with us and light the lamps, will you? Fanny says she's afraid Patrick has put them all out, and I'm starving."

"Yes, do come, Miss Anson," says O'More. And Geraldine, finding her prudery is completely thrown away upon these two dense Irish people, and her appetite still most healthy, follows them to the supper-room.

Fanny was right. Patrick has been true to his character. All is in darkness. When Larry, with much difficulty, and the burning of a handsome shade, has lit one lamp, both girls entreat him to let well alone, and get them something to eat.

The pie is still in existence, and Terry is delighted with it. So is Miss Anson. But, finding after a while that Terry and O'More have more to say to each other than to her, she rises, gives them a gentle little inclination of the head, and leaves the room.

"Really it is disgraceful the way that girl flirts with poor dear Gerrard and makes love to her cousin." This is her thought as she ascends the stairs to her room. If Gerrard could only see her now, sitting there in a mere glimmer of light, in a thin white dressing-gown, talking and laughing with that handsome cousin, he would be less than a man if he bore it. What a pity no one can tell him of it! In all justice his eyes should be opened. If one could see him——

At this moment (she has reached the corridor above) she hears footsteps approaching, and presently finds herself face to face with Trefusis.

"Has sleep no charms for you?" he demands, pleasantly, stopping to say a word. Here is her opportunity.

"Yes, but hunger had even greater," she returns, laughingly. It is a rather forced laugh. She is thinking of what she shall say next. "Miss O'More and I went down about half an hour ago" (it was really only ten minutes ago) "to the supper-room, to see what we could get."

"Yes? No supper taken at a proper time, I suppose? Well, I hope you got something."

"We got Mr. O'More," says she, demurely. "He took us to the supper-room, and lit the—well—*a* lamp for us. He was *so* kind. He wouldn't go away, even though we—*I*—begged him to do so. He insisted on getting us all sorts of beautiful things,—a pie in especial. He is very amusing, isn't he?"

"Very!" What is there in her tone that has changed his from

kind if indifferent attention to something that might almost be called anger? "And so you got your supper at last?"

"Oh, *I* did! Miss O'More is still finishing hers—with her cousin. You know he *is* so amusing."

"Yes," says Trefusis. It is the same answer, in a sense. He bids her good-night again, and continues his way. Miss Anson, in the shelter of her door-way, watches him. Is he going to his room, or down-stairs?

Down-stairs, certainly.

He turns the handle of the supper-room door with undue violence, and walks in.

The room is enveloped in gloom on all sides (it is a big room), save where Terry and Laurence are sitting, about the middle of the table. Laurence, indeed, is sitting *on* the table, close—very close—to Terry, who is eating something off a plate with evident relish.

It is lobster salad, as Trefusis sees to his disgust. First a galantine, a pie, was it?—what was it that odious girl had told him?—and then lobster salad! No girl with a conscience would do such a thing as that. She must, indeed, be perfectly heartless to enjoy lobster salad at this hour of the morning, and after all that has passed between them. There lies the crux of the whole thing. After all that has passed!

For a moment they do not heed his entrance, and he has time to look at her; to wonder whether the feeling he has for her is love or hatred; to tell himself that he was mad when he decided on marrying this wilful, ill-tempered, beautiful Irish coquette, and then to swear to himself doggedly that nothing under heaven shall induce him to give her up, until she dismisses him.

Here Larry looks up and sees him.

"More visions," he cries, though perhaps not quite so heartily, so lightly, this time. "Terry, here comes Trefusis."

Terry starts most unmistakably. "Yes. You?" says she, peering at him through the gloom. "Do you want me?"

"No," says Trefusis, coolly. He advances to the table, draws a chair to it, and seats himself leisurely. "But I heard you and O'More were having some supper here, so I thought I should like to join you."

"How good of you!" says Terry, with an audacious little sneer.

Trefusis casts a quick glance at her. Amazement is in his heart. He had thought to bring down Nemesis upon her head by his sudden entry here; here, where she is supping secretly with her cousin, at an hour when all other members of the household are in bed, or, at all events, supposed to be there; here, in this room, at an hour when the morning light is stealing in through every chink in the shutters, and without a light save that of one weakling of a lamp, that is evidently at its last breath for want of oil, and whose glimmer resembles nothing so much as the farthing rushlight we have all seen—in imagination.

Yet she has the audacity to sneer at him,—to put him in the wrong,—to remind him by that sneer that she has not forgiven what he said to her at their late encounter. Yet what had that late quarrel been about? Surely about the man with whom she is now sitting at this untoward hour in happy conclave.

"What would you like?" she asks, with a chill but courteous air. "This lobster salad is very good."

"Not lobster salad, I think," says Trefusis. "Pray don't worry yourself about me. I'll look round."

"Try the greengage tart," says Larry, hospitably. Is there malice in the suggestion? Jealousy is green!

Trefusis makes a little gesture: "My dear fellow, don't let me disturb you." He finds some ham somewhere, and sits down directly opposite Terry, and begins the supper he does not want in a most deliberate manner. There is something heroic, indeed, in the way he gets through that ham, hating it all the time.

Meantime, Larry, who suspects a scene later on, and who can always be depended upon at a pinch, is talking away with all his might. He has grown to the heights that are sometimes called brilliant, when suddenly Trefusis stops him by addressing Terry:

"It must be so uncomfortable for you to be eating your supper in so bad a light. Shall I put a match to one of these other lamps? I'm sorry I didn't think of it when first I came in. You must have been wretched, sitting in the dark like this."

"It is not dark," says Terry, calmly. "And I like a dim light. Don't light another lamp for me, please."

"No? I beg your pardon, O'More. Pray go on: you were saying something about the Burkes' party, I think."

"No. I was only talking about poor Mrs. Burke's wig," says Larry. "It *would* fall to one side, you know. And when she tells you that she never lost a hair since she was seventeen, it comes in awkward. I say, Terry," feeling that the strain is becoming unbearable, "it's getting late, isn't it?"

No one could possibly accuse Larry of irony, but to Trefusis this remark sounds like it.

"Well, if you think so, go to bed," says his cousin, who is now trifling with a bunch of grapes.

"Is that a dismissal?" says Larry, slipping off the table to the ground. He grows rather red. Had this meeting here been arranged between her and Trefusis, and has he been in the way all this time? For a moment his heart beats to suffocation, and then he knows. He is sure. Nevertheless he bids her good-night with some haste, nods to Trefusis, and leaves the room.

"You needn't hurry, Larry. I'm going too," says Terry, rising from her chair, but he leaves them for all that.

Terry looks straight at Trefusis now they are alone. She holds out to him a slim white hand.

"Good-night," says she.

He pushes back his chair and takes her hand,—holds it. In this faint light her eyes are gleaming.

"What does it all mean?" says he. He is putting powerful control upon himself. "You swear to me one moment that you would not marry your cousin for any reason, for any bribe as it were, and yet now I find you here with him at this hour, and in such a confidential mood."

"Was it confidential?" She lets her hand remain in his, but as though it were dead, lifeless, without a movement.

"It looked so. What were you saying to him?"

"Even if I remembered, I certainly should not feel myself bound to tell you," answers she, calmly.

"No? Perhaps, if you did remember,"—the very suppression of all outward anger is making the anger within him a perfect storm of wrath, and is fatally destroying his judgment,—"you would not dare to tell. You were talking of me, perhaps,—accusing me to him——"

Terry draws her hand out of his, with a sharp gesture. She steps back from him.

"Is that what you would do?" she asks, with terrible contempt. "With whom, then, do you talk of me and my many sins and misdemeanors? I shall have to take heed to my ways, I see. Is that your honor? I——" she turns upon him with a little sob of passion in her throat, "I tell you that is beyond me! I have not got to the height of civilization that permits a girl to discuss the man she has promised to marry with any person on earth."

She turns abruptly to the door. He follows her, and lays his hand upon her arm.

"Terry," says he, quickly, "forgive me that. It was only a momentary madness. I know you would not do it. But"—he has drawn her round so as to face him again, and is now gazing at her—"why can't we be friends?" says he.

"Friends!"

"Yes," hurriedly, "friends. Friendship is a good thing to begin on. I know you do not love me. You," with some irrepressible bitterness, "have given me to understand that too often for me to make a mistake about it. But friendship——"

"How friendly you were to me this evening!" says she, scornfully. "How kind! A friend should be kind, I think; but you——"

"I am sorry for every word I said to you that offended you," he replies, slowly, distinctly. In his secret soul he is wondering at himself: he is apologizing to her, asking her pardon, for the sins of her own committing! Truly he has fallen very low.

It is a pity, perhaps, that he had not so abased himself somewhat earlier. The wilful but lovely head is now turned a little in his direction; two large eyes, soft with dewy tears, are looking into his.

"No, no!" It is a charming penitent who now looks up at him. "I was wrong,—very wrong! I should not have given Larry that first waltz, but"—her voice sinking into a shamed whisper—"I think you *might* have said that I was looking—well, you know—*nice!*"

"I could never say that," says he. "That was not the word." He draws her a little nearer, and she does not resist him. "What word was there to describe you? It is not coined."

Again she looks up at him. The unkillable Irish mirth in her declares itself in the little broken smile, that in the midst of all her agitation and grief lights up her eyes and lips.

"I think you might invent one," says she, with a glance divinely shy. She holds back from him, but at last lets him press his lips to

hers, giving him a dainty, unimpassioned little kiss for the warm one he gives her.

Then she slips from his arms, and runs away up-stairs. Though she had been distinctly cold to him all through this last interview, perhaps never has he been so nearly *en rapport* with her as on this night, when he had entered the supper-room ready to slay her with his wrath.

CHAPTER XIV.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter,
What's to come is still unsure.

"I REALLY think we shall get things properly in order after all, if we persevere for the next two days," says Fanny, in a satisfactory tone, regarding her working party with a beaming eye. And indeed so she well may. Anything like the energy displayed by all present has seldom been seen before in a private drawing-room.

"For heaven's sake, don't touch my elbow," says Larry to Geoffrey O'More, who is leaning over his shoulder, watching his every movement with an excitement that borders on delirium. "If you do, I'll rend you limb from limb."

Larry is engaged on frame-making in the corner, and there are two or three little water-color sketches in the usual young-lady-like style that we all, alas! know so well, lying beside him, waiting for their mountings. Larry is quite an expert at delicate carpentering, and has been pressed into the bazaar service to-day, though rather against his will. He has now, however, entered into the spirit of his task, and is tremendously busy.

Miss Anson, not far from him, is bending over a table, enamelling, with really exquisite taste, some scallop-shells in pale blues and greens and crimsons, touched charmingly, here and there, by a little gilding.

"What are these for?" asks Trefusis, stopping for a moment by her table to look down at them.

"For a dressing-table, to hold pins. Pretty, aren't they?"

"Charming. But a bit wobbly, don't you think? The pins will be all sea-sick. Those shells will want to be propped up on every side to keep them steady.

"Will they? It doesn't matter. *I* shan't have to prop them," says Miss Anson, indifferently.

The answer so exactly describes her mental attitude at all times, that Trefusis smiles a little, as he leaves her to take over some shreds of gold and silver tinsel for the beautifying of the dolls that Terry and Mrs. Adare are raising from a shameless state of nature to one of a high-class respectability.

Somebody calling for Fanny at this moment, she leaves Terry and hurries across the room.

"I hope you feel rested," says Trefusis, stopping beside Terry. He tries to catch her eye, but fails. It is the first time he has been able to speak to her since that last curious half-hour the night before, or,

rather, early this morning. She had not appeared at breakfast, and indeed had come on the scene only when every one else was well settled down to his or her work, and had then glided to a seat next to Fanny and begun a diligent crusade against the dolls, who seem rather to resent being dressed. It seems impossible to make them stay this way or that way whilst their things are being "fitted." They wriggle, and wobble, and behave as frivolously as any living person of their own years,—which are tender.

"Yes, thank you," says Terry, in a low tone. She leans a little away from him, and plunges her hands suddenly among the soft masses of the silks and satins he has brought her, as if in frantic anxiety to find something to make the toque for the doll now in hand.

"You look a little pale," says he, lowering his own tone in turn. There is something distinctly confidential about him; something lover-like. This attitude, so new, so unusual, seems to harass Terry.

"Oh, no," says she, quickly. And now, indeed, she verifies her denial. She has flushed a painful crimson. She makes an impatient movement, and the poor doll she is holding, who has done nothing at all, slips from her lap to the ground and comes to a violent and hideous death. When they lift her up they find her nose is broken.

"There," says Terry, with a rather nervous laugh, "see what you have done. Artists should not be interfered with when at their work. You must go away now, and let me undo your guilty deed. Poor doll! and she was looking so nice, too!"

"Must you take off all those things again?" asks he, aghast.

"Yes, of course, and put them on another."

"Don't," says he. "Let her stay like that, and I'll promise to buy her, nose and all, for any sum you like. It is the least I can do. It is a sort of reparation."

"Very well," says Terry, laughing. "I'll ticket her as 'sold.' Poor old thing," eying the doll ruefully, "I must try and patch her up a bit. The first thing I have sold to you, too; and so little worth having."

"Oh, not the first thing, is it?" says Miss Anson, who has just come up. Her tone is innocence itself, her smile quite guileless, and yet something in her voice makes Terry's heart almost stop beating for a moment. Her pretty color dies away. What is it she means?

"What was the first thing, then?" asks Trefusis, with an interested air, looking at her, challenging her, as it were, but apparently without a trace of suspicion.

Miss Anson laughs. "Don't you know?" says she.—"Don't you know?" This to Terry, who shakes her head faintly and feels as if she could not speak. "No? How dull you both are! I know, and, in my opinion, it certainly is worth even less than this last purchase," pointing to the disfigured doll.

"You fill me with curiosity," says Trefusis. "Pray let us into the secret; I shall be in Miss O'More's debt if you do not. What else have I bought from her, then?"

"Ah, I leave you to find that out," says she, smiling her large, bland smile, and making a movement as if to go away, but Trefusis

steps, as if by accident, before her. He has now his back to the room. She alone can see his face.

"No. You shall tell me now," says he. His voice is a command. Miss Anson hesitates for a second, and then feels it will be dangerous to go any further.

"Have you forgotten last Thursday night, then," says she, with a shrug of her fine shoulders, "when we were looking over Mrs. Adare's bits of bric-à-brac for her stall?—and that little swinging monkey, and Miss O'More's asking you to buy it for luck, just to start her?"

Of course they both remember now. It was such a trivial thing, and it happened so many nights ago, and meant so little. Terry's color comes back in a delicate flood, but Trefusis's gaze is still contemptuous as it rests on Miss Anson.

"Really, Miss O'More," says that full-blown damsel as she moves away, "I should take Mr. Trefusis to task if I were you. People in love should never know what it is to forget even a sigh of the one beloved."

With this last little dart, which falls very flat, she takes her buxom way to the other end of the room.

"Truly it would be better for some people if they had never been born!" says Trefusis, looking after her.

"I feel that often," says Terry, slowly, painfully.

"Surely," quickly, anxiously, "you haven't taken to heart her miserable insinuations,—her——"

"No, no, no," putting up her hand quickly. "What I meant was," with a heavy sigh and a sudden rush of tears that drenches her sweet eyes, "that it would have been better for me if I had never been born."

"Or if I had not," he replies, bitterly, and leaves her.

In the distance, near one of the windows, and standing before one of the biggest easels on record, is Mr. Kitts. He is painting away frantically at a little canvas that he has had the audacity to call "A Sunset." From the remotest corner of the room it looks like a scene of carnage, a battle-field of the good old times, when gore was the leading feature, and fire and smoke the rest.

Taken close, it looks as if some one had been sitting on it.

Every one is trying not to see this *chef-d'œuvre* of Mr. Kitts's; all are abstaining from so much as a glance in his direction. The most poignant anguish is stirring the souls of those who fear he will offer it to them as a priceless gift, to be placed upon their stalls. Who would raffle it? And for how much? Who would dare to walk about with it and offer tickets for it, at even a halfpenny a ticket? The most flagrant impostor in the world of bazaars would not presume to foist Mr. Kitts's masterpiece upon a wondering world.

The Poet, Mr. Evingley, has kindly offered to read aloud to them some tender sonnet whilst they work. And his offer has been accepted. Nature, as he pathetically remarks, has incapacitated him for hard work of any kind,—meaning, presumably, that she has given him over-much brain; but if he can be of use to them in other, lighter ways, he is entirely at their service.

He had at first breathed, rather than spoken, a hint as to his will-

ingness to delight them with some of his own deathless (but as yet unpublished) sweetmeats in the poetical line, but, this gracious insinuation not being received with the rapture it deserved, he had sadly fallen back upon a lower level. Philistines will be Philistines, to the end of the chapter.

He has now one of Mr. Swinburne's volumes in his snowy hands,—the "Poems and Ballads,"—and is preparing to read some of the matchless verses therein contained. And, after a whispered entreaty from Mr. Kitts to be sure and put in the asterisks with a free hand,—an injunction which he treats with a fine contempt,—he stretches himself with a languid grace in a lounging-chair and begins to read,—

"Swallow, my sister, O sister swallow!"

At this moment Miss Anson says, hurriedly,—

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Mr. Evingley, but I think it better to speak before we have got *too* interested."

"I told you, you know," says Mr. Kitts, with a reproachful glance at the Poet: "there's things in that book that——"

"But I've got no more shells," Miss Anson is saying. "Do get me some, somebody, before Mr. Evingley begins again. I do so hate interrupting anybody."

"It looks like it," whispers Fanny to Terry.

Mr. Evingley regards her with a look of gentle resignation.

"I'm so sorry," says Miss Anson. "Fanny, where are the shells?"

"Under the table; at your feet; in a basket," explains Mrs. Adare, in soft jerks. "*Now*, Mr. Evingley! We are quite ready, I think."

"Swallow, my sister, O sister swallow!"

Here the door is burst violently open, and Mr. Adare darts in.

"Fanny, Fanny, where's that small hammer of yours? Canty" (the village carpenter) "says he can't get on without it; he's putting up the art muslins round the stalls, and he says——"

"Oh, never mind what he says," cries Fanny, rising impatiently. "My goodness, Robbie, I think you might know by this time that I always keep my hammer in the cabinet."

"I know by this time that you don't," says her husband, very naturally aggrieved at this reception. "I've searched it exhaustively, and there isn't a sign of it."

"Well, if it isn't there it's in the pantry, or in the nursery, or—— Oh, stay, Robbie; now I think of it, it's under my bed. I wonder you couldn't think of that."

"I suppose that's a compliment," says Adare, who has a quiet humor of his own. "You evidently think I have a mind above the average." He disappears with a slight grin.

"Now, dear Mr. Evingley," says Fanny, in her suavest tone: "I do hope this is our last interruption."

"Swallow, my sister, O sister swallow,"

begins Mr. Evingley, in his most mellifluous tones.

"Miss O'More, ma'am," says the butler, throwing wide the door to admit Aunt Bridget.

Mr. Evingley sinks back in his lounge; the book drops from his lifeless fingers. It is too much! It is much too much!

"Oh, hang it," says Larry, whose acquaintance with poetry is limited, "I do think that poor creature might be allowed to swallow it now, whatever it is. It must be sticking in her throat by this time."

General consternation! What has Larry been thinking about the swallow?

The Poet casts a melancholy eye upon him.

"It is a bird," says he.

"A whole bird?" says Larry. "Bless me! I thought it was only a pill at the worst!"

"Laurence!" says Terry, wildly.

The Poet regards him with a shuddering horror. As for the others, they, I regret to say, have altogether forgotten themselves, and are shaking with laughter. Even Miss Anson, who cannot be accused of having a lively sense of humor, is now bending beneath the table, under the pretence of finding new shells, but in reality to hide her face. And as for Mrs. Adare, she is hiding behind Terry's back, which is rather mean of her, as Terry is certainly desirous of hiding behind hers.

Mr. Kitts has fallen into his canvas. He has smudged it irredeemably. This, however, as Mr. Toots would have said, "is of no consequence." It is, indeed, a most fortunate thing. It seems in some strange way to have altered the character of his work, to have enhanced its charms. It is now "A Moonlight," taken at a good distance,—say a mile and a half.

"Tea!" cries Fanny, joyfully; "here's tea!" Her voice is a little choking still, as she emerges from behind Terry's back and pushes Terry towards the tray that the butler has just brought in. She feels, indeed, as if she could have fallen upon the butler's neck, for his kindly intervention at this critical moment.

"Terry, you will pour it out," she says; "but not for a while yet. Tea can wait, but we cannot, until Mr. Evingley has read to us the poem of his selection. Dear Mr. Evingley, you *will* be good to us, won't you, in spite of all these hateful interruptions?"

This gracious entreaty, this tender tribute to his charm, restores Mr. Evingley to his usual sense of *bien-être:* he takes up his book again, and this time brings his little effort, as he calls it, to a successful finish.

Then comes tea; they linger over it so long that Fanny at last cries to them, in the voice of the old Egyptian (though perhaps, after all, he was young: the young are the cruellest of all!), "Ye are idle! ye are idle!" Whereon they all fall upon their work again.

"As for you, Gerrard," says Fanny, passing by Trefusis, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Ashamed?" says Trefusis. It takes an Englishman some time to collect his wits.

"Yes, thoroughly," says Fanny. "What have you done all day?"

"Oh, that!" says he. "Well, what can I do, after all? I'm but a poor fellow at a thing of this sort."

"You can sing," says Fanny. "That poor idiot over there"—pointing by a shrug to Mr. Evingley, and being, indeed, most ungenerous in her air towards him—"has done his little best; the smallest"—sighing with doleful remembrance of Mr. Evingley's performance—"of all small bests. But you!" with flattering concern, "you can sing, at all events. Now begin; give us something to help us through our work. You can see," with a rueful glance at her helpers, "that they are all straying into gossip of a most meretricious sort; but if you begin to sing they will grow silent again, and with silence the needle and thread will find their own ground again."

"If it is a matter of duty——" says he.

"It is; it is, I assure you. There!" pushing him towards the piano-stool, "sit down, and charm them into silence."

"A moment," says Trefusis. He goes straight to where Terry is sitting, and bends down to her.

"I sang to you once before," says he. "I shall sing to you now again."

He is at the piano now, and has struck a chord or two. He has chosen some words of Lord Lytton's:

Chide not, beloved, if oft with thee
  I feel not rapture wholly,
For aye the heart that's filled with love
  Runs o'er in melancholy.
To streams that glide in noon, the shade
  From summer skies is given;
So if my breast reflects the cloud,
  'Tis but the cloud of heaven!
Thine image glassed within my soul
  So well the mirror keepeth
That chide me not if with the light
  The shadow also sleepeth.

To Terry, listening, the words are a reproach! But so enamoured is she of the sweet music that the sense of the words goes by her. Had it been otherwise she might have been affronted by this song that he has chosen; but his voice,—it charms her, it holds her as with an enchantment.

When the last notes have sounded, he turns abruptly on the music-stool, and looks towards her. She is leaning forward, her face rapt, her eyes full of tears. Surely "music hath charms." He thinks of that first night when he had sung to her,—that night in the old school-room in the village,—and a strange sense of power, that has rapture in it, thrills him with a wild new passion. Perhaps through his voice, through the power of music, he can win her. He takes a step towards her. As though noting his desire to come to her, she gets quickly up from her seat, whispers a word to Fanny, and, gliding past her, leaves the room.

With a smothered exclamation, Trefusis picks up the music he has let fall in a somewhat awkward fashion to the floor.

CHAPTER XV.

Heaven in sunshine will requite the kind.

THE bazaar is held in the school-room in the village, an admirably-sized room, where some time before the magic-lantern had been on view. To-day, however, it is far more effective than on that last occasion, Fanny having taken it in hand. Fanny's taste is undeniable and always to be depended upon, and, as she is the good genius of the poor in this little parish, and is famed for her sweetness and goodness to them, she has thrown her whole heart into the making a success of this bazaar, that is to do wonders for her poor in the cold misery of the coming winter days. Each stall has been arranged with a façade shaped like a huge arch, from which hang draperies of art muslins, each stall having a different color.

The effect is charming. The soft and airy muslins are tied back here and there with fans, and bows of ribbon, and palm-leaves. Inside these delightful tents, all sorts of pretty, shining, delicate, and (it must be confessed) for the most part useless dainties are waiting on their shelves, crying, like the little pigs in the old story, "Who'll eat me? who'll eat me?"

The morning, for a wonder, is brilliant, Providence so often in its mysterious fashion opening the sluice-gates of heaven upon a day, like this, dedicated to the poor. There are more wet bazaar days in a year than there are wet garden-party days. And this is wonderful, because I suppose that for one bazaar there are at least, to put it very reasonably, five hundred garden-parties. Yet the parties are for the rich, the bazaars for the poor. It is all so difficult to understand.

To-day, at all events, is all it ought to be, and the attendance excellent. Every one has come, even the "dear duchess," who has driven a matter of twenty miles to throw her little mite, as she affectionately expresses it, into dear Mrs. Adare's bazaar treasury.

"Dear Mrs. Adare," who knows her, smiles faintly. That "little mite"! How well she knows it, too!

The afternoon is "wearin' awa'," like Jean's old person, and still business is very brisk. Mrs. Adare being very popular, money is flowing gayly into the cash-boxes.

The duchess, who told "dear Mrs. Adare" on her arrival "that she is famished, positively famished," had to be sent up to the Hall under Mr. Adare's care to get some luncheon there, though luncheon, and a very good one too, has been provided on the spot. But then it costs a shilling! The duchess had insisted on lunch at the Hall.

Now, much refreshed, the dear duchess has come back again, having escaped so far the importunities of the stall-holders and the wild maidens who wander around soliciting tickets for the night-dress-bags they are raffling. Now, indeed, her Grace precipitates herself upon the room. Freely she wanders here and there, her huge form swaying as she goes. Twice she has travelled round the school-room, appraising all things as she goes. Much more than twice she has refused to give a shilling to a raffle.

"So naughty, you know, so naughty," she has said, with elephantine playfulness, to Mr. Adare, who, poor man, has been told off to lead her around, though, as he himself afterwards pathetically remarks, he was not born to be a bear-leader. "Gambling, you know, so horrid. Wicked man, to allow it!"

Anyway, she has walked round the room twice, which in a woman of eighteen stone or so is highly commendable. She has been specially affable to all she meets, calling everybody by their wrong names in the very kindliest and friendliest fashion. She has bought a sixpenny doll at every stall except one,—where dolls are not to be purchased. This stall had been extravagantly given up to library requirements of a severe nature. Here she bought a pen-wiper at fourpence, to show she felt no ill will, and that she would rather die than go away without buying all she could.

Having got Mr. Adare to pay for this (she seems determined to pay for nothing but sixpenny dolls), and for her tea at the tea-stall later on, and made him promise to give her a pound towards her ragged school in the slums of London, she bids them all a hearty farewell, waving Mr. Adare an immense kiss from the top of the door-step, and a general wave to the others from the tips of her lips. Every one is naturally much impressed, much delighted.

"Disgraceful old hypocrite!" cries Miss Bridget, sinking into a chair and mopping her brows: she has been working manfully all day, and is honestly tired now. "I like to hear her! Coming here," addressing a little audience of the Hall party that has gathered round her, "coming here," she cries, with rising wrath, "to spend tuppence ha'penny, and then going away as if she had set us up for life!"

"Don't talk of us as if we were hens!" says Mr. Kitts, resentfully.

"Robert," says Miss Bridget, catching hold of Adare's coat as he is trying silently and skilfully to go by her, "I saw you with her. You were with her all day. I hope you did not give in to her."

"Give in to her?" Mr. Adare's face shows such astonishment that the others all laugh.

"Yes," says Miss Bridget, angrily. "I mean what I say, in spite of these cackling idiots." She emphasizes this delightful remark by a full look at Mr. Kitts, who instantly succumbs to it. "*Did* you give in to her? Did you let her swindle you out of anything?"

"Oh, that!" says Adare, rather feebly. At this point his wife, who is present, takes him by the arms.

"Oh, Robbie, what an accusation! Come, speak," says she, putting on a tragic air, "or all is at an end between us."

"Robert, what have you promised that woman?" demands Miss Bridget.

"I'm afraid, a pound or two," says Adare.

"For what?"

"Her ragged schools."

"Weak, contemptibly weak!" says Miss Bridget, while his wife lets his arms go, with an affected sigh of relief. "You don't catch *me* napping like that. She asked me for five pounds for her ragged brigade somewhere in the wilds of London (I don't believe she knows

anything about the wilds of London), and I just said, 'My dear woman, there is a ragged regiment here in this town,—your *own* town,—*not* supported by royalty, that it takes all the spare five shillingses I possess to keep so much as even its breeches on it!'"

"Really, Aunt Bridget!" says Mrs. Adare.

"Well, my good girl, what do you want?" says Miss Bridget, who is now greatly incensed. "What's the matter with the breeches? Am I to understand that you would rather have them without them?"

At this they turn and flee.

Trefusis has bought up all the last things *en masse* that remain on Fanny's stall,—Terry being behind it,—and has given them to the rector for the poor. It is quite a tremendous bundle, and, as it comprises among other things a considerable quantity of painted tambourines, banjoes, bellows, perfumed sachets, and handkerchief-cases, the rector may be justly excused if he looks on the gift with blank amazement.

"But, Mr. Trefusis, have you thought?" says he. "It is more kind of you than I can say, but have you thought how useless these things are for our poor? How can they hang up tambourines in their smoky cabins, and where are the gloves for the cases? You are kind, my dear fellow,—*very* kind; but if they had only been shawls and petticoats!"

"Give the tambourines to the babies," says Trefusis, laughing. "They may get five minutes' fun out of them."

"No, no. With your permission I'll keep them all, and hand them over to a bazaar to be given next month in the parish close to this. It will be a great help. And your money,—that has been a help to us. We have that, Mr. Trefusis, and I thank you exceedingly for it. We shall have plenty of coal for the poor this winter, at all events."

"But coals aren't enough," says Trefusis.

"They are a great deal, however," says Mr. Gabbett, patting his shoulder almost affectionately. This cold, silent young Englishman has grown dear in many ways to the good rector's heart.

Trefusis leaves him, walking thoughtfully away. "If they had been shawls and petticoats!" The rector's words ring in his ears. And is he not Terry's rector, and is this not Terry's village? If those tambourines are useless, as of course they are,—he gives himself a little shrug at his dulness,—surely there must be other things, on some other stalls, that will suit her villagers.

He looks round him and goes straight to a stall on his left. Here some petticoats and shawls are still to be seen, and behind them a gaunt old maid, with a most unmistakable false front and a beaming eye.

That old maid swears by him in all her short future.

Everything still remaining on her stall—things serviceable, but, because of the lack of beauty in them, left there—he buys, without prejudice, without bargaining. The old maid's heart grows light. She had for the past hour felt bitter fears that she should have to carry back these useful but hideous things, that to her had grown beautiful

as day by day she toiled over them with knitting-pins and needles. And now this tall young man, with his courteous kindly air, has bought them *all,—all!* Not a thing remains, and she will be able to give in her account to Mrs. Adare as one of the very best at this bazaar. Oh, the joy of it!

Tears rise in the poor old maid's eyes, as one by one her homely but useful articles are laid side by side as Trefusis's purchases. Her stall had been somewhat neglected during the day, not being as artistic as those of the others. But now—she looks across at Mrs. Brennan's stall, Mrs. Brennan, whose wares have been held up to admiration all the livelong day, and—we are all wicked, even the best of us—feels a glow of triumph as she sees that some of the exquisitely embroidered cushions are still left unsold, whilst her modest comforters and petticoats have been all pulled down and sold. The opposite stall is still bright and pretty with its wares. Hers is empty and a wreck. Oh, the *delight* in having it a wreck!

It is perhaps unnecessary to say that there has been bad work recently between the old maid and Mrs. Brennan of the embroidered cushions.

Anyway, every shawl and muffler is now lying on the old maid's counter, and Mr. Trefusis is paying for them. Not a wrapper or a child's frock is to be seen. All lie in a huge, soft erection before him.

"In fact, me dear," said the old lady afterwards, with tears in her eyes, and without a thought of impropriety, "when he went away he left me naked!"

Trefusis hires a little boy to carry them all to the rector.

"You are a good fellow, Trefusis," says the rector, as he meets him later on, alluding to those welcome goods. "You deserve good in turn. I pray God you may meet with it."

Somehow Trefusis knows that the rector is wishing him well with regard to Terry.

* * * * * * * *

And now it is all over. Larry and Mr. Kitts, while things are being wound up inside, are amusing themselves by scattering sweets, bought by them off the refreshment table, among the ragged little urchins outside in the street. These naked, handsome little creatures are now having a real good time with their "scrimmies," as they call these wild plungings after the sweetmeats in the open street. Poor little beings!—so ragged that, for the most part, the clothing so desired by the rector would, if distributed among them, be not altogether sufficient; but such happy jolly little beggars! Their roars of laughter resound through the village street.

"There are a few oranges left; let us give them to them," says Terry to Mrs. Adare. Terry is now peering over Larry's shoulder at the joyous turmoil below.

"Yes, let us," says Fanny. "Robbie, bring me those oranges. And, Terry darling, won't you come home with us now?"

"No, I think not. I seem to have been a long time away from the boys, and they don't do their lessons unless——though indeed," anxiously, lovingly, "they are the very best boys. But, Fanny,"

looking at her cousin a little shyly, "I—I wanted to ask you, would you all come down and take tea with me and the boys in the garden to-morrow? The—the house," blushing, "is very shabby, but the garden just now is looking very well, and I thought—I should like—that is——"

"What a lovely idea!" says Fanny. "You may bet upon every one of us. We'll come in our thousands. And look here, Terry, I'll send you down a cake or two, eh?"

"No," says Terry, gently. "I—I should like to do it all myself. I can make cakes, you know, Fanny; and——"

"Oh, I know,—I know, indeed! Such cakes! They make my mouth water already, the very remembrance of them," says Mrs. Adare, who really is delightful in many ways.

"Then you'll come. About four. And bring them all," says Terry.

"Oh, I shan't have to bring them. They'll flock to you," says Fanny, laughing. She kisses her and runs away, and then runs back.

"Terry, look here. You'd better ask Aunt Bridget."

"Yes, I know. I'll ask her now," says Terry, making a faint grimace.

"Now be sure you do," says Fanny, who has always Terry's interests at heart.

CHAPTER XVI.

If all the mountains were of gold,
And all the seas of wine,
I'd rather have thee than them all,
Sweet maiden, treasure mine.

"How ideal! What a little heaven!" sighs the Poet, ecstatically. "A veritable haven of rest in this too, too dreadful world." Here his ecstasies so far overcome him that he sinks into the most comfortable chair on the grass,—the one, too, nearest the rustic tea-table. Ecstasies are astonishingly useful sometimes. "Ah!"—glancing round him at Terry's garden,—"the blessedness of it! The rest! The peace! The knowledge that the great coarse world"—shivering—"is so far away from us!—over there, perhaps," waving his delicate hand towards the hills that on the east bound their horizon, "behind those silent unbuilt walls of nature." He glances up at those near him, with what he fondly but erroneously believes to be a pale ethereal smile, and whispers, faintly, "One should *kneel* in a shrine like this!"

"I quite agree with you, my dear fellow," says Mr. Kitts, who, dressed in great splendor, is evidently bent on making Terry's "at home" a success,—Terry being the heroine of his latest platonic attachment. "Let us all kneel!" he cries, enthusiastically, tilting up the Poet's comfortable chair with an evident burst of excitement, and so bringing that æsthetic young man to a standing position, almost before he is aware of it.

"Is metaphor unknown to you?" demands the latter, regarding Kitts with a mournful but at the same time a searching eye. ("A

man to be avoided," he decides. "A mere worm!") "In this pale lifeless time it is injudicious to give way to the sweet and free emotions that should sway us. I do not kneel in public," says Mr. Evingley, who is still perhaps sufficiently far from the stars to be able to think of his trousers.

"You forget church, Mr. Evingley," says Miss Bridget, with heavy remonstrance. She has by this time been bowed and smiled by Mr. Kitts into the Poet's vacant chair.

"Memory means slavery!" says the Poet, sadly. He has not looked round him, he has not seen that his chair has been impounded. "And poets——"

"Never, never—never shall be slaves!" says Larry suddenly at the top of his high, jubilant voice.

The effect produced by this outburst is hardly to be exaggerated. The Poet totters backward into the seat he has just vacated, and which he fondly believes to be vacant, right into Miss Bridget's lap. The wild squeal which that maiden gives on receipt of this unexpected burden is not to be surpassed by the shrill scream of the Poet, as, partly propelled by the indignant spinster (Larry always swore afterwards that she had pinched him), partly through sheer fright, he springs upward into the air.

It is all hushed up as quickly as possible, of course, though Miss Bridget is still evidently seething in her own wrath.

"I'm so sorry, dear fellow," says Mr. Kitts, who, I regret to say, is convulsed with laughter, "but as I thought you were really going to kneel, I gave up that comfortable chair to—er—one of the unfair sex. By Jove!" in a low, sympathetic tone, "she has been unfair, you know. I hope," sweetly, "she hasn't hurt you."

"Dear lady! No, she has not hurt me. It was a distress of the moment. No more, no more!" says the Poet, quite beautifully. Mr. Kitts almost admires him. "And as for women, dear friend, pray do not speak of them as unfair. They are always fair. And they have their own little gifts, as you will see, if you go into it,—their pretty charms, their tricks——"

"Like kittens," suggests Mr. Kitts, eagerly, as if dwelling on his thoughts and desirous of following them.

"Yes, yes. You take me, I see," says the Poet, poising himself on one leg and beaming on Kitts, in spite of his decision about him a few minutes ago. But adulation is so sweet, and so hard to get—with some people! "Kittens! Quite so. Little cats! The dearest women have something of the tiger in them, you know. Not to be trusted! Ah! I have a sweet poem on that idea,—not as yet vulgarized to the paper form, but here—here," tapping the place where he supposes, poor dear man, that his brains lie. "Women have their own place," he continues sententiously, unconscious of the fact that Kitts is longing to go for him. "They have their beauty. And if Nature has denied them intellect, poor souls, still their beauty, transient though it is, gives us refreshment as we wander through this gloomy vale."

"Who's *us?*" asks Mr. Kitts, with a frown of perplexity. It is a rather dangerous frown.

"Dear friend, surely I need not reply. Why, *we*—the lords of creation,—we, the creatures of intellect. We, who can rule the world with our thoughts, our aspirations, our genius——"

"Do you know," says Mr. Kitts, surveying him calmly, but straightly, "you'll get yourself kicked if you go on like that?"

"Eh? What?" says the Poet, as if not able to believe.

"Yes. Kicked. Kicked, I assure you," says Mr. Kitts, turning on his heel.

Terry is now pouring out the tea, Fanny chatting beside her. Larry is laughing with Miss Anson over some absurd mistake of yesterday, whilst Max and Geoffrey, in their best clothes and manners, and with their stockings very carefully but most unmistakably darned, are handing cakes to everybody.

Trefusis is helping Terry, his heart somewhat disturbed within him. Terry is looking lovely, quite lovely, poor child, in spite of the shabby old serge gown in which she is dressed; a gown scrupulously neat, but old, so old, and yet—the sting lies here—so undoubtedly her best. There is something of anger in the glance that Trefusis from time to time sends from her to Miss Anson. The latter is so exquisitely frocked; everything is so exactly as it should be, everything so *toned;* it is the very art of dressing! Trefusis feels his soul rebel against the contrast. Why, why will Terry let no one help her? Surely pride can go too far. It hurts him in a strange angry way that she, the girl he has chosen out of all the world, should be one whit behind the very best the world can show.

It is not altogether an ignoble anger; it is an anger, indeed, for her, more than for himself,—a sort of jealousy of love. He throws it from him after a bit. Terry, after all, is always Terry. Nothing could improve her. Nothing can perfect perfection. And Terry in her old frock is what Miss Anson, with all Worth's genius at her back (or on it), could never be. And then a quick thought comes to him, and his eyes lighten. There is no need to be impatient. Soon, *soon* she will be his, and she shall walk in such "silk attire" as few have worn.

The Poet is again holding forth, but now to Larry.

"How picturesque it all is!" says he. "And how she suits it!"

"She'd suit anything," says Larry, looking at Terry.

"Yes, she's a picture in herself," says the Poet, laying his head delicately on one side,—the side where he thinks his heart is. "I am glad to find a brother devotee at Miss Anson's shrine."

"Miss Anson! I wasn't thinking of her," says Larry. "Though of course I"—chivalrously—"admire her too. But—er—there's a good deal of her, isn't there?"

"Could there be too much of perfection?" asks the Poet, plaintively.

"I suppose not," says Larry. "But Miss Anson *is* big, eh?"

"Ah, the charming creature!" cries the Poet. "She is supreme, exquisite. One can take her, as it were, by degrees. She lasts. She lasts."

"Do you mean that you cut her up?" asks Larry. "You should be careful, you know. Women hate being cut up."

"Her eyes yesterday, her lips to-day, her perfect chin to-morrow," goes on the Poet, sighing heavily. "She is a perpetual feast. She is a thing of beauty, as that very much overrated person called Keats once said: pray excuse my quoting him. She has so many charms that one hardly knows how to take them all in at once. She is dear,—very dear!"

"At any price," says Larry to himself, but out loud he says, "You should not let her be. Not now, you know; this is a cheap age. And if you want her eyes, her lips, and her chin, why, 'reduction made if a quantity taken,' you know, and you like quantity, evidently."

"I fail to understand you," says the Poet, shaking his head.

"Well, I'll explain. *I* like quality," says Larry, nodding at him with a beaming smile. He adds to his iniquity by going off immediately to where Terry is standing behind the tea-table.

The day is waning. Evening is coming on. Trefusis is still helping Terry with the tea, Mr. Gabbett and his sister having happened to drop in rather late. Terry after a minute or two has moved away. Mr. Kitts is helping the boys to eat the hot cakes. It is quite astonishing how he does it, seeing that he never stops talking all the time.

Trefusis has stooped to whisper some little pleasantry into Terry's ear,—some little trifling thing apropos of something going on over there where Miss Bridget is sitting,—and Terry has lifted her flower-like face to his in answer. Almost for the first time her eyes look calmly, steadily, friendly-wise into his. She smiles at him. Trefusis's heart gives a bound. Never has she seemed so near to him as now, in this hour, in this her own home.

Larry, unfortunately (his eyes are never very far from Terry), sees that glance of his, and Terry's answering smile. He turns abruptly away, and grows almost boisterous in his attentions to Geraldine Anson. He is evidently telling her a story, vivisecting one of the near neighbors with a view of bringing a laugh to her lips,—in reality to let Terry see that his heart is void of even one touch of pain.

"What is it, Larry?" asks Mrs. Adare, who knows all her brother's moods and is now very sorry for him. Perhaps she too has seen that little growing towards Trefusis in Terry's air, and has understood.

"Oh, nothing. Only that old story about the duchess. You remember it? About the night she was playing backgammon at the Mackenzies', you know."

He laughs lightly, but falsely, as his sister knows. "If *you* don't, Terry will," says he, looking straight at Terry. It seems to him now as if he *must* bring her attention back to himself and away from Trefusis, if only for a moment.

"Yes, I remember," says Terry, smiling sweetly at him over her teapot.

"I don't believe it," says Miss Anson.

"What! That she doesn't remember?"

"Oh, no, no, no.—Miss O'More, isn't he silly? Of course she remembers; women always remember—afterwards!" She says this with a strange, swift glance at Trefusis, that seems to warn him of trouble in the future connected with Larry. "I mean that I don't believe that

story of yours.—Your brother," turning to Mrs. Adare, "says that the duchess was once playing backgammon with Sir Darby Mackenzie, and that she swallowed the dice!"

"One of them. One of them," says Laurence. "She was eating filberts,—she is always eating nuts of one sort or another,—and, the rigor of the game growing too much for her, and finding that Sir Darby was winning, she concluded that one of the dice was a filbert, and swallowed it."

"What a remarkable story!" says Miss Anson. "And—what happened?"

"They had to get a stomach-pump, I believe, and——"

"Laurence!" says Mr. Kitts, fixing him with his eye-glass, "did you ever hear that a thing may go too far?"

"Rather!" says Larry, calmly. "One of those dice went too far, anyway. It was never heard of again."

"He's incorrigible!" says Mrs. Adare, throwing up her hands. "And it wasn't one of the dice, Larry. It was her false tooth."

"Anyway, she frightened old Sir Darby out of his senses."

"You've ruined your tale," says Mrs. Adare. "No one will believe in it now. We all know that for the last twenty years of his life he had no senses to be frightened out of."

"It was wonderful how straight he could keep at times, though, when it suited him."

"When his wife had her eye on him, you mean."

Here Mr. Kitts gives way to mirth.

"Do you remember that last time we saw him?—when the English fellow came round on a temperance crusade? He didn't know anything about Sir Darby's propensities, of course, and, thinking the title would sound well on the notices, asked him to take the chair at the meeting in the village. And he came, you know,"—to Miss Anson, who is perhaps the only person present who doesn't know the sorry tale,—"a little—just a little—d'ye see? and when he got on his legs to start the show, he—ha! ha!—never got beyond the opening sentence. And what was *that*, d'ye think? 'Ladies an' gemmen, I'm so full of the subjeck——' Ha! ha! ha! he got no farther. He was *so* full of the subject," roars Mr. Kitts, "that he slipped, and was carried out by the temperance man."

"Oh, was he?" says Miss Anson. She looks perplexed. "And what was the subject?" asks she, curiously. She is certainly terribly English.

At this Mr. Kitts turns away sadly and reproachfully, leaving Larry to explain.

"Whiskey," says that young man, in a cheerful tone.

Providentially at this moment something occurs to change the current of their thoughts. It is the afternoon post: it consists of one letter for Terry, who, letters being very rare with her, seizes upon it, and, after a little glance at Fanny as if to ask permission, tears open the envelope.

CHAPTER XVII.

I thought that the swallow was wooing already
Her mate to the nest;
I thought that the wild bee with kisses already
The first rose pressed,
And that thou wert clasping me, Love, already
Close to thy breast!

SHE is still reading it, when Max, swooping down upon her from behind, snatches it out of her hand.

"Now," cries he, darting away with it, "you told me yesterday you had no secrets from any one, so I'll read this out loud." He holds up the letter teasingly, as if about to begin.

"*Max!*" cries Terry. There is something so sharp, so agonized, in her tone, that Trefusis starts, and looks at her. Her face! What a face! Crimson when first he sees it, and now absolutely colorless, as white as paper, and with something in the eyes that is surely fear.

"Max, give me back my letter," says she, trying to control her voice, but failing. "Max, do you hear?"

She is actually trembling. It is fear, then, that is stirring her! Trefusis feels suddenly as if everything has given way beneath him. Only a moment ago, and his path had seemed firm, sure; and now the earth has suddenly opened. He had never been so sure as in that moment ago. He had told himself that all was coming right with her and him, and now, now, suspicions seem to swarm upon him. What is in this letter to make her look like that?—guilty,—yes, guilty, frightened. Would he have his wife look like that? She is not his wife yet, and his doubts of her are many and various. If, when she was his wife, he saw her look like that——

Larry, happening at this instant to look at him, reads the situation in a glance, and something of contempt enters his heart. He, that cold, cynical fool, to doubt her!

"A love-letter, Terry?" he asks. There is malice in the question,—a sort of mad longing to dig a little dart into Trefusis's soul. Had he thought his idle, mischievous words would cause Terry the very faintest annoyance, it is only fair to him to say that he would have died rather than utter them.

Terry turns her large eyes on his.

"Get it, get it for me!" says she. Larry takes a quick step forward, seizes Max by the neck, and adroitly pulls the letter out of his hand.

"Here it is," says he, holding it out to Terry, whose fingers close over it with a most unmistakable haste. Trefusis moves abruptly away. Whatever this letter means, and it occurs to him that it means nothing, so far as either he or O'More is concerned, still it was to O'More she had turned for help; not to *him*, the man she has promised to marry.

It is another little fillip to the already too great anger that is burning in his bosom. The letter—it was not from him or from O'More; certainly it was then from a third. How many lovers has she? And who is this last one, of whom no word has been uttered up to this?

With an impatience that scorches him, but that he hides so completely beneath the self-control that nothing can ruffle, he waits until the last of Terry's guests have driven away from her door, and then turns to her.

"I want to speak to you," says he, abruptly.

"To speak to me?" The girl stares at him, lost in wonder. What does the cold anger in his face mean? She, once the letter was returned to her, had thought nothing more about it, had not understood that it might be a subject of thought to others. She had been taken up with her guests, and had scarcely had time, even if she had knowledge of it, to take notice of Trefusis's coldness. "You wish to speak to me?"

"Yes," says he, strong displeasure in his tone.

"Well, speak."

"Not here, where we may be interrupted; in the garden."

"Come, then." She takes the initiative, going, indeed, quickly before him, not speaking another word until the sweet precincts of the garden are gained. Here she stops.

"It has always been so peaceful here," says she. "I have had nothing hateful said to me here to make it sad to me."

"Here or there," says he, remorselessly, "I shall speak to you."

"Come, then," says she. She passes through the pretty hedges, and then stands still.

"You had a letter this afternoon." His air is rather too like the counsel on the other side.

Terry looks at him with great surprise.

"Yes, you know that," says she. His continued gaze, however, mingled with the remembrance of what that letter contained, brings a bright and beautiful flush to her face.

Unlucky blush! It inflames his ire. As if driven to frenzy by it, he turns upon her.

"I may as well say at once what is in my mind," says he, in the slow hold-back sort of way that always incenses her; "it will be better, fairer. I have asked you to marry me, and you have said 'Yes.' You" —looking at her for the first time—"you *have* said yes?"

"Why ask me?" she replies. "There is nothing to contradict. But what has all this got to do with—the letter?"

"Something, surely."

"Nothing, certainly."

"Do you say that? Will you tell me that there was nothing in that letter you did not wish me to see? Me? The man who is to be your husband?"

There is passion in his tone now. Terry's delicate face flushes. She hesitates. What does it all mean? What can she say?

"I——" begins she, faintly. She stops. The stop is fatal.

"Don't be unhappy about it," says he, coldly. "You need not answer me. Your face," with a contemptuous smile, "is answer enough. And your agitation when your brother seized that letter,—your fear lest he should betray its contents——"

"Well," says Terry, interrupting him hurriedly, "it was my own letter. Even supposing all you say to be true, that I did not wish you

to see it,—still it was my own letter, my own affair. It had nothing to do with you, or any one."

"Nothing to do with me!" His face is as white as death now, his tone quite steady, however. "You think I take things like that?—so easily? Have I no rights, then?—not even the right to wonder at the emotion you showed on receiving a letter from some one who——Not even the right to demand to see that letter?"

"You mean——?"

"I mean," steadily, "that you ought to show it to me."

"You mean that!" Her voice is almost a whisper. "You insist?" says she, faintly. Her manner, that has something of shame in it, maddens him. Shame! Shame in that proud little face!

"Yes. I insist," he declares, coldly, brutally, though his very heart is torn within him.

Slowly, very slowly, the girl draws the letter from her pocket, slowly too withdraws it from its envelope, and, still holding it tightly in her trembling fingers, as though her very life depends upon the keeping of it, looks at him.

"You do insist?" she asks, miserably. It is as though she is craving pity from him. It is plain to him that she would rather die than give up this letter.

Half beside himself with rage and bitter disappointment, he can only see one side of the question,—her evident reluctance to give him the letter. What he cannot see is that she is giving him a last chance to keep and hold her forever.

"I do!" he decides, with icy determination.

"You suspect me, then, of something?" Even to herself, so hurried has all this been, she can hardly place the miseries of this most miserable hour. Of what does he suspect her?

"How can I help it?" His eyes meet hers with a hard glance. He holds out his hand.

"The letter," says he. It is a command.

Terry lays it in his open palm.

To his everlasting dishonor, as he owns to himself afterwards, he opens it, and reads. And as he reads, the very pains of death seem to get hold of him. There is so little to read, but how much it means to her! To have shamed her thus!—and such a sad little guiltless shame,—such a betrayal of all she would have hidden!

His face flushes a dark red, then whitens. He feels as if he cannot lift his eyes from the page before him, as if he dare not meet her eyes. If she had wished for revenge, surely she has it now! His punishment is even greater than his crime.

He crumples the letter convulsively in his hand. But not all the crumpling in the world can shut out from his sight the words that lie within it. They are burned indelibly upon his brain.

"*To one black skirt re-dyed . . . 2s. 6d.*"

"You might have told me," says he, hoarsely.

There is no answer. A very storm of hatred against him is shaking the girl's soul. For a while she keeps silence, scarcely daring to let herself speak. She is trembling violently, more perhaps from some

sudden inward certainty that here, now, a crisis in her life has arrived, than from the actual circumstance that has led to it. Between him and her all is over,—done! She has borne much,—much,—but not even for the boys can she bear more. A sort of strength arising out of this decision, she speaks.

"Do you think," says she, very slowly, very carefully, as if afraid to let her agitation get the better of her, "any words of mine would have convinced you, would have kept you from distrusting me? You have distrusted me often, Gerrard,"—it is noticeable that this, the hour in which she has decided on a final rejection of him, is the one in which for the first time she has called him by his Christian name,—"but you have gone too far, at last!"

"Terry!"

"Don't touch me," says the girl, with so sharp an intonation, so horrified a drawing back from him, that something of the truth is borne in upon him. "I only want to say a few words,—to tell you that I shall never forgive you for having read that letter. I"—lifting now her burning eyes to his—"I was ashamed of it! I"—with passionate honesty—"*am* ashamed of it! I don't care what people say about there being nothing to be ashamed of in poverty: it is the rich people who say that. I am poor, and I *am* ashamed!"

"But not—of me?"

"Of you, most of all people!" she declares, bitterly. "I desired you, least of all people, to know how poor I was."

If he had dwelt upon it, this might have given him some little hope; but his mind is beyond control.

"You cannot think that that letter can matter to *me*," he cries, distractedly, cursing himself at heart for his hideous cruelty.

"I am not thinking of you," she answers, coldly. "To me—to *me*, it matters!" And then suddenly, without word of warning, she bursts out crying; not loudly, or vehemently, or aggressively, but with a most terrible grief.

She has been mortified, hurt, crushed to her very heart's core.

"For God's sake, Terry, don't go on like that," says Trefusis, choking. "On my knees I ask your pardon. You will—you must grant it."

"No." The word is not loudly spoken, but there is finality in it. She checks her sobs by a violent effort, and almost before he has time to recover from the shock her manner has given him, she is gone.

* * * * * * * *

In the privacy of her own room, she tells herself again that, no matter what it may cost her, she will break with him. It will be an ordeal, but it shall be gone through. Fanny will be angry, and Aunt Bridget furious, but nothing, nothing shall alter her decision. She feels, as she paces up and down her large, gaunt, ill-furnished old bedroom, in spite of all the difficulties she will have to undergo, a great uplifting of the spirit, a joy immeasurable, in the thought of flinging back his money in his face,—of letting him see that poverty dire and stern as hers is—and surely he has had proof of it this evening—is preferable to life with him.

No, she was mad when she thought she could sell herself for dross, mere dross!

When he calls next morning, sending up a second time an urgent message to let him see her, if only for two minutes, she still persists in her refusal to go down-stairs, alleging a convenient headache as her reason.

As a fact, a sleepless night has left her overstrung, and she wishes to be at her best and coldest when giving him his dismissal. She will put it off till to-morrow.

When to-morrow comes, however, she is sorry for this. For to-morrow brings terrible news, that alters the whole tenor of her life. And it would have been better—fairer to herself—if she had spoken to him first.

To-morrow brings the news of Miss Bridget's death.

* * * * * * * *

On Friday she had taken tea with Terry and all the others in Terry's garden. On the following Sunday she was found dead in her bed. It had been a death not wholly void of disagreeable details, but these Mrs. Adare keeps from Terry for a long time. The poor woman had evidently had a struggle for her breath at the last, and was found lying half in and half out of the bed, one hand clutching the carpet.

Her will, read a little later on, showed that she had left every penny and every acre she possessed in the world to Terry.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Leave me, simple shepherd, leave me;
Drag no more a hopeless chain.
I cannot like, nor would deceive thee:
Love the maid that loves again.

"If it had been any one but you! You so honest. Are you sure that you know what you are doing?" asks Trefusis, regarding her with a frowning brow.

"Oh, I know all you would say!" cries Terry, with deep agitation; she clasps her hands together with convulsive misery. "All! all! I have been through it myself. I know what I seem to you, but——" She breaks down.

It is ten days later,—ten days which have been given up to the mourning of Miss Bridget, who wouldn't have given up one hour for the sake of anything in earth or heaven. Terry had been a little glad of these ten days of solitude: they had kept her from seeing Trefusis. And though a lover, in most cases, might be admitted at any time or on any occasion, she ordained it otherwise in her own case. It helped her to put off the evil hour of renunciation for a day or two at least.

But time, like most things, is a failure. There is nothing substantial in it. Conscious of its defects, no doubt, it flies from us. The

ten days have come to an end, and with them Terry's reprieve. To-day—now—she is standing looking at Trefusis, with her breath scant, and her eyes a dream of misery. She has at last laid bare to him her settled determination to end their engagement.

"But what,"—sternly,—"what do you think you seem to me?"

"False and worldly." She turns more directly to him, compelling herself to it with fear and sad misgivings at her heart. He will judge her harshly. But she is acting rightly, well.

However sure she may be of this, she has certainly grown very pale. Trefusis, with cold questioning eyes, can see that she is deeply disturbed. But how beautiful she is through all her sadness and distress! He knows her well enough to understand that this dividing of herself from him *is* a distress. How sweet she looks,—

White as the sun, fair as the lily!

She has clinched her hands tightly together before going on.

"I know what you think. It is open to all people to think now. That I accepted you when I was poor, and threw you over when I—was no longer poor. I wish—I wish," with almost passionate regret, "that I had said all this to you that evening, when——"

"When I read your letter," he puts in quickly, as if defying her reserve.

"Ah! that letter!"

"But for it, perhaps——"

"No, no!" She lifts her hands. "It would have made no difference, I think. I had often wanted to tell you that I could not marry you. And that letter,—it made an end, nothing more. But what I wish is," her voice vibrating with poignant sorrow, "that I had said all this to you before her death!"

"For how long have you wanted to tell me you could not marry me?" asks Trefusis, in a strange tone.

"I don't know." She presses her hands against her eyes, as if to compel memory, or else to shut him out. "I know nothing as it should be. It is all so strange, so dark. But I do know that I meant to tell you, long before my aunt's death, that I would not marry you. I did!—I did!" she cries, her eyes tearless, but her voice full of weeping. "You do—you *must* believe me!"

He bows his head affirmatively if stiffly.

"But say it!" entreats she, with a vehement gesture.

"Of course I believe you. Do you think I could have loved you as I do, if I did not believe you?" He draws his breath a little sharply. "Now you have it all your own way," says he, "I hope you are satisfied." He stops and smiles at her; a queer smile, filled with many complex thoughts.

"You will be satisfied too," says she, in rather a suffocated tone: he can see that she is crying now. "You will be rid of me; you will forget me——"

"Probably," coldly. "What I shall not forget, however, is that I was engaged for some weeks to a girl who spent that time wondering

how she could in any decent wise put an end to her engagement with me."

"That is taking a very unkind view of it," Terry cries, tremulously, and with a touch of indignation. "The truth, the real truth, is plain to every one. And it places me altogether in the wrong. I should never have accepted you; having accepted you, I should have kept to my word: yet I have failed in both ways. Oh, I know how I shall be regarded by my world. But you—now that all is over between us—might be more generous to me. You"—looking suddenly up at him with sweet drenched eyes—"you must know how I shall be condemned and commented upon by many people, whereas you will go quite free."

"Quite free," bitterly. His tone troubles her.

"Yes. Quite free,—without a backward thought," says she, eagerly. "For you know, you know, you never really loved me. It was a fancy on your part,—a mere passing fancy. But love,—there was no love."

A pause follows this, short but tragical, while they gaze into each other's eyes. Then he catches her by her arms, holding her, reading her, his face transfigured from its studied calm to passionate anger. She has never seen him show so much emotion before. She had not thought him capable of it. It is a revelation to her.

"A lie! A lie!" says he, between his clinched teeth, "and you know it." Suddenly he flings her from him. "Pah! you are not worth remembering!" says he.

* * * * * * * *

On his way home through the park he meets Geraldine Anson. His brain still on fire, he has not time to conceal the anger that is consuming him, when a sudden turn in the woodland path brings him face to face with her. He would have hurried by her with a slight recognition, but she stops him. There is wonder, gratified revenge, hope, in her expression, as she puts out her hand to check him.

"Something has happened," says she, breathlessly. "She has thrown you over? It is at an end, that engagement?"

He bows his head.

"It is as well that every one should know it, as soon as possible," says he, making an effort to speak as usual, but failing.

"What!" cries Miss Anson. She breaks into a little low, strained laugh. "She has flung you aside now,—now, when her future is safe without you. I knew she would do that. But so soon! Has she no decency, no sense of delicacy? She used you as a prop until she got a stronger staff, then flung you remorselessly aside. Was that fair dealing? Was that honesty?"

"I never met any one so honest," says Trefusis, a dull flush mounting to his brow.

"*Honest!* Oh!" sharply, as if angered beyond control by his answer. "One can be *too* generous. And to her,—to one who has treated you so treacherously! What did I tell you when first you were engaged to her? Do you remember? Did I not warn you that she was clever?—too clever?"

"It is you who are too clever," says Trefusis, with some suppression. "You fail to understand her."

"Too dull, I suppose you mean," with heavy asperity. "I confess I do not aspire to such cleverness as hers. If you wish me to think that you still regard Miss O'More with admiration,—that you call her worthy of——"

"I call her nothing," impatiently. He hesitates, and then goes on quickly, "except the sweetest, the loveliest, the most desirable girl I have ever met."

"Your acquaintance with desirable girls must be limited," says Miss Anson, quietly, but with a certain down-drawing of her lips. "*I* call her a jilt."

"I hope you will not." Trefusis turns to her; his whole manner has undergone a change. There is extreme anxiety in it now. "We have been friends, surely," says he,—"friends now for three years. For the sake of that friendship I ask you to abstain from hard words towards Miss O'More."

"You would spare her," says she, frowning.

"And myself too. After all, she is nothing now to me; nothing in the world, and never will be. Of your goodness be good to her. I am going away. I shall——"

"Going away?" There is open concern on her face now. "Where?"

"Where do all rejected swains go?" he asks, laughing: it is a rather dreary laugh. "To the Rocky Mountains, isn't it? Perhaps I shall go there. And if not, somewhere else."

"I shall hear of you?" she asks, as he moves past her with a kindly nod.

"Yes, you shall hear."

CHAPTER XIX.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And, while ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry.

It seems impossible, she tells herself, yet only a week has elapsed after the going of Trefusis before Terry knows that she misses him.

At first—the first day or two, that is—there was a high sense of relief; a feeling of liberty regained, of self-dependence restored. But the third day shattered all that.

Its morning broke dull and cheerless. Rain was falling. From the ivy branches the drip-drip-drip of the rain-drops could be heard continuously all the day. Terry, rising from breakfast, wandered idly to the drawing-room. There, or in the garden, Trefusis used to come to her every morning. There was no one to come to-day.

She thought his visits an intrusion then, while he was still in the country; determination had made her think them so; but when those visits were forever at an end, the morning felt very long. There was such an odd, strange feeling about everything,—such a blank!

She walked from room to room restlessly. The news that he was gone had been conveyed to her by Fanny, in a letter. Fanny had disdained to bring the news, by which Terry knew that she was terribly angry with her. But Terry was so angry on a small account of her own that she passed over Fanny's unjust indignation very lightly.

Why had he gone thus, suddenly, without another word, then, when all was reversed between them,—when she was no longer the beggar-maid?

How long the day was! Yet it ought to be a festival with her. She was now rid forever of the visits she used to dread,—of the voice, the step. And yet——

He had played the lord over her, no doubt, until she had told herself that she hated him. But that was all over, and *her* chance should have been given her. She would have liked to play the lady over him for a little,—if that could be done without the hateful tie of engagement.

But he was gone. Fanny's letter had told her that yesterday. He had gone away the morning after her final rejection of him. He could not have gone a moment earlier. He was glad of his escape, the girl told herself with a queer laugh. Thus ended that third day.

* * * * * * * *

This day is charming. A last taste of summer pervades it. It is a week later, and Mr. Trefusis's going has become a thing of the past. Terry, leaning over the old balustrades of the balcony, looks to the south, where the light-blue clouds are blowing, and whence the stir of the sea can be heard. Larry, who is beside her, touches her arm, as if to bring her back from fairy-land, or whatever land it may be to which her thoughts have wandered.

"Yes?" says she, turning to him, her eyes a little vague.

"I wish you would try to help a fellow," says Larry, in an aggrieved tone.

"Help you? Of course I'll help you in any way I can."

"Come down from the clouds, then," says he, jealously.

"Oh, clouds!" says she, laughing, a little uncertainly perhaps. "Well, I'm down now: what can I do for you?"

"You can marry me!" says Larry, promptly, brilliantly. It is a tribute to his innate honesty that it never for one moment occurs to him that he ought not to ask her to marry him now, because of the money she has just come into. To Terry also it must be allowed that not one base thought of her cousin on this subject helps her to her decision.

She looks at him sadly.

"Well, *will* you marry me?" he asks.

"No. Larry, don't be angry with me. Every one"—pathetically—"is angry with me now, I think. But you won't be, will you? I couldn't marry you. I don't love you that way. I couldn't, indeed!"

"I believe you are in love with that confounded prig after all, in spite of your sending him away," says Larry, violently. "You have been moping for the last week; not a word for any one. Just look at your face."

Indeed, her face is a study. A deep blush has dyed it. So vivid, so painful is this rush of color that it brings tears to her eyes. All at once she knows that she is trembling. What had Larry said to make her feel like this, and why should it touch her so? It is false!—false! There is no truth in it. Yet it is only by a determined effort that she keeps herself from bursting into tears.

"You are rude," she says, with a calmness that costs her a good deal. "If I blush, it is for you,—your manner,—the way you speak. It is better to say the last word at once, Larry. I shall never marry you; never. I"—tremulously—"would rather be an old maid forever than marry you."

"You won't say that when you are an old maid; and I'll wait till then," says the devoted Larry.

Terry bursts into uncontrollable laughter.

Our sweetest laughter with some pain is fraught,

sang one not to be surpassed, some years ago; and, indeed, Terry's mirth is full of unshed tears.

"Ah, don't!" says she. "It will be no use; and look at my nose, Larry. I shall be a hideous old maid!"

"Oh, I'll wait," says he. "I'll chance the nose!" At this they both laugh.

* * * * * * * *

Eight months have gone by, and once more sweet April is with us. The trees are all alive; each bush and shrub is casting forth its greenery.

Of Spring that breaks with all her leaves,
Of birds that build in thatch and eaves,
Of woodlands where the throstle calls,
Of girls that gather cowslip balls,

there are enough and to spare. Terry, stepping into the sweet upbursting garden, stands still, as if to take in all the delights around her. From a corner of the old orchard beyond, a stray wind has blown some blossoms on her head.

"Ah, it is sweet, sweet!" She sighs and throws out her arms pensively. The winter is over,—the long, long winter.

She is glad to think of it as buried, dead. It was so terribly long, and so singularly dull, so inexpressibly dreary. Fanny had gone abroad, Fanny, who had been so cold to her, so almost unkind. Just at the very last she had relented, and had asked Terry to go with her to Florence, but Terry had refused.

There were the boys, she said. But the boys had not helped her to bear the dulness. Max had been sent to a grinder, preparatory to his entering college, and Geoffrey, with many tears on both sides, had gone to a good school at a great distance. So that, after all, the boys did not count. The winter had been almost too lonely for endurance.

She had had no one to keep her company during the long cold nights. And sometimes, in her solitary sittings over the fire, she had thought of Trefusis. Her mind had gone after him a good deal when

first he left her, and then had grown stagnant; but these sad silent evenings, when even the boys were away, compelled her to think of him again. Over and over her brain travelled across the road that had had him as a passenger.

It was spring then too, and certainly he had made a little break in the monotony of her life. She acknowledged so much to her unwilling heart, and more than that. He had loved her! In the solitude of the winter she had learned to believe so much. Yes, he had loved her, in his own way,—a high and mighty way, no doubt,—but there was love in it, love all through it, for all that.

Here—to-day—this thought recurs to her again.

A pattering of feet behind her brings her to sudden calm. She turns.

"Fanny!" she cries.

"Here I am!" declares Fanny, most superfluously, flinging herself into Terry's arms.

"You are back! you are home!" says Terry, clinging to her convulsively. Oh, how sweet it is to see her again, to know that some human thing, in sympathy with her, is within a mile or so of her!

"Came last night," gasps Fanny, holding her back and shaking her lovingly. "Silly baby, not to come with me! But I'm back, anyway, and Terry, darling,"—with the fondest air,—"so glad to see you again. How sweet you look! How sweet your garden looks!—how sweet it all is!"

"You especially," says Terry, catching her and kissing her again.

"Oh, get away, flatterer."

"When did you come?"

"A moment ago."

"No!"

"Well, half an hour ago, and ran down to see you first thing."

"Oh, Fanny!"

"Yes, you ought to be conceited over it. But," slowing off a little, "the fact is, Terry, I ought to let you know at once that—Gerrard is with us."

"Mr. Trefusis!"

"Yes, Gerrard. He would come. I tried all I could to prevent him, but you know Robbie! He's *such* a fool. But I suppose it won't matter much, darling, will it? As you are so indifferent to him——"

"And he so indifferent to me," says Terry, smiling.

"Oh, as for that, quite, I think. He talks of you in the most usual manner. He has quite got over that, I think, so you need not be worried about it in any way. And you'll come up to dinner to-night, won't you? Better get over it at once, you know, especially as he is going to stay here for a month."

"Certainly I shall come," says Terry. She feels quite unconcerned, quite calm and composed. She had thought she would have felt a kind of nervousness at meeting him again; she had even once or twice imagined it possible that she had liked him more than she had known; but this sudden news of Fanny's has dispelled all those hallucinations.

It would be impossible to feel as unconcerned as she does at this moment, if there had been a sparkle of regret in her heart.

"That's settled, then," says Mrs. Adare. She lays her hands on the girl's shoulders. "You are looking pale," says she, "but, as I have always maintained, you are the most beautiful girl in the world. There, I must go," giving her a friendly pat. "I know I am bad for your morals. Half-past seven, mind."

CHAPTER XX.

Her speech would have betrayed
  Her thought, had mine been colder;
Her eyes' distress had made
  A lesser lover bolder.

If Terry had been pale when Fanny spoke to her in the morning, she is still paler now, white as the white gown she wears, as she advances up the drawing-room of The Hall to meet the hostess, who hurries to greet her.

Every one is here, and though all the lamps are delicately shaded, still there is enough light to let her perfectly be seen. To her, indeed, the room seems inordinately bright. Her pallor, however, is the only sign of emotion she betrays. She returns Fanny's welcoming words, slowly, prettily, with a smile on her charming lips.

She had seen Trefusis the moment she entered the room. He was sitting next Miss Anson, and Terry was conscious that the latter bent towards him and whispered something hurriedly to him as she came in.

He has now risen, and is coming towards her, holding out his hand, and smiling pleasantly. There is not a touch of nervousness about him. He seems quite honestly glad to see her, telling her so in the friendliest, easiest way.

Truly Fanny had been right. He *has* got over all that!

One thing only in his manner strikes her as strange, as apart from the ordinary manner of a mere friend who meets one after a long absence. Undoubtedly his gaze at her has been prolonged, scrutinizing, as if he would read her. This perhaps more than all else hardens her, and gives her courage, putting her on her mettle.

She smiles back at him in a leisurely way.

"I heard you had gone to the Rocky Mountains," says she.

"Not quite so far."

"I am glad of it. It brings you here again sooner than we hoped for."

If he had looked for agitation in her, he is certainly disappointed. She is regarding him with a soft but steady gaze. There is even perhaps a suspicion of laughter in her eyes. She is altogether composed. She is even beginning to wonder at herself. After all, perhaps there was not so much to be afraid of; and of course there is always a good deal of moral support to be got out of the remembrance that it was she who had given him his dismissal.

There is a good deal of moral support to be got out of a well-made

gown also; and Terry had taken great care with her toilette for this evening. She is exquisitely if simply dressed. The white silk of her gown clings closely to her slender figure, and is charmingly arranged, with little touches of priceless lace about it here and there, round the short sleeves and the soft girlish neck. Old Miss Bridget had left many desirable things behind her, and the single row of pearls that clasps Terry's throat is worthy of mention. There is a pearl pin or two also in the nut-brown tresses of her hair. Her hands, as she talks to him, are toying lightly with a large white feather fan.

Her eyes gleam at Trefusis between the long dark lashes that fall so persistently, making the short glimpses of the eyes all the more precious:

> And when the Knight saw verily all this,
> That she so fair was, and so young thereto,—

why, he left her and went back to his seat on the lounge next to Miss Anson.

It was most naturally done, of course. Mr. Kitts had come up to speak to Terry, to renew acquaintance with this pretty creature who has grown so much prettier during this past year; and Trefusis had slipped away under cover of his approach, back to Geraldine, who gives him a broad glad smile of welcome.

Terry is still standing in the middle of the room, the centre of attraction, a gay, happy, lovely thing—apparently.

* * * * * * * *

Dinner has gone off brilliantly, without a single check. Both Terry and Trefusis have been at their best. There is rather a large house-party, and every one has seemed exceptionally gay,—especially Mr. Kitts, who is dressed in the very latest fashion with regard to ties, and is altogether "a beaming youth of glory."

The drawing-room, even thus early in the lovely May, is warm and sweet, and the fire burning in the grate drives Terry to the balcony outside. The windows have been thrown quite wide to admit the air and the pale glimpses of the moon in the dark heavens above. There is still time to stand here and let the soft night air cool her burning forehead before the men come in. She leans over the railings and gazes into the night.

"All alone?" asks somebody in the airiest tone. He falls into a lounging attitude beside her, resting his own arms on the railings close to hers.

"Yes; it was so warm in there that I came out," says Terry. Her tone is of the friendly indifferent kind. "The others were afraid to venture."

"And you?"

"I am afraid of nothing."

Trefusis looks at her persistently for a moment, then he laughs.

"I ought to know that," says he. "You aren't even afraid of behaving badly to people." He pauses. Then, "How long ago it all seems, doesn't it?" There is distinct amusement in his tone.

"It?"

"Since you so unkindly gave me my *congé!*"

"Oh, no! It seems like yesterday," says Terry, laughing too, and very naturally. "And you mustn't call that behaving badly. It was the wisest thing I ever did in my life. You must see that. You were angry with me then. Do you remember," turning suddenly and looking full into his face, "how *ridiculously* angry you were? But now—now you acknowledge my wisdom."

"You were always wonderfully wise. You have not even married your cousin," says he.

Terry's fingers close with a tight pressure upon the iron railings. After a moment she turns to him.

"You are changed," says she, slowly.

"Thank Heaven!"

"Why?"

"Why not? You at least ought to be thankful, considering how distasteful I was to you in those old days. But never mind that; let us go back to what we were talking about just now. I like going back. Don't you?"

"I love it!" says Terry, with enthusiasm.

He looks at her curiously again. She has accused him of being changed: what of her?

"Then we'll take a walk into the dark ages, and perhaps you will tell me, as we go, where your wisdom lay in"—cheerfully—"consigning me to misery for life."

"Oh, as for that! However, for one thing, I believe you expected me to obey you."

"No! did I, really? What a confounded prig I must have been!"

"That is too hard a word."

"Is it? What is the right one, then?"

"Well, perhaps tyrant."

He looks amused. "Is that softer?"

"Oh, ever so much."

"I'll take your word for it. And so I was a tyrant? A prig? Do you know, I'm sure of it. But I've reformed all that. You gave me my lesson, you see. I owe you more than I can say, in many ways. Not to believe in my own judgment, for example; or to fancy myself so much; or to have faith in a woman's word."

Terry raises herself.

"Don't stir," says he, laughing. "Why, that is the greatest good of all that you have done me. It is, really. I was a fool that time. I should have seen that I was the last man in the world to please you, and that you were the honestest creature on earth, to break your word before it was too late. I," laughing, "am awfully obliged to you! Fancy how I should have reproached myself if I had ruined your life. You saved me from that!"

"I saved you from more than that,—from ruining your own life," says Terry, quietly.

"That's nothing, nothing at all. It was your life was the thing. You see I am not so tyrannical as I was. And so you think I expected you to obey me?"

"Quite that, if not more. I think you expected me to bow down to you."

"I expected in vain, then. I don't believe I ever got my own way with you."

"Always! Always!" says she, gayly.

"Not always, certainly."

"Yes, every time. You ordered me about and scolded me, and I bore it all most beautifully until I could bear it no longer." She is looking at him and laughing, as if at some good old joke.

"And do you mean to say that you never ordered me about?"

"I? Never! Why," making a charming frightened little movement with her hands, "I should not have dared!"

"You dared to order me about my business once, at all events," says Trefusis, shaking his head at her with mock severity. "You can't have forgotten it. The day you sent me home like a whipped schoolboy. You have not forgotten?"

"Ah, that last day." She colors brilliantly in spite of herself. "Well, but that was only one day out of your many."

"Still, I never sent you home!" Here they both laugh. "That's one to me. And I believe if I had sent you, you wouldn't have gone. So that makes two to me. I obeyed you to the end. I went straight home."

"I believe you were very glad to go," says she, involuntarily. The moment the words are said she would have given a good deal to get them back again, but that is impossible. There is so much meaning in them; they almost convey a question, a challenge. The warm flush of a while since now deepens into a burning blush. The knowledge that he is looking at her gives her a little feeling of suffocation. "I told you I was wise. I proved it in dismissing you that day," she goes on, hurriedly, her smile a little strained. "You," glancing at him defiantly, "must acknowledge that."

"Wise, for yourself?"

"For you too."

"That is true," he says, thoughtfully. "It was the wisest thing you could have done for me, certainly."

"For us both!" drawing back a little and letting something of the old imperious light flash into her eyes.

"I don't know about that," he says, audaciously. "I should have made you an excellent husband, whereas you were bound to make me a most indifferent wife."

"Surely you are going a little far," says Terry, haughtily.

"Well, you did not love me, you know, so I certainly should have had the worst of the bargain."

"It would never have been a bargain accomplished," says Terry, "so we need not discuss it. I know now that I tried you greatly in many ways."

She pauses, as if for a contradiction, perhaps.

"You certainly were a little trying," says Trefusis, mildly.

She suppresses a slight angry movement of her hand.

"You see," she says, quickly, "if I had not taken the initiative,—

if I had not given you your liberty,—you would have given me mine a little later."

She is looking at him: she has grown a little breathless.

"Well, of course, if I had seen it was for your good——" he returns, calmly, critically.

This is intolerable. Terry goes back to her old position, leaning upon the railing of the balcony: though she would have scorned to acknowledge that she is glad of its support, still she knows that she requires it. Indignation, indeed, has seized hold of her.

"Well, I'm glad I was the first," she says, it must be confessed, a little vindictively.

"You were sure to be that," somewhat slowly. If there is any meaning in his words she is too angry to dwell upon it. "And of course I am grateful to you. By your own showing, you have saved us both from a terrible fate. I have," pleasantly, "much to thank you for."

"You certainly do not shrink from the acknowledgment of your debt," coldly. She is standing up, and has moved as if to go back to the drawing-room. Is there pique in her tone? For a second she is conscious of being subjected once again to that strange penetrating gaze that had troubled her on her meeting with him to-night.

"Why should I?"

"Yes, yes," interrupting him impatiently. "Do not let us have any more discussions. The past is past; over; done."

"That of course. But—one moment. We are friends, I hope?"

She looks back at him over her shoulder.

"You always hoped so much," says she. "Were we ever friends?"

She waits deliberately for an answer.

Trefusis shrugs his shoulders. "You are always right," returns he. "I am afraid the answer must be, Never; but we might begin——"

There is something so indifferent, so mocking, in his tone, that Terry, turning abruptly away from him, steps into the lighted room beyond.

CHAPTER XXI.

I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active valiant, or more valiant young,
More daring or more bold, is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.

"He's a brute!" says Larry.

The "brute" is being led up and down by a groom before the hall door, on the steps of which all the guests of The Hall are standing.

The beautiful horse, saddled and bridled, has just been brought back from a morning canter,—or a canter supposed to be taken, in which his rider has felt the earth many times, but no canter. He is a perfect picture as he stands there, with a little foam about the bit, standing immovable, quiet, nothing but the foam to betray temper of any sort, except perhaps the excessive whiteness of the eyes.

"You'll never get a day's good out of him," continues Larry, addressing Adare.

"Yet what a handsome creature!" says Trefusis, who is smoking a cigarette and talking to Fanny. Mr. Kitts on their right hand is carrying on a light skirmishing attack with Terry.

"Oh, yes, handsome, but useless. 'Handsome is as handsome does;' and his temper is unbearable. He's a perfect devil. Not one of the grooms can ride him."

"I don't think much of grooms," says Trefusis. "Not for temper, I mean. They've courage enough, as a rule, but they're impatient. Is it only the grooms?"

"And enough, too, I think," says Terry, coming forward, having been severely vanquished by Mr. Kitts. "But it isn't only the grooms. Larry tried to ride him last week,—just the day before you came home, Fanny," turning to her cousin,—"and he was thrown. Larry, who can ride anything!"

Trefusis flings his cigarette into a bush close by.

"Larry, who has all the virtues!" says he, glancing at her with a smile. It is now ten days since he came back to Ireland, and any little friction or embarrassment between them that might at first have been felt has quite died away. Terry has been constantly at The Hall, is now staying there, indeed, but, whether by chance or design,—she has a vague belief in the design,—Trefusis very seldom comes near her. "And so Larry can ride anything!"

He moves away from her to where Adare is examining a girth on the "brute," who is now standing as impassive as if vice and he were strangers.

"I don't believe him so vicious as you all say," says he. "I believe," slowly, "I could conquer him. Give me a try, Adare, will you?"

"My dear fellow, why? He's sure to do you some injury, even if you do get the upper hand."

"Nothing is sure," says Trefusis. "And I've rather set my mind on taking him for a gallop over those fields below there." He points to where beyond the tennis-courts a splendid lawn lies, with a field beyond that again.

"Well, you're not a novice, as we all know," says Adare. "But do look out for yourself. I assure you, as far as I can learn, O'More got a nasty fall with her the other day."

"I'll take care," says Trefusis. He goes nearer, and prepares to mount, the groom holding the horse's head.

A hand is laid upon his arm. He turns, to find Terry beside him. Her face is very pale. She has been hardly conscious of this extreme step that she has taken, until she meets the deep surprise within his eyes.

"Don't!" says she. It is impossible to retreat now: she must go on.

"Don't what?"

"Don't ride that horse. I"—brokenly, confusedly—"you must not think—— It is only that I cannot bear to see any one hurt. But

he hurt Larry; and Larry has been riding all his life; he is accustomed to horses——"

"And I—am not?"

He laughs aloud, pushes her hand rather abruptly from him, and springs into the saddle. That allusion to Larry has irritated him.

It is a hideous struggle.

On first mounting, the horse had refused to move, standing there with his forefeet thrust out and firmly planted in the ground, his ears lying close to his neck. Then suddenly, without a second's warning, he had bolted.

Nobody had been frightened until then. That unexpected and vicious spring forward would have unseated most riders, but Trefusis kept his seat. As the brute swung round, he swung with him, and had a good hand on the rein, as he went wildly forward.

Like a flash of lightning the horse tore past those standing on the hall door steps, dashing onward towards the lawn below.

A lawn, of course, is as delightful a spot as one can meet with on which to try a conclusion with a nasty-tempered horse; but, unfortunately, Adare's lawn, as I have already stated, has a field lying beyond it,—a field divided from the great broad lovely lawn by a ha-ha. Down there on the right side of this ha-ha a light wire railing about forty yards in length and one yard in height had been erected, to mark it dangerous,—just to prevent people from jumping it, as the ha-ha has been sunk much lower upon the other side of it than on the part above it.

It is towards this spot, marked dangerous, that the now infuriated animal is dashing, with its head between its forefeet, and every sinew strung.

"Great heavens! I hope he will be able to turn him," says Adare, under his breath. He has changed color: he steps back a bit, and frowns nervously.

It is clear, however, to them all that Trefusis has no longer the slightest control over the animal he is riding. He is sitting him firmly enough, and is apparently doing all he can to turn him aside, without avail. There is always little or nothing to be done with a runaway.

Nearer, ever nearer, rush the horse and rider to that fateful spot in the ha-ha. Now they are almost at it. Now——

Fanny bursts into tears. Miss Anson covers her face with her hands. Terry, with her arms cast backward and her fingers clasping convulsively the chair behind her, is leaning forward, her face like marble, her eyes wide.

She is rigid, tense; her gaze is fixed immovably upon the tragic scene below.

Now indeed the tragedy is at its height. The horse has reached the wire railing, has risen to it, has cleared it badly, and has come with a sickening crash to the ground at the other side.

"Robbie! Robbie!" cries Mrs. Adare, wildly, "you should not have let him do it."

"My God! what a time to reproach a man!" says Adare, with a

terrible glance at her. But even as he starts forward, the other men following him, they see Trefusis stagger to his feet, seize the reins,—the horse has already risen, and is standing shivering next him,—and fling himself once more into the saddle.

A wild cheer bursts from those watching him.

"Oh, he is hurt!" says Terry, faintly. She drops into a chair. A wave of sickness passes over her. What is his pluck, or anything, to her, beside that thin line of blood running down his cheek?

They all see it now, that ugly stain, stealing from his forehead to his chin. But Trefusis himself appears either ignorant of it or indifferent to it. He has the brute well in hand now, and this time the victory seems to the man. The lower field makes a capital course on a small scale, and round it he takes him and then turns him towards the house and thus up and over the ha-ha and past the group on the edges of the lawn, who cry to him in vain to stop. No power on earth would have stopped him then. Those looking on never quite forget his face,—pale, with that streak of blood upon it, and his eyes flashing. If he never looked handsome before, he looks handsomer now than most men, and a thrill of pride in him, that she does not dare define, runs through Terry's heart. It is horrible, the way he is flogging the brute, she thinks; but she understands that, and how he feels.

And now he has torn past them, down the lawn again, and has taken the horse over the ha-ha once more, but this time at his own pace and pleasure. And so on, until he comes to them once more, and drops from his saddle to the ground, smiling, but breathing with a little difficulty. It had been a battle, but he had won. The now thoroughly cowed creature stands trembling in every limb, and almost sobbing, beside him.

"Sell him!" says he to Adare, as a groom leads the horse away. "I know his kind. I had a horse like that once. I conquered him too, but I found he required reconquering once a week. It wasn't good enough. It was too fatiguing."

"By Jove! I never saw such riding," says Larry, with honest admiration. Whatever else may be laid to Larry's charge, it can certainly never be the want of generosity.

"He hasn't got any mouth," says Trefusis. He has glanced at Larry, as if curiously, first, and then has given him a friendly but deprecating shake of the head. "Sell him for anything you can get for him."

"I'd like to shoot him!" says Adare, wrathfully. "Here, come in and have a whiskey-and-soda. You must be dead beat."

"A little shaken, I confess. The beast fell so stupidly. I'm afraid," dabbing his face with his handkerchief, "I'm rather a spectacle, but it is a mere graze. I feel nothing but my arm. That's a bit stiff."

"Well, come in and bathe it," entreats his host, anxiously.

As he goes, he passes by Terry, still sitting in that garden-chair and still very pale. He stops before her.

"Well, I can do one thing as well as your cousin?" he says. There is undisguised triumph in his tone. It is open, flagrant. He seems, indeed, to glory in it. There seems to be no shame about him.

"Better," says Terry, slowly, and then, "But he would never have said that. He would have been too generous."

"He is perfection, I know. But you should remember that he can afford to be generous."

"He? Poor Laurence! What has he?"

"Your friendship, at all events." There is an emphasis on the word.

"That certainly," calmly.

At this moment Miss Anson lays her hand upon his arm.

"You must come. You must, really," says she, with great agitation.—"Miss O'More, oh, don't keep him. He must be in such pain. They tell me his arm has to be looked to at once. Heroes"—with a beatific smile at him—"never acknowledge pain, I know. And you——" There is a delicate appreciative pause.

Trefusis spoils it. He moves past her, politely, but indifferently.

"Look here, Adare!" he cries, "have you got a cigar about you?"

Mr. Kitts, who as a rule is always listening to what is not intended for him, here gives way to mirth. That is, he gets behind a big laurel shrub planted in a tub and laughs silently but heartily for a full minute. Larry, who has followed him very kindly into his exile, under the mistaken impression that he is going into a fit, now stares at him as if he is the eighth wonder. Mr. Kitts restrains himself sufficiently to say, "One in the eye for her, old boy, eh?"

After which Larry leaves him, not without a sense of indignation.

CHAPTER XXII.

O watcher on the minster hill,
  Look out o'er the sloping sea;
Of the tall ships coming, coming still,
  Is never a one for me?
I have waited and watched the weary years
  When I to the shore could win,
Till now I cannot see for tears
  If my ship be coming in.

"So you are not really hurt, then?" says Terry, as Trefusis, crossing the room, seats himself on the ottoman beside her.

Dinner is over, and the men have just come into the drawing-room. Terry had been specially bright and charming all through it, though Trefusis had known by her eyes that she had been crying. It gave him a cruel satisfaction. He has not yet forgotten—he knows he will never forget—the dull stinging pain that filled the months following on her dismissal of him.

"Not fatally," he answers, with a touch of irony. "I dare say with time and attention I shall recover. I hope," looking at her, "you will be attentive to me. You ought, you know, if only for old times' sake."

He seems entirely gay over the "old times," utterly callous to the memory of them. It annoys Terry bitterly, his constant harping upon this theme, and the manner in which he watches her as he lets fall

each jesting allusion to it. What does he want, or expect, to see in her face?

She stoops now to pick up her handkerchief.

"I was so afraid your arm was broken," says she, calmly, putting his last speech aside, as it were.

"So was I. A good thing it wasn't, as Mrs. Adare has ordered us to dance to-night."

Fanny indeed has invited a few of the younger neighbors to come in for a small and early affair this evening. It is now a few minutes past nine, and already the door has opened to admit a little "maiden of bashful fifteen" and her brother.

"It is too early to dance yet," says Trefusis. He rises hurriedly and holds out his hand to Terry. "Let us escape while we can," says he. The window is open behind them, and in a moment they are standing on the balcony.

A pale faint moon is lying upon a paler sky. Here and there a star is glimmering, and from the tangle in the shrubberies beyond the warm sweet scent of honeysuckle comes to them on a little vagrant breeze. It is such a white, white night that one can hardly yet believe the day to be quite gone, so clear lie the paths running along below them, so pink and blushing red the blossoms of the drowsy roses. Yet

> Yon gilded sickle of the new-made moon,
> Leading the pale lamp of the evening star,

proclaims it night.

Terry, in her gown of soft pink crêpe, seems in unison with the hour. Her neck is gleaming snowy white in this pale radiance, her eyes are shining like the stars above her. She is standing, looking down at the colored sweetness of the rose-garden beneath, and her arms, happily guiltless of any covering, are hanging with the fingers loosely clasped before her. Sweet arms, so young, so delicate. She is not conscious of Trefusis's gaze this time, a gaze of mingled anger and determination. It is a very searching gaze.

The girl is startled back from her quick eager appreciation of the beauties of the night, by his voice.

"What were you crying about?" he asks. His tone is blunt, almost rude.

"Crying?" She blushes crimson, and her brow darkens a little.

"Yes, crying," immovably. "You had been crying before you came down to dinner."

"How do you know that?" she asks. He looks at her for a moment,—it is a strange look,—and then he laughs.

"What! you can't even lie about that!" says he. "Why should I not know how you look when you have been crying? If there was ever an authority on that subject, it is I. You," with an amused air, "were always crying more or less last summer. That was the exhilarating effect your engagement with me had on you."

"Well, I am not engaged to you now," says Terry, with spirit. "And yet you say I was crying."

"I do. And," he pauses, "and"—slowly—"because of me again."

"Why should I deny it?" says Terry, smiling, though her heart is beating. "I was frightened. That horrible fall you got unnerved me. I hate scenes, so I went up-stairs and had," laughing, "*my* scene in my own room. I remembered how I cried over a poor man who got a bad fall at the water jump at the Cork Park races two years ago, and was determined not to make myself so unpleasant again before people."

Her manner is quite natural; the little tremor in her voice as she began is now quite gone. She looks straight into his eyes; he looks back at her as impassively as ever, yet he seems, for once, at fault.

"As to my crying all the time I was engaged to you," Terry goes on, gayly, "that only shows how right I was to put a stop to that ridiculous arrangement. We were (as you have said yourself) the last people in the world to suit each other, you and I."

"You were the first to find that out."

"Naturally," she says, saucily. "Women are always cleverer than men at things of that sort. You know you would always have given yourself the airs of a Cophetua."

"Did he give himself airs? History, I think, is dark on the subsequent affairs of that immortal man."

"No matter. You would have given yourself airs, certainly."

"Should I?" He looks thoughtfully upon the ground. "Well, perhaps I should."

"You know you are very masterful. Yes, you are. Think of that horse to-day."

"Am I?" meekly. "Well, perhaps I am."

"It is even likely that some time or other you would have reminded me of the fact that you had married me without a penny."

Here Trefusis flings up his head.

"*Never!*" says he, impulsively. "I should never have done that." He flushes a dark red.

"Wouldn't you? Well, perhaps you wouldn't," murmurs she, with such an exact imitation of his own tone that they both burst out laughing.

"Well, but you see you aren't now 'the beggar-maid,'" says he.

He says this and then stops. Terry's heart almost stops too. What does he mean? What is he going to say? Again she knows that his eyes are on her, reading her and gloating no doubt over the fact that she has become as white as death. She struggles with herself, and by an effort faces him, her lovely eyes filled with some strange fear, her voice a little low, but her lips smiling.

"That spoils the story," says she, "if a story could be made out of it; but I'm afraid we are not in sympathy enough for that."

"Still, we *have* made a story," says he, quickly.

"True, but such a poor one, a bare half-volume, with a silly beginning and no end."

"That is an admission. Do you say the end is not yet?"

"I refuse to say anything," she laughs. She seems in the merriest of spirits. A rich, sweet color has flown into her cheeks; her pretty

teeth are gleaming; her eyes have a soft defiance in them. She seems farther from regret than ever. Melancholy has certainly failed to mark her for its own. Trefusis tightens his teeth.

"That is how a woman gets out of everything," says he, with a grim smile. "But you can't get out of one fact, at all events."

"And that?"

"That my accident to-day compelled you to tears." There is something almost malignant in the triumph of his voice as he says this.

"Why should I wish to get out of it? I have already confessed to it. I like to be human," says Terry.

"Was it only humanity?"

"Only,—only." She raises her charming head, and smiles full in his eyes. A ray of pale moonlight has caught her, and makes her even more beautiful than she already is. A waste of the goodly moon. Her eyes seem to claim his, to compel them to look at her and see the absolute freedom that lies in hers. She has laid one slender hand upon the railings near him, and Trefusis, a little angered by her persistent defiance of him, lays his hand upon it.

She drags it away with passionate haste.

"Don't!" says she, under her breath.

"Not even so much! Why, in the old days when you hated me, you——"

"Where lies the difference between those old days and these?" she demands. She has turned upon him as though endurance is no longer possible. "If I hated you then, why should I not hate you now? And what is it to you whether I hate you or love you? There," contemptuously, "go, go!"

She sweeps past him, with her scornful eyes still fixed on his. Suddenly she lowers them, to hide a quick rush of tears, but too late.

He has seen them.

As she passes through the open window into the drawing-room, Trefusis runs down the steps to the garden below: his thoughts carry him so far that he does not return to the house again until the dancing is drawing to its close.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Now never from him do I part;
Hosanna evermore I cry:
Haste his savor in my heart,
And bid all praise him, as do I.

As he comes into the dancing-room he pauses at the door. Mr. Kitts is lounging gracefully against one of the sides, talking volubly, and making the most open and disgraceful love (considering he doesn't mean a word of it), to the maiden of bashful fifteen. Trefusis, looking over his head, sees Terry.

She is standing near the opposite door-way, that leads to the drawing-room, with Laurence on one side of her, and a fat young man, with something about his hair or his collar that proclaims him a soldier, on

the other. Both young men are talking at once, and Terry is looking embarrassed.

Trefusis goes straight to her. "Will you dance this with me?"

"Oh, a third claimant!" she cries, lifting her brows. "Mr. Morland says I have promised it to him, Larry says I gave it to him. We are trying to find a little light somewhere."

"I am really sure, Miss O'More, you gave it to me," says the fat young man.

"I'm sure too," says Laurence, inflexibly.

"I wrote it down here," says Morland, holding up his cuff to the lamplight above him, and struggling with the remarkable ciphers upon it.

"What does your cuff say, Mr. Morland?" asks Terry.

"It—er—it's got a bit mixed," says Morland, with disgust. "Can't make it out."

"Then what's to be done?" says Terry, with pretty anxiety.

"I'll tell you," says Trefusis. He looks at Laurence. "Whilst you and Morland are making up your minds, Miss O'More will dance this waltz with me."

He passes his arm round Terry's slender waist; she sways towards him; in an instant they are mingling with the other dancers.

"I told you you were masterful," says Terry, as they stop.

"Yes. I remember. I don't deny it this time." Something in his tone strikes her as different,—repressed, but full of fire. There is a strange triumphant light in his eyes.

"I have made you mine for a moment, in spite of——"

"What?" The question drops from her involuntarily. She is shocked by something in his face she hardly understands.

"In spite of *you!*"

Again his arm closes round her, and again, half against her will, she is dancing down the long room within his arms,—arms that seem to clasp her closer. Coming to the door where he had seen her with the two young disputants, the door that opens on the drawing-room, he checks her, and, bringing her to a full stop, leads her through the drawing-room to the balcony beyond. It is a balcony that runs along the whole side of the house, and Trefusis hurries her on to where a window opens into a tiny boudoir, Fanny's writing-room. Within, the soft pink light of a lowered lamp can be seen; out here the moon, now at its height, is shedding a tender brilliance over all the garden. A silence falls on them.

"What a night!" says Terry, at last, in a low voice. A sudden sense of fear has fallen upon her. His manner surely has changed, and why does he not speak? The silence has become terrible, unendurable to her, before she breaks it. There was something determined, high-handed, a little violent almost, in the air with which he had taken her away from Laurence, and now——

"That is the second time we have ever danced together," says he, ignoring, as though he has not heard it, her faint remark. "The first —do you remember it?"

Again that compelling of her memory to a past that for him at

least is dead. A passion of anger against him, rising in her heart, breaks all bounds. She turns on him, her lovely eyes flashing fire into his, while her lips grow pale, and her whole sweet slender body is trembling visibly.

"Remember! remember!" cries she, throwing out her hands. "Do you ever let me forget? And why do you want me to remember? What is it all to you?"

"Something; and you remember." He has taken a step closer to her.

"Is that your revenge?" asks she, in a little strangled tone. "To compel me to keep alive the past. How will that benefit you or me? Say I behaved badly to you—well, I admit it, but——"

"What?" he interrupts her, brusquely. "You admit it, then? You acknowledge that you did your best to break my heart?" He has caught her by both arms.

"Yours! yours!" says she. Her voice fails her. Great tears rise in her lustrous eyes.

She makes a faint, ineffectual struggle to loosen his hold upon her, and then gives in, standing crushed, beaten, with drooping head, on which the unkindly moon is now shedding too bright a ray. He can see the trouble of her soul.

It seems to give him high courage.

"Even mine." He lets one of his hands fall from her arms, but, still holding her, moves towards the room beyond.

"Come in here: I want to speak to you." Reluctantly, involuntarily, she goes with him, crossing the sill of the window and entering the little warm and scented room with a strange sense of newness.

The lights are burning very dimly, and the perfume of heliotrope and roses mingled is sweetening the air. He turns to her as they cross the threshold.

"There are tears in your eyes," he says. "For what?"

He waits as if for an answer, but none comes.

Only her pretty head droops lower.

"Ah!" he cries, "they are for me. You dare not deny it. You"—he pauses, as if his breath is troubling him, and then—"you thought you did not love me in those old days. But you did. You know it now!"

The triumph of his voice ceases. Terry presses her hands tightly against her breast. Anguish leaves her dumb. And what is there to be done, or said? The awful knowledge, too, that tears are gathering, hateful betraying tears, beneath her lids, renders her almost desperate.

If only, only she could get away before——

No time is given her, however.

With a strong and deliberate movement Trefusis takes her into his arms, and, holding her to him a moment, kisses her passionately,—not once only.

Pressing her hands against his breast, as if to keep him off, she looks up at him. The transformation in her face must be clear to him. Her eyes, within that pale sweet face, shine like two happy stars.

She stands trembling before him: what does it all mean? A

sentence of death an hour ago, and now a glimpse of heaven! Who can explain this thing?

Her eyes are fixed on his. She would have withdrawn them if she could, but, as if spellbound, they rest on his. Tears rise and drown them, and hover on the brink of her pretty lids, yet she cannot withdraw her gaze. Is it true? True?

Oh, yes, it *is* true!

His lips are pressed against the tear-filled eyes now, softly, adoringly.

"Darling, darling eyes!" says he, in a subdued but passionate whisper. Then—"Terry, you love me!"

"Yes," faintly. She is clinging to him.

"And you are going to marry me this time?" As he holds her clasped close to his heart, a laugh escapes him,—a happy laugh. All his old reserve seems to have deserted him. Truly she has taught him many things. She slips her arm round his neck. A soft sweet sigh escapes her lips.

"Oh, what a long, long time you were away!" says she, brokenly.

THE END.

GOLF.

[ATHLETIC SERIES.]

WE get many of our fashions from the English, but in nothing else do we follow them so closely as in out-door sports. Nearly all the sports which flourish with us are of British origin, and even the American national game of base-ball is but an outgrowth of the old English game of rounders. It is quite natural, therefore, now that the national game of Scotland, golf, has become fashionable in England, that it should attract more or less attention in this country, where every year the fondness for out-door sports is growing stronger.

But there are other reasons for golf becoming popular here besides any mere disposition on the part of our sportsmen to imitate what the English are doing. Golf has charms for more people than can be attracted by croquet, as it is more active than that tame and spiritless game, and it can be thoroughly enjoyed by men, and women too, for that matter, for whom tennis and base-ball and cricket are too fast and furious. When a man has come to "forty year" he feels as young as he did at twenty so long as he sits in a rocking-chair, but he finds that in a tennis-court, in contest even with the lads he has taught to play the game, his nimbleness deserts him at most critical moments and his wind is gone before he has got through his second set. This is discouraging, mortifying, humiliating. But we learn that in the game of golf a man not given to excesses in his living can keep on improving in his play till threescore years and ten, if he be not bound hand and foot by rheumatism or some other ailment which may come when youth is gone. It is of record that old Tom Morris, the most famous of Scotch professional golfers, made the best score of his life when he was sixty-four, and this was after half a century devoted to the game.

Golf is of very ancient origin, and, though there is considerable literature on the subject, it has not been determined where or when it was invented. The name is probably derived from the German word *kolbe*, a "club," though some writers maintain that it is from the Greek word *κόλαφος*. At any rate, a game called "kolf" was played in Holland many centuries ago with clubs and balls somewhat similar to those used in Scotland. Indeed, for play in Scotland the balls and clubs were bought in Holland until James VI. put a prohibitive duty on them so as to encourage home manufacture. But as golf is played now, it is no more like the Dutch game of kolf than it is like billiards. So gifted and erudite a writer as Mr. Andrew Lang has written an essay on the interesting history of this game.

There have been no definite rules formulated for the correct playing of the game, but the customs which prevail on the Links at St. Andrews—the grounds on which the game is played are called links—are usually regarded as authoritative. A tutor at Oxford who was introduced to the game by an enthusiastic Scotch pupil said that the game consisted in "putting little balls into little holes with instruments very

ill adapted to the purpose." When this young Scotchman had become the foremost writer on the subject of his national game, he said that this definition was very good, with the addendum that the victory is to him who achieves this object in the least number of strokes. While the St. Andrews customs are followed on other links, the course is not the same at any other. At St. Andrews from start to finish the course is about four miles, and the holes, eighteen in number, are from one hundred and eighty to five hundred yards apart. At some places the course is shorter, with fewer holes, and at others longer, with more holes.

In laying off a course the holes should be located with reference to the topography, but it is not well to make them less than one hundred and fifty yards apart, as a good golfer can send his ball that far with one stroke. The balls, in the olden time made of feathers encased in leather, are now of gutta-percha and weigh about an ounce and three-quarters. These are painted white for ordinary use; when, however, the snow is on the ground, and that circumstance does not deter the enthusiastic golfer from his game, the balls are red. The holes are about four inches in diameter; a circular cutter has been designed for making them. The instruments or clubs for striking or putting the ball are about a dozen in number: much ingenuity has been used in inventing and improving so as to make each of them effective for the special service required of it.

The principal strokes are driving and putting. To drive a ball requires strength and skill, as to send this ball more than one hundred yards—one hundred and eighty yards is a good long drive—requires that it be struck with considerable force, and if it be so struck without the skill necessary to keep it near the line between the two holes, the strength will have been wasted, and the player be the worse off for the strength he has exerted. Putting is a very delicate operation, and consists in driving the ball into the hole when it has been nearly reached. Each hole has around it some prepared ground known as the "putting-green;" when a ball has reached this vantage-ground an upright, stiff-shafted, wooden- or iron-headed club, known as the "putter," is used. The "putting-green" consists of the ground within twenty yards of the hole, and when his ball has reached this the player is entitled to remove all loose impediments except his adversary's ball. It is the intention of the game that these putting-greens about the holes shall be free from all hazards; but in the winter-time when there is ice or snow it is usually agreed upon by the players before the game begins whether or not it shall be removed.

What constitutes a good score varies very much on the different courses. What would be a good score at one place might be very poor elsewhere, as in the one there might be fewer holes, the distances shorter, and the lay of the land less difficult. At St. Andrews Links, with its eighteen holes, old Tom Morris in 1885 on his sixty-fourth birthday went the course in eighty-one strokes. His score was as follows:

Out: 5, 5, 5, 5, 5, 4, 4, 3, 4;
Home: 4, 4, 4, 5, 5, 5, 5, 5, 4, = 81.

Thus it will be seen that it never took this veteran more than five strokes to go from hole to hole; and, by the way, this was the first time he had ever made a score in which a six did not appear. Young Tom Morris, the son of the old golfer first spoken of, had, however, made a better score than this some time before. His score over St. Andrews was as follows:

Out: 4, 4, 4, 5, 6, 4, 4, 3, 3, = 37;
Home: 3, 3, 4, 6, 5, 4, 5, 5, 5, = 40 = 77.

This record stood as the best until October, 1888, when Hugh Kirkaldy made this score:

Out: 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 3, 2, 4, = 33;
Home: 4, 3, 4, 4, 6, 4, 5, 6, 5, = 41 = 74.

To show that this was not extraordinary luck, Kirkaldy nine months later went over the course with the following score:

Out: 4, 5, 4, 3, 5, 5, 3, 3, 3, = 35;
Home: 3, 3, 4, 4, 5, 5, 5, 4, 5, = 38 = 73.

This, I believe, is still the best score which has been made at St. Andrews.

To the uninitiated spectator golf seems slow and uninteresting. He sees at first nothing in the game, and it is really provoking if he happen to get into a golfing neighborhood to see how a whole community can be absorbed in a game which to him seems mere foolishness. If his stay in such a neighborhood be very short he may go on his way without having contracted the fever. In that case he may never know what he has missed. But if he linger any length of time he is sure to try his hand. Then he is lost. What seemed simplicity itself before he had tried now appears quite difficult. As he practises he early begins to appreciate the possibilities of the game, and if he have any real love for out-door sport he is apt to continue to play so long as his opportunities last. One great advantage of the game is that the rudiments are easy to learn, and, these once mastered, any patient man is sure to improve in his play. It is not likely that a man who took to the game in middle life would ever be able to equal the play of those who made the scores just mentioned; but so long as a man's eyesight be good and his muscles steady he is apt to be encouraged by a gradual improvement in his skill, no matter how late in life he began to take part in this healthful sport. What deters many men from engaging in active sports after they have reached middle life is the constant realization that they have become "duffers" in their performance. That men of middle age and even old men can enjoy this sport is something greatly in its favor. And it may be noted here that this is also true of another great Scotch game,—curling. Does this coincidence indicate that there is more and better comradeship between Scotchmen in the different stages of life than is general among men of other nationalities? I am inclined to the belief that this is so. And in the golf links of Scotland all the ordinary class distinctions are abolished, and the best

man, whether he be baronet or blacksmith, is he who can go the course in the smallest number of strokes. But in a great measure all manly sports level the artificial barriers which separate the various classes.

In the sense that we use the word in regard to cricket and base-ball, there are no "professional" golfers. It is rare in Scotland, at least, for a match to be played in which there is not some small stake. This is as much a matter of course as it was in the time of our grandfathers for them to have a small stake up in their games of whist. But the rewards from such winnings are not great enough to induce a man to take to the playing of the game as a means of livelihood. The only professionals who receive any emoluments from the game are the keepers of the club-houses, the makers of the clubs, and the boys or "caddies," who carry the clubs for a player while he is going the course. The highest position a professional can reach is that of club-house keeper, and this is the ambition of all of them. This dignitary is something more than a mere custodian, as he must keep the other professionals and caddies under strict discipline, arrange the starting-time for the various matches, be a universal umpire in cases in dispute, superintend the men who make and repair clubs, and be ready to take a hand in the game when necessary. The other professionals go a round with an amateur for a small fee, and also act as "coaches" and as "caddies." The good caddy, by the way, is usually something more than merely a carrier of his master's clubs. He is the one person who has the privilege to give his master advice both as to the nature of the stroke best to be employed and the club to be used. These "caddies" are usually boys, who, if they develop any great talent for the game, become professionals; but as a rule they are apprenticed to some trade before they reach manhood, and are retired from the golfing-green.

The dozen or so clubs used in the play are drivers of various kinds, spoons, and putters. Each expert has clubs specially made for him, and uses the one or the other according to the nature of the stroke desired in any position in which his ball may lie. The game is played by one, two, or three persons, each for himself with a separate ball; by one person against two others, in which case the partners play with the same ball; or two against two, when each side has one ball. When two play against two it is called "a foursome;" and this is a very favorite method of going over the course. When the weather is good the popular golfing-greens in Scotland have a great many matches going on at the same time, and the scene is an animated one. The keeper determines which set of players shall start first. When these have got under way and have passed, say, the first hole, another set starts off, and so on. When those in advance are slow players or have bad luck it not infrequently happens that the players behind catch up. This condition of affairs might be embarrassing, were it not that the etiquette of the golfing-links is well established. The slow or unfortunate players make way and the others go ahead, without any disturbance or ill nature. The proper method of behavior is so well understood that few disagreeable things happen during the game. If a man develop a quarrelsome disposition he may as well give up the game, for in a little while it will be impossible for him to find either

partners or adversaries. With so many persons going the course at once and each one intent on his own game, it would seem natural that accidents should occur, and a player in advance be struck by a rapidly-driven ball. This does sometimes happen, but when a drive is to be made and there is any one between the driver and the hole he is making for, a warning is always given. Not to do this would be a gross breach of etiquette.

Golfing is not an expensive sport, if the club which maintains a course does not have to pay a heavy rental. A golfer's outfit will cost from twenty to thirty dollars, and his other expenses will depend upon the distance he lives from the course and his liberality in tipping his "caddy." There are in this country several links in the neighborhood of New York, and one or more in Texas. There are also several clubs in Canada.

It would be quite difficult for any one to learn to play the game by merely learning the rules or by reading even the most practical article which could be written, but there is probably no neighborhood in the United States in which there are not several Scotchmen who have known the game from boyhood and who would be glad to renew the sport of their youth, and, while driving and putting the gutta-percha ball from hole to hole, recall the days when they gayly trod their native heath.

John Gilmer Speed.

THE LAPP MAIDEN'S SONG.

MY lover he comes on the skee,* on the skee,
And his staff o'er his head he is swinging.
The hawk in the air is not fleeter than he,
As he scuds o'er the snow on the skee, on the skee,
And the wind in his wake is singing.

My lover he comes, the merry brown lad,
From the cloud-land he speeds to our meeting.
I hear from the heights his shouts so glad,
And a-heigh and oho comes my merry brown lad,
And the mountain-peaks ring with his greeting.

Oh, hie thee, my love, to the tryst, to the tryst,
Ere the Night quench her torches above thee!
Like an antlered deer dost thou cleave through the mist.
Oh, hie thee to me, to the tryst, to the tryst,
For I love thee, I love thee, I love thee!

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

---

* Norwegian snow-shoe.

THE RUSTLERS.

[LIPPINCOTT'S NOTABLE STORIES.—NO. IX.*]

IT was in Northwestern Texas in 1880.

The cattle-thieves were very bad, the cattle-men almost in despair; for the rustlers were so concealed, and had found lodgement and support in such unexpected quarters, that a war upon them was like striking in the dark.

Cattle were run off in bunches of two and three hundred, and it was almost an impossibility to secure an arrest, much less a conviction and sentence.

Bent Austin had suffered very severely. His cattle were stolen continually, despite his well-known nerve and fearlessness and the equally well understood fact that he and his men—all fellows of courage, honest, faithful, decent men—were always fully armed and on the alert.

It was exasperating; for Bent had good reason to think he knew nearly every one of the thieves; he incidentally met some one of them almost daily. Now it was a fellow who called himself a cattle-man, or the holder of some petty county office, with whom Austin had some small necessary dealings; now it was a professional gambler, or the idle and listless keeper of a flimsy pretence of a store or saloon, who got his mail at the same moment, or bought a cigar or took a glass of beer over the same bar, so close beside Bent that their elbows brushed, and of whom he said to himself behind his shut teeth (and the scoundrel saw it in his face), "This fellow was in the raid Tuesday night;" or, "That thief has been gone a week and more, helping to run that bunch of two hundred of my Q K cattle out of the country."

The situation was explosive. The climax of exasperation, for Austin, was reached with the stealing of a choice bunch of cows he had branded with a running E, his young wife's initial. He devoted his whole time to the stirring up of the more easy-going ranchmen: by making a combined and unexpected effort they elected a man for district judge who was honest and fearless—not to be bribed or frightened. Now to get a grand jury and sheriff that would indict and make arrests.

Austin, though one of the youngest cattle-men, was also one of the most extensive owners and ranchers in the whole section, for both which

---

* With the March number began the issue of this series of short stories, one of which is to appear each month during the current year. On the completion of the series the stories will be reprinted in a small volume, and the royalty on the sale of this book will belong to the author of that one of the ten tales which receives the popular verdict.

To determine this choice, our readers are invited to signify each month, by postal card addressed to the editor of *Lippincott's Magazine*, their opinions as to the merits of the short story in the last issue. Those who thus report as to each of the ten tales, from March to December inclusive, will receive, free of charge, a copy of the collected edition of "Notable Stories." ***All reports must be sent in before the end of the year.***

reasons he was the chief mover among them now; since in a frontier community dash and vigor are the most admired of traits, and young blood is apt to come to the fore. He was going ahead, with fearless determination, in what he felt sure was the right direction.

The rustlers were alarmed; they began to see what old Hank Pearsall called "the footwritin' on the floor."

Both sides were desperate. To the one, wearied and embittered by impudent and almost ruinous thefts, it meant final, long-delayed justice upon the insolent and heretofore secure robbers, the long-wished-for opportunity to inflict liberal vengeance upon their spoilers.

To the other side it came close to being life or death. They might get up and leave the country, some of them with families, sacrificing any little stake they had, or accept the uninviting alternative of a good long term at enforced labor for the State, not of their own selection, therefore probably uncongenial, and with more or less stigma attaching to the circumstances of its adoption; or they must make a bold push to scotch the movement of the cattle-men.

About this time there came to Bentley Austin one day, along with his regular mail, a letter in which he recognized the curious scrawl of Rome Deaderick, the man he had settled upon in his own mind as a sort of leader among the rustlers.

Deaderick was a fine-looking fellow of good natural endowments, who had early fallen in with the bad element which fringes and is driven before the advancing wave of civilization, and, being disposed, like Lucifer, not to do things by halves, but to lead and excel and to adventure much, had come to be, before he was thirty, a very troublesome and dangerous citizen.

This letter was written upon a much dog-eared bit of that extraordinary, ambiguous paper which never is seen in the store, shop, or any of the places where such articles are bought and sold,—which, indeed, never appears except in some such connection as this. It was unsigned, and began briefly, without any address:

"You know me and wether you want to trust me or take eny riskes with me or not and you can do as you pleas. I got myself to take care of in this buisness and Ime going to do it. The others wont lisen to me eny more and they can look out for therselves. If you will come alone—afoot—unarmed, to the little doby sine camp on the corner of the Broken Arrow ranch by the Red Arroyo at twelve oclock tonite I will do the same. I will meat you thare and give the hole thing away. You can have all the proof you want to finnish up cattle steeling in the panhandel, but I must be pertected, that's why it got to be done just this way.

"Now you can take it or leev it.

"If you intend to come like I say ware your white hat up to the postofis this afternoon, if you dont ware the black one.

"You can see Ime square with you and I know you are square for if you was not thare isent nothing to hender you from healing yourself and a lot more and wiping me out tonite but I will go or stay—and I know you will—on the square man to man."

If Bentley Austin had not been intoxicated with the ardor of pur-

suit, he certainly would not have acted as he did. As it was, he left his wife—his sweet, girlish wife, the dearest creature in the world to him, only a year married, only a year from the secure nest of her Eastern home, but finding everything interesting and picturesque, or, at the worst, entirely tolerable, because Bent was here—he left her in the evening, an unusual thing, upon a pretext of business in the town with a New Mexico cattle-man, saying she had better have Jack's wife, who cooked at the mess-house, come over to stay with her, because he might not get back before early morning.

Edith was never babyish or fussy ; but she clung to Bent with a sense of misgiving when he came in with his boots, spurs, and big white hat on, to tell her good-by ; though it seemed unreasonable, when he was only going in to town, and upon a not uncommon errand.

Bent was very tender with her, and felt the first twinge of reproach and remorse at what he was doing. In his eager frame of mind he had not thought before that he did not stand alone, and that he was about to risk Edith's dearest possession very recklessly. But he could not bring himself to relinquish the chase and turn back now. He kissed her, and brightened her up, and called back from the gate,—

"Oh, sweetheart ! there's a letter on my desk for Cator, when he comes in the morning. Call his attention to it—some directions—if anything should happen that I stay to look at the cattle." Then he rode rapidly away to town.

At eleven o'clock Edith could no longer control the agony of dread and apprehension that possessed her.

She did not seem to herself to be guessing at or fearing some evil. No, she *knew*. Her soul was torn with the foreknowledge, vague, yet absolutely certain, of frightful disaster, following, and about to strike, the husband who had left her but a few hours ago,—the playmate of her childhood, her girlish hero and ideal, the lover of her heart, the husband for whose sake and in whose dear company any country was good to live in, any home heaven, and whose loss would make all the world desolate to her through her fairest years.

The letter !

She went and looked and looked at it, with goading fancies of ill and danger thick in her mind, till she could bear it not another minute ; then she hurried with it over to the mess-house, where Fred Cator, the foreman, was smoking a last pipe.

She spoke to him with such calmness as she could summon, and told him she felt uneasy,—Bentley was certainly in much danger just now ; to which Cator seriously agreed. She explained about the letter, and said, deprecatingly, but firmly, "Of course I would not open your letter, but you open it now ; I cannot endure my anxiety any longer ; I must read it—and then we will see."

Cator complied immediately, showing no disposition to make light of her fears, but rather himself infected by her deep and terrible apprehension.

He unfolded two sheets : one was a letter in Bentley's hand, enclosing the one from Deaderick. They read the letter first, their eyes racing along the lines together.

They finished, and without a word read the enclosing note from Bentley. It ran:

"DEAR CATOR,—

"When it is morning, and you have read the enclosed, and I have not shown up, you will suppose that something is wrong. I am going, as Deaderick directs, to the Broken Arrow 'dobe, afoot, alone and unarmed. I believe he intends a square deal. But if I do not turn up before morning, you had better take all the boys at the house, well armed, and go to the 'dobe. I haven't an idea that there will be any such necessity, and only write this as a precaution.

"AUSTIN."

Cator fairly groaned, "Great God!" then added, after a pause of silent distress, "That's like Bent, and all the boys sleeping over at the Spring camp. It'll take me twenty minutes to get 'em!"

But Edith was quieter now than before. While the foreman hastened away to rouse the men and arm them, she went unnoted back to the house, and just as she was, bareheaded, thinly clad and shod, hurried, as well as she knew, toward the Broken Arrow 'dobe, which was about two miles distant, but quite out of sight, and had to be reached in a roundabout way, traversing two pastures, skirting some irregularities of the land, and crossing a creek-bed.

It would seem to have been easy to find the way,—if she had ever really known it,—for the moon was at its full, and in that rare, crystal atmosphere was as big as a wash-tub, and piercingly brilliant. The whole plain was flooded with its intense splendor, interspersed with correspondingly black shadows, cast by any break in the surface or outcropping of rock, or, along the stream-bed and in little depressions, by cottonwoods, willows, or smaller bushes.

But Edith had never really known the way, and this land of white radiance and black shadows was misleading and confusing. She began to feel sure that she was all astray,—which was true,—that she was quite as likely going away from as toward him in his awful danger. Her little watch showed her that it was nearly twelve, and despair clutched at her heart as she half ran, panting and unaware of cut and bleeding feet in their thin slippers.

And Rome Deaderick was walking rapidly toward her, and toward the Broken Arrow 'dobe.

A man of just Bent Austin's height and build, with the same erect, half-challenging, half-careless bearing, too; and—if you thought of it, or had it brought to your notice—having a general likeness to him in every respect; wearing, besides, the same big white cowboy hat, cowboy boots, and ordinary dark clothes.

Two of the gang had supposably already met, unostentatiously, at the little sign camp just at the edge of the Broken Arrow range; and Rome Deaderick now walked toward it, rapidly but quietly, apparently unarmed and harmless, with a fully-loaded six-shooter in each boot-leg, a long keen knife in its sheath within the bosom of his flannel shirt, and murder in his heart; or, as he would have told you, a determined

readiness to kill Bentley Austin, because he had been driven to the necessity.

It was Bent's life or his, for there would be more than cattle-stealing against him if Bent was let to go on, and set his grand juries and warrants and the rest of his fixings to work, and get to ripping up things.

And so they hurried toward each other through the silence, both preoccupied—almost to unconsciousness of external surroundings—by intent thought of Bentley Austin: the one rapt in agonized misgiving and solicitude for his safety, the other filled with savage and deadly menace of his life; the one fully ready, if of any possibility it might serve, to give her life for his, the other prepared, if need be, to forfeit his life in compassing Bentley's death. So little heed they gave to any physical existence or bodily sensations that it was as though Fate had sent abroad disencumbered spirits and set the destroying genius and the guardian angel to meet upon one narrow path.

Was it one of Fate's grim sarcasms to send out, against armed murder, such a defender,—one whose only strength, armor, and weapon was her love?

Suddenly Deaderick looked up, just before entering the deep shadow of some cottonwoods; when, rapidly approaching him in the brilliant light on the other side, he saw for an instant a slight young woman, with fair hair that caught the moonlight, her face pale, anguished, and streaming with tears, her arms outstretched to him; and the next moment, with a choking cry, she lay upon his breast in the darkness, weeping, shaking, her arm about him, her breath coming in little irregular gasps upon his neck.

She laid her face upon his; her hot tears streamed over his cheek.

"Ah-h!—Ah-h!—Ah-h!" she sobbed, in long, quivering sobs, holding him convulsively to her with the soft, clasping arm. She caught his free hand in her own little tender one, held it against her panting heart with a gesture of unspeakable tenderness and endearment, and kissed it over and over, with such piteous, inarticulate sounds as a grieving mother utters over her child. Lifting her face again, she pressed her soft, wet cheek against first one and then the other of his, and kissed his hair, his brow, his eyes, his mouth, with her sweet, warm, trembling lips.

"Oh, darling—my darling—my life! You are all I have! I cannot ever bear it any more for you to run such risks alone. Oh, if it must be, let me go too.

"Ah, dear God, if they should kill you and leave me alive!

"Oh, Bentley, don't do it any more! I can't bear it—don't ask me. It's my life you're risking as well as yours—I couldn't live if they murdered you!

"The letter—the letters—— We read them, and I know all about it.

"But oh, think what I've been bearing—been trying to bear—for months! To sit and think of the head, the hands, the form, that are dearer to me than my life, in danger,—moving about in the day and the night maybe close, all the time, to cruel dangers! Ah-h!" (with more pitiful, trembling sobs.)

"Your eyes, darling, that are my light—I see them looking for help, and none is there! This face that is heaven to me—white, bleeding, terrible; this breast, my shelter—wounded! Every drop of your blood, and every atom of your flesh, that is all so sweet and dear and precious to me—I see it beset—hurt—shot—stabbed—poured out! Oh-h-h!"

She bent her head downward, clutching him close with that tender, clinging arm, pressing her face hard in upon his breast, and fell to smoothing and kissing his hand again,—the breast where that long, keen knife lay hidden,—the hand that had been nerved and ready to drive that knife home.

"Oh, not any more, my darling! Never, never again! We will go away, or—anything. The cattle, the ranch, let them all go, anyway. What can they be to me without you?"

She stopped suddenly, seeming to be struck for the first time, in her excited rush of impassioned feeling and utterance, by the strangeness of his not speaking a word to her.

He had held her instinctively, from the time she threw herself upon his breast, with his arm about her. Now, with what must have been a sort of inspiration, he said, softly and quietly, "Sh-h," and laid his hand over her face.

He thought swiftly of Bentley Austin, nearing the Broken Arrow camp, or already there; of the almost certain death waiting for him there, the agony and shipwreck of this poor, tender heart, fluttering upon his own in such mistaken security.

How was he to do it? And yet it must be quickly done, if she was to be saved.

He braced himself with a greater effort than he had ever done in all his desperate career,—a career in which he had often enough confronted deadly and imminent peril. He pressed his hand down over her face to hold it firmly against him, and drew the arm around her closer, then said, as coldly as he could for his pounding heart and shortened breath, but with all the gentleness he was master of,—

"Mrs. Austin—no, please, ma'am, be still, don't be scared, nor scream, nor run away; that's right—that's right—Bentley ain't here: he's back on the Broken Arrow trail. You're right, he *is* in danger. You don't know me; but—I'm a friend. Go right back to the ranch house, now; and I'll go quick and help him if he needs it.

"Yes—yes—I will! There—there. Oh, don't—don't—I will; I swear to you—so help me God—I'll run every step of the way; and I'll see him safely out of it—or die trying!"

He set her on the homeward trail, and turned to his mission.

Himself was so transformed, his original purpose so strangely inverted, that it seemed another man hastening upon another errand.

He went,—went swiftly and unhesitatingly, like a man alert and intent upon a present push; but in a sense this was not so. His thoughts turned back; not forward to the instant issue of life or death, to be settled inside of ten minutes, hand to hand, with pistols and knives. He was as yet absolutely asleep to the real crisis.

A nestling head was upon his breast; shaken sobs and inarticulate

murmurs of love and distress were in his ears, with broken words of pleading for Bentley Austin's life; streaming tears, not his own, were upon his face, a slight, clasping arm about his neck, the eager caress of soft, trembling lips touched his hand, his hair, his brow, his eyelids, and his cheek.

He did not reason or reflect; he only felt. He had never any more known or conceived of such a creature, such an emotion, such tender and holy relations as these, than a blind man the beauties of sky and earth.

Possibilities of good, capacity of heart and soul, which might have lifted him as high as this, had been born with him, and had remained with him, little developed, warped, blighted, almost unrecognized amid his evil environments and dubious pursuits and diversions. Now they seemed—at the kindling recollection of those rapt caresses, the sudden sight, recognition, and realization of such a life and such a love—to spring suddenly into their completeness, to expand at once beneath that powerful and divine touch, and fill his whole being with a tumult of emotions, vast, vague, not understood, but lofty and uplifting.

When Rome Deaderick got to the Broken Arrow camp, Bent Austin was on his feet, with his back to the wall. Alone, unarmed, cut off from help, he saw and faced his situation, plucky and resolute to the last, apparently intending to die with as much expense of difficulty and danger to his assassins as possible.

The two rustlers stood over against him, like wolves ready to spring, but waiting a word, a motion, a pretext, and checked yet a little from breaking headlong into God's temple by its occupant's brave and unshaken regard.

His eyes were fixed boldly on them; and they watched him as closely. He was saying something, in a cool, steady tone, though with inward despair, to the effect that they certainly didn't mean to do him any violence—they could hardly afford to; when in his heart he knew they felt actually forced to put him out of the way, now they had shown him their colors; they stood, as it were, committed to his death.

Rome Deaderick stepped into the room abruptly, his face sharp-drawn and perfectly white, his eyes intensely black, his breathing uncontrollably loud and fitful,—a man at the finish of a hard-fought foot-race. He stood facing his two former partners, and partially in front of Austin.

"Defend yourself; I'm with you," he said, putting a cocked pistol into Bentley's hand, and covering one of the rustlers with his other weapon.

It was all confusion. There was no time to question, though both Bent and his assailants were dumfounded.

The two rustlers reached for their pistols; Deaderick fired; the little lamp went out instantly, leaving the room in darkness and full of smoke.

The shot told, for one of the rustlers fell, with an oath.

Bent had fired almost simultaneously with Deaderick; and each sent several more shots into the darkness, out of which also came flashes of fire and pistol-balls.

Bent remained unhurt; but now Deaderick fell, brushing against him as he went down, with a groan.

The door opened and shut violently, and there were rapid, retreating footsteps on the outside.

All was still in the room. With his cocked pistol in one hand, and his back toward the solid wall, Bent struck a match and lighted the lamp.

The man Deaderick had shot was dead; the other one had apparently run away. Deaderick lay as he had fallen, bleeding terribly from a wound in his breast. It was all like a fantastic dream. And yet there could be no question of the man's sincerity; it looked as if he had proved it with his life.

Austin, still on his guard against another attack from without, knelt down and examined Deaderick's wound. It was through the breast, and, he thought, fatal; but he stanched the bleeding as best he could, and poured a little whiskey from the man's own flask through his whitening lips. While he was watching for some sign of life, Fred Cator's voice called from the outside,—

"Hello in there! Is Bent Austin there? Here's seven of us, well armed, for him!"

"Come in alone, quick, Fred," answered Bentley; and Cator immediately came in with Edith, leaving his men standing at the door.

Bentley held up a warning hand to Edith; and, strongly constraining herself, she came quietly up to him, and looked down at the wounded man.

"He came in and put himself in front of me. He was killed instead of me,—defending me," said her husband, in a voice that trembled. "I don't understand it."

As he said it, Deaderick's face relaxed a little from its fast-fixing rigidity; his eyes opened, and he looked up full in Edith's face, which bent over him, melting and illumined with pitying tenderness. Then he glanced over at Austin.

"I got in in time—Mrs. Austin—just in time," he said: "he's here—all right and whole."

His gaze went back again to Edith's face, and remained there. She took up his hand, as if to speak to him; but he smiled a little, looking at the two hands clasped thus, and spoke himself:

"I'm done for. That ball of Jim's went clean through me. But I ain't sorry.

"I've not been good. No—no—no——" his voice, low and reflective, dropping slowly at each monosyllable to a still lower, deeper gravity, "I've been bad. But there's a way, somehow, for it to be made all right.

"I'm going now—right away—the' ain't hardly a minute of time—after so many years. But I ain't afraid. I'm glad I found out about it—that I saw it once, and—and knew about it, before I had to go.

"When I've sort of squared things up, someway, for all my sins here," his eyes still dwelling on her face, "they'll let me into heaven; and I know now what it's like."

Alice MacGowan.

PROGRESS IN LOCAL TRANSPORTATION.

IN all progressive movements affecting public affairs, it is impossible to avoid disturbing to some extent existing conditions and vested interests; and in no class of improvements is this fact more manifest than in that relating to transportation.

Hence it was that early laws were passed conferring upon such corporations the right of eminent domain; first for roads, then for canals, soon after for railroads, still later for pipe-lines, and lastly for electrical purposes.

No laws could be framed to provide for the prospective and undeveloped forces which still slumbered in the occult sciences, but as soon as they were evolved and the utility of their applications proven, laws were enacted to meet the emergencies and to establish equities between the public, the corporation, and the individual. In this readjustment, however, it has frequently happened that existing corporations, fearing an infraction of their presumed rights, have resorted to every artifice, trick, or device imaginable to prevent the passage of general laws which would enable other common carriers to provide additional and much needed facilities. This experience is so general, and withal so human, that it is unnecessary to specify particular instances. It is based upon selfishness as well as ignorance, and it is believed that a broad general view of our experience in matters of this kind will serve to point the moral and illustrate the narrowness and folly of pursuing this policy.

While it is a generally accepted transportation maxim that facilities create traffic, many companies act as if it were quite the contrary.

Those communities are most prosperous which have the greatest facility of movement. This results from competition, whether by land or water, and it has hitherto* been shown that these are mutually beneficial. Railways are wholly dependent upon population for their existence, and the larger the centres become, especially if manufacturing, the greater will be the revenues for the carriers.

It is a natural conclusion to suppose that if one company or corporation possesses all the franchises in its line in any place, any concessions made to another company in the same business would result in a loss to both, as it would simply mean a division of patronage. This is the view so prevalent among even enlightened and experienced investors and financiers, yet it is far from being generally true. A single company monopolizing the transportation of any locality may so restrict and congest the place as greatly to retard its growth and curtail its own revenue, merely from its lack of accommodation.

Increased facilities must be provided as a city grows, not only by extending the existing lines into the suburbs,—as that often merely extends the distance which the long rider must be carried, without in-

---

* See the *Engineering Magazine*, April, 1892: "Do Water-Ways benefit Railroads?" by the writer.

creasing the revenue, on the contrary rather reducing it,—but by providing more cars moving at greater velocity, that the additional population may reach the business centres in the same time and with as great convenience as in the earlier days when the city was smaller, else its circulation will be restricted and its growth be retarded.

No more striking instance of this is known to the writer than that existing in Philadelphia, where for a score of years past it has been the privilege of the sterner sex to buy a "strap" privilege in a street-car or standing-room outside, or else accept the alternative and walk. In the mornings and evenings the intermediate corners of streets between termini will show many weary forms waiting for an opportunity to obtain even a foothold upon a passing car, and often in vain. Thousands of people are obliged to walk because they cannot ride, and yet the surface roads appear to be opposed to the granting of any additional facilities, for fear of loss of revenue.

It is not a case of division of patronage, but of increased revenue, because of the facility which a rapid-transit system would afford them for filling and emptying their overcrowded cars more than once in a trip, by getting rid of the "long riders" and substituting the short ones, thus bringing "grist to their mill," as may be readily shown by experience wherever it has been tried, and for manifest reasons.

The new system will also derive a handsome profit from the patronage of the many persons who are now obliged to walk, in consequence of their inability even to enter the insufficient cars provided at certain hours of the day, when the travel is heaviest.

But why deal in generalities or what may appear to many mere sophistry? Let us turn at once to some of the facts and note the results of experience.

In 1862, in the city of London, with its excellent pavements, numerous "busses," and a population of about 2,800,000, the General Omnibus Company carried annually only about 41,068,000 passengers at an average fare of seven cents, while the cost to the company was six and a half cents. The ratio of riders to the population was 14.6. The Underground road was started in 1864, but it was some years before enough mileage was completed to bring it into general use. In 1871, tramways, or street-cars, were added, with the paradoxical result that instead of diminishing the travel of the omnibus company it rapidly increased, and, although the fares were reduced, the cost was likewise reduced to three and a half cents, and the company paid *twelve and a half per cent. dividend.* For nearly ten years the traffic of the "busses" remained nearly constant at about 42,000,000, but after the opening of the "competing" lines it increased so rapidly that in twenty years it had nearly doubled, being over seventy-five millions, or very nearly the same as the traffic of the Metropolitan, which was nearly seventy-six millions; while in addition the "District" (also underground) carried thirty-eight and a half millions, and the "tramways" one hundred and nineteen and a quarter millions, giving an aggregate in 1884 of 308,821,000 as compared with 42,649,000 in 1864.

That this growth of traffic was not due to increase of population will appear at once, for the growth in the latter was but 36 per cent. in

twenty years, or 1.8 per cent. per annum, while that of the traffic was 470 per cent., or 23½ per cent. per annum. The ratio of patronage to population had risen from 14.6 to 77.

But even this increase would be slight, compared with the pulsation of so active a metropolis as New York, where we "count time by heart-throbs." The traffic there is enormous, and now exceeds 410,000,000 annually, nearly evenly divided between the surface and elevated companies, while from 1875 to 1878, or prior to the opening of the elevated railroads, the percentage of increase in population was greater than that in traffic, showing that the street-car system had reached the limit beyond which citizens could not afford to ride. The opening of the Manhattan Elevated roads stimulated the patronage of the surface lines to such an extent that in a comparatively few years it had increased over fifty millions. These are but a few of the instances that might be cited to prove the general assertion that elevated railroads do not interfere with the patronage or revenues of surface lines, nor injuriously trespass upon their franchises, but that they invariably stimulate and increase their traffic to the benefit of the existing companies as well as of the general public. Indirectly they augment the business of a city, add to its revenues by the large appreciation in the values of real estate incident to their construction, and hence provide greater revenue for municipal improvements without increase of tax-rate.

Any city failing to realize these advantages, and to encourage them where they are offered by private capital and without cost to the city, certainly deserves to be left in the competition for trade which is now so prominent a characteristic of this progressive age; and any municipality which permits its transportation or any other public service to fall into the hands of a single corporation handicaps itself and its citizens in the race for supremacy.

Lewis M. Haupt.

THE WIND AND THE TREE.

THE lover Wind is away, away,
  Leaving a sigh for the lady Tree;
But his heart is out on the golden bay,
  Trampling the perilous floors of sea.

The lady Tree from her lonely hill
  Sends a sigh through the world to roam
The Wind's wild way at the Wind's sweet will;
  But her heart abides at home, at home.

O lover Wind and lady Tree,
  How the old sun must laugh at you,
Seeing all foolish things must be
  Till the round world is made anew!

Bliss Carman.

How the Light Came.

HOW THE LIGHT CAME.

I AM going to Ste. Anne this morning because I want to see the place regarding which so many strange stories have been related to me by some of the good people of Quebec.

This is the substance of what they have told me of the little church down the river that is so famous for its miracles.

Ste. Anne was the mother of Mary the mother of the Nazarene. According to tradition, her body was brought to Gaul by St. Lazarus and placed in the church of Apt, where some time afterwards it was discovered by the Emperor Charlemagne. Since that time miracles without number have been wrought at the church of Ste. Anne of Apt. Many sanctuaries have been dedicated to this saint. Among the most celebrated is Ste. Anne d'Auray. For centuries multitudes of the faithful have made pilgrimages there, and thousands of the afflicted have been healed.

In the seventeenth century some Breton mariners who were sailing up the St. Lawrence met with a fierce storm and were in danger of shipwreck. They prayed to Ste. Anne and vowed that if she would save them they would build a sanctuary wherever they first landed. The storm suddenly passed over, and the grateful sailors went ashore some twenty miles below Quebec, and built a wooden chapel, which they named Ste. Anne de Beaupré (Bowsprit). As early as 1665 it became famous in the records of the church. From that time until the present pilgrimages have been made from all parts of Canada to this spot. Wonderful miracles are said to have been performed: the dumb have spoken, the deaf have heard, the lame have walked, and the sick and dying have been cured of their diseases. In a single year over eighty thousand pilgrims have visited the shrine of Ste. Anne, and three thousand five hundred masses been celebrated. Great efficacy in the healing of the afflicted is attributed to the waters of the holy well that is close by the church.

It is half-past five in the morning as I pass through the market-place at the base of the citadel on my way to the steamboat that is advertised to sail for the village of Ste. Anne at six o'clock. The early *habitan* is unloading his peas, potatoes, and other garden-stuffs, and making of them as brave display as he can on rude wooden benches. Women, basket on arm and prayer-book in hand, are buying their daily household supplies. Thus early do they come that they may be in time to drop in on their way home to one or other of the many churches whose musical bells are calling the faithful to morning prayers. Almost all the rest of the city is still asleep. In the market two or three dingy taverns and cafés are open, but even here is no life, no hurry, no bustle. The people move about as if they had very little to do and all of time in which to do it.

The boat leaves Quebec every morning, carrying pilgrims to the shrine of La Bonne Ste. Anne. She is a grimy, double-decked side-

wheel steamer. There are about a hundred passengers this morning. They come to the steamboat-landing singly and in family groups, on foot and in carts and calèches. What a motley gathering! What queer types of humanity do I see as I lean on the rail and watch them pass up the gang-plank! Here a cripple with legs so twisted and bent under him that he walks on his hands, swinging his body between his arms. There a robust and motherly woman and a pale, sad-faced boy. They carry two baskets that I doubt not contain a goodly lunch, and the boy has a prayer-book under his arm. Next a priest with three-cornered hat, flowing black robes, and dangling cross of gold,—a well-fed, gray-haired, double-chinned, benevolent-looking old man, rotund of body and cheerful of countenance. His finger goes to his hat incessantly in response to the cordial greetings of the pilgrims. Here comes a family that evidently includes three generations,—an old man on crutches, his son and son's wife, and several children. After them comes a solitary nun, with downcast eyes and modest mien. Then another and another priest; solemn men are they and gloomy-visaged, their eyes bent on the ground and their hands crossed over their prayer-books. One would think that a religion such as theirs, a calling with such rewards, and the hourly contemplation of a future of eternal happiness for themselves and for those whose feet they guide in paths of righteousness, would light up their faces with joy and make them the most cheerful of mortals. Is it the sins of men and weaknesses of women that shadow their faces and make their hearts heavy? Perhaps.

The last two passengers are just in time, for the hawsers are about to be cast off. The man is a mechanic, if gait and hardened hands and Sunday clothes are to be taken in evidence. In his arms he carries a fragile child, probably ten years of age. She is poorly but neatly dressed in black. A halo of golden hair crowns the head that rests on her father's shoulder. The pallor of the face and the bright spots on the sunken cheeks plainly indicate the ravages of that hopeful, hopeless disease, consumption. She is cheerful withal, and she smiles up into her father's face and thanks him as he finds a chair for her in a shady corner of the boat and gently places her in it. She doubtless comes from some dingy house in some narrow alley in the old city, and the bright sunshine and the sight of the green woods and golden fields of grain that line the banks of the river will be as a glimpse of a better world to her and will give her a pleasure that she seldom enjoys. I take a seat on a bench close to her, that I may have the pleasure of seeing the evidences of this sweet-faced girl's enjoyment. Her great blue eyes are fixed on some object on the shore. She seems to be looking at something very far away. A man comes and stands in front of her, but she does not move her head. She still seems to have her gaze fixed on the same object, although to see it she would have to possess the power of seeing through the man. A groping motion of her hand in search of the arm of her chair, and now I understand.

The girl is blind.

Her father bends lovingly over her, gently brushes the hair back from her forehead, and asks her if she does not feel better. The child looks up at him and tells him that she feels much better already. She

says, "Don't worry about me, father; cheer up. Don't you know I'll be well to-morrow?" And she surely believes that she will, for is she not going to the little church where miracles are wrought? Are not the waters of the holy well for the healing of such as she? And is she not going to pray, oh, so earnestly, to good Ste. Anne, to make her well and strong again?

The rough but gentle old father tries, for the child's sake, to look cheerful, but he knows that the next time he makes a pilgrimage down the river he will be alone.

I talk with him, and he tells me the child's story. When her mother died, three years ago, the little one took the mother's place in the management of the household affairs. There were only herself and her father, and she was alone all day when he was at work. In a wonderful way she attended to everything that was necessary for their comfort. She was cheerful always, and never complained of loneliness, but cheered her tired old father with her bright sayings, comforting words, and hopeful plans for the future. Then, as he expressed it, "the light was taken from her." Almost two years ago that was, and after that consumption began. But she never murmured, and, until recently, attended to all her duties almost as well as she had done before she became blind. The weaker she grew in body, the stronger became her faith in her ultimate recovery if she could only visit the shrine of Ste. Anne. This visit, long promised, had been delayed for one reason and another. They were poor, very poor, and the loss of wages and the cost of the trip were much to them.

After the man has told me this much, we go over and sit down beside the child. She nestles up close to her father, and, taking one of his hands between her own, asks him to tell her of what he sees; and he tells her of the swiftly-flowing waters of the great river, of the golden-tipped waves that flash back the glories of the morning sun. In words tenderly spoken, he paints for her a picture with boats and ships and river in the foreground, and, beyond, fields of ripening grain and banks carpeted with wild flowers of rainbow hues, and over all the bluest of blue skies and brightest of bright sunshine.

She listens breathlessly, her face brightens, she seems to see all that he sees, and she clasps his hand tighter as he goes on to tell of the woods and waterfalls, the hills and hamlets, that seem to pass us like a mighty sunlit panorama.

"Oh, father, I am so happy because the light will come to-morrow, and I shall see all that you see now, and no more shall I have to call you 'eyes of mine.' The good Ste. Anne will hear my prayers. I shall be stout and strong, and I shall see again, and be able to help you as I used to do."

"Yes, daughter," the father says, as he caresses her golden locks, "God is good, and Ste. Anne de Beaupré does many great and blessed things for the poor and afflicted. Yes, surely, my little one, the light will come."

I leave them together, and do not see them again for a time. We steam past Montmorency Falls, a great sheet of water that thunders down two hundred feet over a cliff of scarred and jagged rocks. For

nearly twenty miles we go down with the tide along the shores of the Isle of Orleans, an island that divides the river for a time into two streams of about equal volume.

Three-fourths of the pilgrims are women, well dressed most of them, and apparently of culture. From the moment the boat starts from Quebec they begin to read their prayer-books or count their beads. On the main deck is a little carpeted room about the size of an ordinary pilot-house. On the walls are cheap pictures of saints, and in the corner is a parlor organ. I am wondering for what purpose the room is used, when the rotund old priest enters and takes a seat. A latticed wooden screen is brought in and placed beside his chair. Soon a woman comes in, and, after bowing, kneels on the floor. The priest places his ear against the screen, shuts his eyes, and listens to her confession. With whispered word and benedictory wave of hand, he dismisses her. Next comes a man who looks as if he would cut a throat or scuttle a ship for a dollar. His tale is soon told. Possibly he has not many sins to confess; probably he confesses only a part of them. He makes way for others, one at a time, and I notice that all go in looking solemn and penitent and come out with brightened faces and an air of relief.

All this is in sight of the passengers, for a door and two windows are wide open. The last I see enter is the little girl with the halo of golden hair. Her father carries her in his arms. I am glad that it is the benevolent old priest who is to minister to her. She surely has but little evil to confess, unless poverty be a sin and suffering a crime. In a whisper soft and low she tells her tale, whatever it may be, and the good father arises and, after speaking to her a moment, lays his hands upon her head and blesses her; and now he lifts her up and, carrying her to the door, lays her in her father's arms.

We have arrived at the wharf of Ste. Anne, and I hurry ashore with the throng. Passing up the one straggling street of the village, I find that every house is a hotel, and every hotel has a sign, bearing the name of some saint, over its doors. A man hands me a card, on which I find printed

ST. DENIS CAFÉ.

PRIX MODÉRÉS.

Une visite est sollicitée.

So I go to the St. Denis for lunch. I find that *prix modérés* is all right, but the quality of the food is dreadful, and I can understand

why the proprietor says "une visite est sollicitée." He solicits only one visit, knowing that it would be useless to solicit any one to try the place twice.

I go over to the church. It is a very handsome building, and would probably seat fifteen hundred people. Two priests are officiating. One is exhibiting relics of Ste. Anne, including what is said to be part of the bone of one of her fingers, and it is claimed that the veneration of these relics cures diseases. The walls of the church are covered with medallions and paintings representing incidents in the life of Christ, and also scenes depicting the miraculous cures of pilgrims to Ste. Anne's. In racks are exhibited the crutches left by those who have been cured here. There are probably over five hundred crutches in the church. I see also bandages and rags cast aside by those who claim to have been cured of loathsome diseases, and here is a case full of the colored glasses and ear-trumpets of the partially blind and deaf, who needed them not after a visit to the shrine of Ste. Anne.

I get a seat near the altar. The pilgrims kneel during the whole service. They certainly are in earnest. Above the monotone of the priests arises ever and anon the audible prayer of some miserable cripple, some human wreck, crying in anguish, "O good Ste. Anne, help us!"

On her knees, and leaning against the altar rail, is the little girl with the halo of golden hair. The blue veins on her temples are more distinct, and the spots on her hollow cheeks are a deeper red. Her clasped hands are stretched out toward the altar, and her great blue eyes seem to be gazing on something far beyond it. Her attitude is that of earnest supplication. She is praying the good Ste. Anne to bring the light. Her father, close beside, has his arm around her. The expression of his face is very sad; shadows of doubt and despair are there, and tears fill his eyes. But there is no sadness in the face of the child. It is radiant with expectancy and bright with the brightness that hope and faith bring.

The priest now turns his face to the people, while holding something aloft in his hands, and all the people bow reverently, while a wave of whispered supplication, like the sound of a summer breeze passing over a field of ripened grain, fills all the aisles and spreads out among the multitude beyond the church's walls.

Suddenly the child at the altar rail rises to her feet, and, throwing her arms above her head as if reaching for something above, cries, "Oh, father, father! The light is coming, father!"

Her father catches her as she falls faint and limp into his arms, and, hurriedly pushing his way through the throng, bears her out into the churchyard and tenderly lays her on a grassy mound under the trees. Water from the holy well is poured on her face by a young priest. For a moment she revives. She clasps her arms around the neck of her father, who is bending over her. A smile of joy and peace illumes her pallid face as she kisses him. Her arms relax and fall on her breast, and her head sinks back on her father's arm.

The Light has come.

J. Armoy Knox.

AN OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN.

THE world at large is a most intricate machine, and parts viewed separately give no hint of their importance to what appear quite independent objects. Man may dissociate without destroying, but, when he does, his constant attention must then take the place of the acts that Nature designed other conditions of life should perform. The isolated plant, for instance, is destroyed by insects unless we protect it by a glass covering or a poison-bath: Nature gave it to the birds to protect the plant, and in so doing find food for themselves. This law of interdependence is made very plain in the case of a modern garden or the trim lawns of a large city, and in less degree applies to towns and villages. The caterpillar nuisance that requires collaring shade-trees with cotton-wool to protect their foliage illustrates this; and what an example is a modern garden filled to overflowing with exotic plants! An all-important feature is wanting,—birds; for, except sparrows, we have none, and these are worse than useless.

It was not always so, and the cause of the deplorable change is not hard to find. Whenever we chance, in our wanderings, to come upon some long-neglected corner of colonial times, there we will find the bloom and birds together. I have said "neglected;" not quite that, for there was bloom, and the birds are excellent gardeners.

Let me particularize. My garden is a commonplace affair, with the single innovation of a barrel sunk in the ground to accommodate a lotus,—so commonplace, indeed, that no passer-by would notice it; and yet during a single summer afternoon I have seen within its boundaries fifteen species of birds. At that hottest hour of the midsummer day, two P.M., while looking at the huge pink blossoms of the classic lotus, my attention was called to a quick movement on the ground, as if a rat ran by. It proved to be an oven-bird, that curious combination of a thrush and sandpiper, and yet neither, but a true warbler. It peered into every nook and corner of the shrubbery, poised on the edge of the sunken lotus-tub, caught a wriggling worm that came to the surface of the water, then teetered along the fence and was gone. Soon it returned, and came and went until dark, as much at home as ever in the deep recesses of unfrequented woods. As the sun went down, the bird sang once with all the spring-tide ardor, and brought swiftly back to me many a long summer's day ramble in the country. It is something to be miles away from home while sitting on your own door-step.

Twice a song-sparrow came, bathed in the lotus-tubs, and, when not foraging in the weedy corners, sang its old-fashioned song, now so seldom heard within town limits. This bird gave me two valuable hints as to garden management. Water is a necessity to birds as well as to any other form of life, and shelter is something more than a mere attraction. Was it not because the birds happened to be provided with them to-day that I had, as I have had the summer long, more birds than my neighbors?

How seldom do we see the coral honeysuckle, and how generally the trumpet-creeper has given place to exotic vines of far more striking bloom, but, as will appear, of less utility! If the old-time vines that I have mentioned bore less showy flowers, they had at least the merit of attracting humming-birds, that so grandly rounded out our complement of summer birds. These feathered fairies are not difficult to see, even though so small, and, if so inclined, we can always study them to great advantage. They become quite tame, and in the old-fashioned gardens were always a prominent feature by reason of their numbers. They are not forever on the wing, and when preening their feathers let the sunshine fall upon them, and we have emeralds and rubies that cost nothing, but are none the less valuable because of this. In changing the botanical features of our yards we have had but one thought, gorgeous flowers; but was it wise to give no heed to the loss of birds as the result? I fancy there are many who would turn with delight from formal clusters of unfamiliar shrubs, however showy, to a gooseberry hedge or a lilac thicket with song-sparrows and a catbird hidden in its shade. We have been unwise in this too radical change. We have abolished bird-music in our eagerness for color, gaining a little, but losing more. We have paid too dear, not for a whistle, but for its loss. But it is not too late. Carry a little of the home forest to our yards, and birds will follow it.

And what of the old-time arbors, with the straggling grape-vine, and perhaps a rude wren-box perched at the entrance? Is there better shade than the grape-vine offers, a sweeter odor than its bloom affords, or more charming music than the song of the restless house-wren? Certainly there have been no improvements upon these features of the old-time garden: yet how seldom do we see them now! We must travel far, too, to find a martin-box. As a matter of fact, the bluebird, wren, and martin might, if we chose, be restored to the very hearts of our largest towns. People have no more terror for them than for the English sparrow, and they can all hold out against these piratical aliens, if we would consider their few and simple needs. The wrens need but nesting-boxes with an entrance through which the shoulders of a sparrow cannot pass; and the bluebirds and martins require only that their houses be closed during the winter and very early spring, or until they have returned from their winter quarters. This is easily done, and when the birds are ready to occupy the accommodations provided for them they will take possession and successfully hold the forts against all intruders. This is not a fancy merely, suggested as the basis of experimentation, but the result of the experience of several people in widely-separated localities. I vividly recall visiting at a house in a large town, where purple martins for more than fifty years had occupied boxes placed upon the eaves of a one-story kitchen.

While stress is laid upon the importance of regaining the presence in town of these birds, it must not be supposed that they are all that are available. There are scores of wild birds, known only to the ornithologist, that can be "cultivated" as readily as the wild shrubbery that under startling names figures in many a florist's catalogue. Give

them a foothold, and they will come to stay. Orioles, thrushes, vireos, fly-catchers, are not unreasonably afraid of man, and would quickly acquire confidence if they were warranted in so doing. How long would a scarlet tanager or a cardinal grosbeak remain unmolested if it appeared in any city street! Here is the whole matter in a nutshell: the birds are not averse to coming, but the people will not let them. This is the more strange, when we remember that hundreds of dollars were spent to accommodate the pestiferous imported sparrow, that is and always must be a positive curse. Hundreds for sparrows, and not one cent for a bluebird! While the mischief can never be undone, it can be held in check, if we will but take the trouble, and this is a mere matter of town-garden rearrangement; and why, indeed, not treat our ears to music as well as our eyes to color and our palates to sweetness? Plant here and there a bush that will yield you a crop of birds.

Charles C. Abbott.

EXPENSIVE RELIGION.

ONE evening after supper the usual circle had gathered round the kitchen fire, which was blazing on the hearth and sending dancing shadows over the well-smoked walls, adorned with rows of shining herrings impaled upon sticks and several large coffee-pots of a past age, too old for use but not for ornament. There also hung many curious pans and tins, relics of the generous cooking of the days of crane and pot-hooks, now condemned to perpetual wallflowerdom by the Yankee cooking-stove and the straitened scale of modern living.

"Bless grashus, ef ter-morrer ain't Sunday! Is you gwine ter all-day meetin', Uncle Ike?" says Sally, who usually acts the part of interlocutor when it is desired to start the old man on one of his hobbies.

"Dat I ain't, honey, not ef my name's Ike, w'ich I ain't hyeered nobody 'sputin'. W'at I gwine ter meetin' for? It may do dem niggers good fer ter shout an' whoop tell dey ain't got no bref lef', an' den tu'n in an' stuff deyse'fs wid cake an' chickin'-fixin's, but dis hyer ole nigger ain't got no call ter be er-watchin' um. I's been 'bout ez good ez de nex' nigger in my time, an' I could do 'bout's much er any kin' er wuk ez de res', an' yit I ain't never been able ter have nothin' better'n co'n pone an' side meat, les'n ole Miss' er some er de yuther white folks gin me er treat fer de sake er ole times; an' whar dese hyer niggers gits de grub w'at's eat at dese hyer churches an' bush meetin's is pas' me. I's been had my s'picions mo'n once, an' I always has er few slugs in de ole gun 'long erbout Sat'd'y night. I lay ole Miss' ain't los' no chickins sence dat night I met up wid dat black G'o'ge Wash'n'ton an' him an' me had dat little scrimmage."

Here the old man reached out for a stick of wood from the pile

against the wall, and threw it on the fire, sending a flight of sparks to light up the great black throat of the chimney. As the company were evidently giving him flattering attention, he continued:

"Dese hyer preachers, dey ain't no better'n de res', an' I don't know but mebbe dey's wus, kaze de yuther people dey does wuk endurin' er de week, but de preachers dey loafs all de time. I ain't never puttin' none er my pennies in dat sasser ter he'p keep er great big black lazy nigger ter get up dar an' tell me whar I's gwine w'en I gits out er dis, 'z ef he knowed any mo' 'bout it 'n de res'. I knows de good Lord is got too much sense ter sen' me an' sich niggers ter de same place, kaze dey wouldn' be no kin' er peace dar. You hyeer me?

"Honey, I done been had my church 'sperience, an' ef de good Lord spar's me I's not gwine inside one 'gen, 'les'n I's cyar'd in end-ways. One day las' winter Man'l Griggs, w'at drives de wagon, wuz tuk sick, an' ole Miss' she got me ter cyar' de team down wid er load er hay. Well, chile, I had ter stay in town all night, an' arter I done fed my horses I sot out fer ter see w'at's gwine on, an' bless Gawd, honey! de fus' news I knowed I come 'cross er nigger church, an' den, like er bawn fool, I goes in ter see w'at's doin'. I had er mighty nice obercoat wid me, w'at Boss Tom jes' done give me, an' I wuz mighty proud er dat coat. Well, people, I went inter one er dese hyer new-fashion' stalls an' hung dat coat on de back er de seat an' 'gun ter look 'bout. Pres'n'y de preacher 'gun ter fire loose, an' he says, 'Watch an' pray, sinner! Watch an' pray, fer de bridegroom cometh.' An' den I dis'membered all 'bout de watchin' part, an' down I goes on dese hyer ole marrer-bones an' 'gun ter pray powerful. Bimeby de preacher 'gun ter sen' roun' de sasser, an' he says, 'Bredren, take no thought fer de morrer, w'at yer vittles gwine ter be, ner yit yer drinkin', ner whar-wid shell yer be clothed.' An' den I 'gun ter feel kin' er 'shamed er bein' so stuck up 'bout dat obercoat, an' I looks 'roun' kin' er sheepish, an' lo an' behole, honey, dey wa'n't no coat dar!

"I ain't so powerful smart, people, but yer kin git er thing inter my min' widout battin' me on de head wid er maul. I don' want no church ner no preachers fum dis out. I lay ef I'd er done mo' watchin' and less prayin' I'd er had dat coat yit; but I's gittin' too powerful ole ter be seekin' de throne ob grace wid one eye open."

Phil Stansbury.

THE AWAKENING.

THE beauties of the world do master me:
They put my soul in such a heavy swoon
I may not sing of half the love I see
Beneath the Sun, beneath the lady Moon.
Love, wake me from this languor deep, that I
May truly sing of beauty ere I die.

Wake me by bending down thy dreamful face
  And touching lips to mine swoon-bounden; then
My soul shall leap and quiver in its place,
  And I shall turn the mightiest of men,
A master there, with Earth and Sky my slave,
Because of that one kiss my mistress gave.

Day's sweetest flower shall witness to me make,
  Night's boldest star send messages of fire,
And all the birds that be, for love's sole sake,
  Shall quicken wing to come at my desire;
While hearts of human-kind hot-beating, cold,
Draw nigh and house with me till days are old.

The morning's challenge in the changeful east—
  A challenge to the heart to live anew—
Shall steal into whatever words the least
  My song shall fashion tenderly and true.
The wonder of the sundown in the west
Shall shine again, and so be twice expressed.

The sweetest sounds of music shall unite
  My dreams to sister-dreams, as rosaries
Of carven beads are set and strung aright
  Upon some silken cord sad nuns to please:
Each lovesome thought shall find a liquid sound,
And Love be doubly Love so set around.

The open fields shall offer honest cheer,
  The woods, wind-shaken, sing a welcome-song,
And every wight who haunts the woodlands dear
  Shall rate me as a mate to shield from wrong.
The sea the secret of his monotone,
An age-old thing, to me will tell alone.

Such powers shall be mine because you came
  And kissed me once; whereat the deepest bliss
That ever mortal knew ran swift aflame
  Straight to my soul, and taught me only this,
To step into the very deep of Love
And make my nest and sing the joy thereof.

Richard E. Burton.

WHY THE BODY SHOULD BE CULTIVATED.

"Elegance of form in the human figure marks some excellence of structure, and any increase of fitness to its end in any fabric or organ is an increase of beauty."—EMERSON.

THE important subject of physical culture is not considered as it ought to be by the majority of men and women, and there is almost absolute ignorance of the make-up of the body on the part of even intelligent people, with little desire for such knowledge, although health, beauty, and success depend largely on the treatment given to the body. Mental acquirements are blindly worshipped, while the essential question of health receives little thought, and hence it is almost impossible to find men in the ordinary walks of active life, at middle age, who do not complain of impaired health and want of vital force.

Without a sound body one cannot have a sound mind, and, unless proper attention is given to the culture of the body, good health cannot be expected. Plato is said to have called a certain man lame because he exercised the mind while the body was allowed to suffer. This is done to an alarming extent nowadays. Brain-workers, as a rule, exercise no part of the body except the head, and consequently suffer from indigestion, palpitation of the heart, insomnia, and other ills, which if neglected generally prove fatal. Brilliant and successful men are constantly obliged to give up work through the growing malady of nervous prostration: the number of those who succumb to it has increased to an alarming extent of late years, and that of suicides hardly less. Few will question that this is owing to overworking the brain and the neglect of body-culture. Vitality becomes impaired and strength consumed by mental demands, which are nowadays raised to a perilous height, and it is only by careful attention to physical development and by judicious bodily exercise that the brain-worker can counteract the mental strain. Women rarely consider the importance of physical culture, yet they need physical training almost more than men do. Thousands of our young women are unfit to become wives or mothers, who might be strong and beautiful if they gave a short time daily to physical development.

Physical training is particularly beneficial to the young of both sexes, and educators are becoming alive to the fact. Many of the leading colleges have included this subject in the curriculum and spent large sums in facilities for the purpose. It is to be hoped that the minor seats of learning will speedily follow the example, and a more general interest be awakened in the importance of physical education for the young. This is a duty which parents should not neglect, for they are as strictly responsible for the bodies of their offspring as they are for their souls.

It is a mistake to think that the gymnasium is a place only for the young. All who lead sedentary lives, even when past middle age, can improve their bodies by gymnastic exercise. Mr. Gladstone by earnest

physical exercise has built up a strong and healthy body, and he is fond of saying that daily exercise keeps him in permanent health and in a condition to resist disease. The use of gymnastics creates conditions which develop the nervous system.

There is no time in a man's life when he can afford to dispense with exercise; unless he faithfully and persistently develops his physical resources, vitality becomes impaired. Exercise does for the body what intellectual training does for the mind; yet most men who lead sedentary lives take little or no exercise, with the result that they overwork the brain, making it incapable of recuperation by nutrition: hence irritability, then insomnia, and often the thinking faculty breaks loose from the control of the will, resulting in insanity and possibly suicide.

Physical exercise aids digestion, improves physique, clears the mind, and gives grace and assurance. Man's destiny as regards the body is to a great extent in his own hands, and he should study the needs of the body if desirous of enjoying life. Unless disease is inherited, every mortal born into the world is physically healthy, and if proper attention be given to physical culture there is every chance of a long life; but if neglected, premature death is generally the result, for when disease attacks the frame there is not sufficient physical strength to resist it. Perfect health can exist only when the muscles are perfectly trained, and habitual exercise favors the elimination of effete matters from the system, food is more easily digested, and nerve-power enhanced.

It is in the power of any one to improve his physical condition, and all who desire symmetry of form, grace of action, and permanent health should give attention to the art of developing the body.

Wilton Tournier.

TWO TURNINGS.

I CAME to a turn in my fate,
And my love stood by:
I went to his side with a heart elate,
And "Little I care," said I,
"Little care I how rough the weather,
While thou and I are safe together!"

I came to a turn in my fate,
But my love was gone:
There came no word through the silent gate,
Though I watched and prayed till dawn;
And "Little care I how fair the weather,
Since love and I are no more together!"

Florence E. Pratt.

A THREE-VOLUME TRACT.

THAT is what it is, and its polemic character was a reason why it found so little favor with publishers and so much with the public. When the "readers" of sundry leading British houses had got through the manuscript of "The Heavenly Twins," they went to their employers one by one and said, "This is a remarkable book, but it will not do, for it attacks British Society." So great firms and small ones with one accord refused to touch it, till one was found at last with independence and acumen enough to bring it out in orthodox British form at a guinea and a half, thereby reaping a golden harvest; for Society likes to know how bad it is, and those not in Society enjoy hearing their betters abused.

There are no such adventitious reasons why the book should call forth joy or rage on this side, for it is not American Society that is attacked, and the only American in it makes but a brief and casual appearance and is treated with much respect. If it came to us in three volumes it would be apt to find few readers, or at any rate few purchasers: as it is, its nearly seven hundred closely-printed pages make a rather heavy demand upon one's time. Is the stir which it is making among us merely the respectful echo of an English sensation, or has it some better *raison d'être?*

One may as well own at the start that the book has marked qualities of its own, and that those who do not read it will have something to regret. It is individual, original, and unconventional in a high degree. It shows keen observation, deep feeling, and, one is tempted to add, sharp experience. The author is not imitating anybody else, nor simply striving to amuse herself and her readers. It is not her main object to say clever things, though she says many, nor to construct a readable story, though she succeeds in that too, after a fashion. She is a woman with a mission and a purpose, and her book is meant as an engine of reform. To regard it as a mere novel is to ignore the part of Hamlet in the play.

In this connection one cannot help thinking of "Robert Elsmere." That memorable book doubtless had its share in producing this one, or at least in making it possible. But "The Heavenly Twins" aims much less at theological than at social reform. Madame Sarah Grand, as she calls herself, takes no pains to define her religious position. She says that her heroine, "like most people in these days, was a good Churchwoman without being *in any sense* a Christian"—a statement so sweeping as to lose all force. In fact, the reader is often deterred from going along with the author as heartily as he otherwise might by fears of similar exaggeration. As is the way of reformers, she lets herself go rather freely, and does not weigh her words too carefully. Good as her work is, you are reminded at almost every point of the familiar criticism, that "it would have been better if she had taken more pains."

Near the end of the volume Dr. Galbraith remarks that if men would worship their wives faithfully, "the strife-begetting uncertainties of heaven and hell would be allowed to lapse in order to make room for healthy human happiness." He goes on to assert that "our hearts have been starved upon fables long enough; we demand some certainty"—and it can be had only about matters of this present life. There is nothing very original or striking in that

position, but it at least saves us from the theological contortions and vicissitudes of Elsmere—which were *not* the strong point of Mrs. Ward's great book, though they had a chief share in drawing attention to it. Mme. Grand is concerned simply to make earth more habitable and life better worth living—especially for women.

In this effort she naturally comes into collision with certain very mundane phenomena, and lays herself open to reprisals from such as object to the uncovering of nakedness which is also unclean. She frankly anticipates the most wholesale criticism: "It was said, among other things, that she evidently could not be moral at heart, whatever her conduct might be, because she made mention of immorality in her book." Her sketch of society at Malta is indeed far from attractive; but one cannot fight the devil with rose-water, nor attack vice without using plain language. She does use plain language, and a good deal of it; but everybody knows that the offences which rouse her wrath are by no means products of her imagination. They have a very real and wide-spread existence; they are shocking to a pure mind, frightful in their occasional consequences, and a festering sore in the body politic. How far or how rapidly they can be removed by exposure is matter of opinion, for men like Colonel Colquhoun and Sir Mosley Menteith are slow to change their spots; but any fool ought to be able to distinguish between a writer who uses these loathsome themes for mere literary effect, and one who hurls a lance at sin from pure love of virtue and humanity, like Dr. Muhlenberg in his famous sermon on the Midnight Mission, or Mme. Grand in her impassioned plea for the emancipation of her sex. She claims not to have startled the proprieties, but only the pruderies: "the proprieties face any necessity for discussion with modest discretion, however painful it may be."

That word "discretion" is used advisedly. We have here no later "Kreutzer Sonata," no needless wallowing in nastiness, no lamentable trembling and tottering of a great mind. Whether or no she makes the very best use of her powers, Mme. Grand has not taken leave of her senses, and her chosen outlook is upward and forward. If she pauses to look down with wrathful abhorrence, it is because crawling and venomous things get in the way and impede her progress. She is in thorough sympathy with Angelica's indignant outburst against "those hateful French people who have no conception of anything unusual in a woman that does not end in gross impropriety of conduct, and fill their books with nothing else." Meaning by "passion" the sexual impulse in its baser forms, she thus analyzes one phase of that unmanageable, reckless, dangerous sub-heroine who after all had no harm in her:

"Her ideal of pleasure was nice in the extreme. Nothing so vulgar and violent as passion entered into it, and nothing so transient, so enervating, corroding, and damaging both to the intellectual powers and the capacity for permanent enjoyment; and nothing so repulsive either in its details, its self-centred egotistical exaltation, and the self-abasement which arrives with that final sense of satiety which she perceived to be inevitable."

In this passage Angelica is merely a mask for the author's own sentiments. Evidently such familiarity with vice as we may learn from the book is not going to lead us to "first endure, then pity, then embrace" it. Quite the contrary. The reader is prepared to condone if not approve the most violent of Angelica's outbreaks, when she calls Sir Mosley Menteith the "father of a speckled toad," throws the bishop's great Bible at him, and breaks his nose.

The argument, which is spun out almost to weariness in the lengthened history of the heroine, finds a sharp point midway in the tragedy of poor Edith, the bishop's daughter. On her death-bed she calls her father, her husband, and the innocent and estimable Dr. Galbraith, and says, "That is why I sent for you all, you who represent the arrangement of society which has made it possible for me and my child to be sacrificed in this way." Then she turns on the sinner: "Go! go! Father, turn him out of the house. Don't let me ever see that dreadful man again!" A day or two before she had stumbled on one of his cast-off mistresses with a rickety baby, the namesake and pattern of her own.

The author takes up and sharpens the familiar arraignment of Society's paganism in smiling on wealthy and well-mannered libertines. Her contention is one to which decent people will find it hard to object: parents ought to inquire more carefully into the private characters of men to whom they give their daughters. If the roué found that his career barred the doors of pure girls and honorable marriage against him, he would gain a motive for self-restraint, which is lacking so long as nobody cares for his private sins and inward vileness.

This plea is neither disguised nor stated with tiresome iteration, but enforced by the experience of the heroine, Evadne, a most uncommon and superior person. She too is unequally yoked with an unbeliever. She effects a compromise, and endures for years the society of one whom she despises,—endures it with such graceful patience and apparent content that you rather wonder what she is at; but in the latter part of the book you learn that she has really been foiled, starved, thwarted, nullified, and thrown in upon herself, with such disastrous consequences that a germ of murderous mania lingers long after the death of her tormentor and her second and happy marriage. This alone might make a dull story, however valuable the moral; but it is diversified by a mass of extraneous and often more cheerful matter,—chiefly the performances of the Twins, who are anything but heavenly, and whose connection with Evadne is of the slightest. They are wonderful creations—for one cannot suppose them to be more than "founded upon fact."

The book, as I have hinted, is less a novel than a tract, but it is quite correct in these days to cover the pill of one's contention with the sugar-coating of fiction. Mme. Grand is not a stylist, but her cleverness often rises to brilliancy, and she says many notable and memorable things. "He is a kind of prophet, I imagine, to whom the Lord doesn't speak"—this is Diavolo's verdict on his grandfather the old duke, and it hits off personages not a few. "Slang expressions are the scum of language"—that is, some samples of British slang. "Nobody ever complains of the head when the heart is full." "Society demands your heart, having none of its own." A wife like Evadne, who gives her husband no small causes of complaint, "robs him of all his most cherished illusions; she shakes his confidence in his own infallible strength, discernment, knowledge, and superiority generally; she outrages his prejudices on the subject of what a woman ought to be, and leaves him nothing with which to compare himself to his own advantage."

Our author is no lover of the British army. The Colonel, Evadne's husband, "was a survival, one of the old-fashioned kind of military men who were all formed on the same plan; they got their uniform, their politics, their vices, and their code of honor, cut and dried, upon entering the service." Elsewhere we are assured that "while in barracks he was in the habit of swearing with the same ease and as unaffectedly as he made the responses in church. He

probably did it from a sense of duty, because he had been brought up in that school of colonel."

It is easy to ridicule any who would make things better than they are, and the *Oxford Magazine* has a skit on Mme. Grand as a she-prophet who

> Has come to believe in the mission
> Of woman to civilize man,
> To teach him to know his position,
> And to estimate hers if he can.

It is equally easy, in this case, to show that the reformer, while diligently sharpening a very large axe to a very fine point, is neither wilfully unjust nor narrowly prejudiced. She is not in love with the institution of marriage, but she provides her afflicted heroine with an ideal union at last. She cares more for her own sex than for the other, yet the sufficiently distinct Dr. Galbraith and the somewhat nebulous Lord Dawne are men whom any woman may respect and trust as well as like. She has broken with the creeds, yet her most exquisite delineation is that of a lonely scholar whose simple and unquestioning faith supports him under crushing sorrows. Nothing in recent literature is at once more startling and more high-minded than the episode of "The Tenor and the Boy," which occupies one-sixth of the book. The singer is a unique and solitary figure, at once commanding and pathetic. His unworldly purity, his manly patience, his tender sadness, his heroic reticence and poverty, his quixotic unselfishness, combine to cast an aureole around his living head, and make his early grave a place for pilgrimage. As intensely human as any of the rest, he is the saint of the story, and he neither lived nor died in vain.

The book has as many faults as you please,—but we remember the Preface to the Vicar of Wakefield. Call it rambling, ill-constructed, and what not; still it is full of life, and that not merely of the day nor for a day. It is a book to read and ponder, and not to cast aside, but to put on the shelf with Middlemarch and Elsmere and David Grieve, and perhaps to return to when many other books shall be forgotten.

Frederic M. Bird.

MEN OF THE DAY.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL OLNEY is a sturdily-built, short-necked, beetle-browed man, of middling height, with a broad, high forehead, a square-jawed, forceful face adorned by a drooping iron-gray moustache, and is dignified rather than suave of manner. He is eight-and-fifty, and comes of a "fighting" Baptist family. He is not and never pretended to be an orator, but he speaks with great force and deliberation, and as a lawyer ranks with the best at the Boston bar. He is particularly strong in corporation law, and has pocketed many fat fees in his time for legal services rendered to railroad companies. It is said that when appointed Attorney-General his practice was quite worth fifty thousand dollars a year. It will be seen, therefore, that he did not enter the cabinet without making a considerable pecuniary sacrifice. Socially he is a most charming companion. He devoutly believes in the truth of Carlyle's favorite proposition that "silence is golden." He is a somewhat taciturn, quiet-going man, of studious tendencies, and has always eschewed publicity. He enjoys the distinction of having twice refused a seat on the Supreme Court Bench of his native Bay State.

M. Crofton.

Books of the Month.

CHOSEN FOR THE CHRISTMAS SEASON.

Tales from Shakspeare. Including those by Charles and Mary Lamb. With a Continuation by Harrison S. Morris. Four Volumes.

The *Tales from Shakspeare* of Charles and Mary Lamb have instructed and delighted three generations of men. They were written as a needful task by the brother and sister so well beloved, and were issued from Mr. Godwin's Juvenile Library in 1807, in company with an abundance of other books for the young which are now lost in the deep sea of forgotten things. But there was a living charm, a universal and vital art in the work of the kindly brother and sister which partook of their own sympathetic hearts. What was so simply and genuinely done was a precious gift to English literature, and hence the masterly little tales have not been permitted to die. Indeed, there are few books which have passed into so many editions as these during the eighty-six years of their existence; and this makes it all the more surprising that some clever author has not long ago completed the list of prose versions of Shakspeare's dramas by turning the sixteen omitted by the Lambs into similar tales.

But the pleasant task has been reserved for Mr. Harrison S. Morris, who last year performed the same service for the Victorian poets, and he has provided in this for the first time completed *Tales from Shakspeare* a set of four delightful volumes which will be desired by all the old lovers of the stories, because of the new tales added in the last two volumes; by those who have never won the acquaintance of the Lambs, because of the originals included in the first two volumes; and by all beginners in English literature, because Shakspeare in his entirety may now be had in this engaging prose style. Mr. Morris has apparently striven to keep his versions as much in harmony with the old-fashioned vein of Elia and his sister as was consistent with his varying cast of thought and his ability to follow in footsteps which have trodden away through the past decades into the domain of the classics. It is plain that he has also endeavored, like the Lambs, to preserve the tone and turn of Shakspeare's sentences and to give the reader, whether young or old,—for both alike are devoted lovers of these ever-fresh tales,—the genuine ring of the immortal lines. In no case does he seem to have taken any liberties with the sacred text; but occasionally, like his famous predecessors, he has indulged in some pertinent reflection suggested by the passage in hand: drawing a conclusion or pointing a moral—if not adorning a tale—where such a thought might not be evident to those unacquainted with the scope of the play under treatment.

It is due, however, to this adventurer in a difficult field that he should receive credit for the greater obstacles which he has struggled with. Charles and Mary Lamb chose the twenty plays of Shakspeare which, with their deep knowledge of the Master's work, they conceived to be best fitted for their purpose. They thus left untreated sixteen plays which lent themselves with less grace and ease to rendition into prose. It is these sixteen plays—namely, Love's Labor's Lost, Merry Wives of Windsor, Troilus and Cressida, King John,

King Richard II., King Henry IV., Parts I. and II., King Henry V., King Henry VI., Parts I., II., and III., King Richard III., King Henry VIII., Coriolanus, Julius Cæsar, and Antony and Cleopatra—which have passed through Mr. Morris's prose alembic, and that he has made of them presentable versions at all worthy to take their place beside the famous originals is a matter of congratulation to the hosts of readers who will rejoice in the completion of the prose Shakspeare.

The four handy and handsome little volumes are daintily printed, attractively bound, and illustrated by masters of black-and-white whose conceptions of Shakspeare's characters are a delight to both eye and mind. Besides the regular edition, the seeker for artistic Christmas books may secure an *édition de luxe*, with added steel plates, large paper, and a unique binding of gold and buckram which render the outer volume as precious as the inner text.

Barabbas. A Dream of the World's Tragedy. By Marie Corelli.

It would be hard to put one's finger on just the element which makes an appeal to the universal heart in such books as *Ben Hur* and *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. That there is a chord in them vibrating deep into human nature no one can deny; but if *Barabbas*, the latest novel of Marie Corelli, issued this month by the J. B. Lippincott Company, does not possess this same magic charm, then all critical insight fails.

Barabbas is the story of the Divine Passion. It starts from the hideous den where Hanan and Barabbas are imprisoned, follows Barabbas to the Justice Chamber where Jesus stands confronting his accusers, narrates how Barabbas, the thief and murderer, is released and Jesus condemned, and follows the footsteps of the Saviour up the hill of Calvary to the cross. There the awful tragedy is enacted, darkness descends, and the multitude is stilled with terror. Barabbas has found the protecting guidance of Melchior, one of the kings who came to worship the Young Babe, and in his mystical company watches, with a smitten heart, the sacrifice of the noble Nazarene. He is in love with the sister of Judas Iscariot, Judith, a beautiful woman who is unlawfully wooed by Caiaphas the high priest, and who in the realistic version of the novelist is charged with being *particeps criminis* in the treachery of Judas and with instigating the death of Jesus.

The whole Divine Event, with all its consequences and surrounding episodes, is wrought into a story which is at once reverential and picturesque. The Bible narrative is in no wise distorted, but many figures, mythical or legendary, are brought within its scope, and the slender chain of facts, told with the old, simple eloquence, is stretched to a volume of many pages, no one of which lacks color, action, human insight, and imagination. In short, the tale is to fiction what the miracle-play at Oberammergau is to the drama: a heightening and realizing of a story which the sacred text leaves in a halo of mystery. *A Dream of the World's Tragedy* is the sub-title; but the dream is as vivid as life itself. The heat of the Syrian day; the staring colors of the crowd; the look and gesture of dark-skinned Jews; Melchior with his "long, oval face and straight, black brows;" the dead, in Justitia's dream, "white as parchment or bleached bone,"—all these and their surroundings are tangible facts created by the skill of an able writer who, seeing intensely, portrays with vivid strokes. The book will make a wide appeal, and at this Christmas season comes forth with an especial fitness.

History of the Consulate and Empire of France under Napoleon. By Louis Adolphe Thiers. Translated by D. Forbes Campbell and John Stebbing. Illustrated. Vols. I. and II.

There is a magic in the name of Napoleon which is forever alluring. Anecdote, fiction, history,—all have taken on an intensified glow from that dramatic career, and the jaded reader is sure of self-forgetfulness and passionate interest no matter how often the tale is told. Of the narratives most minute in delineation, most heedful of the power, majesty, and tragic sweep of the great emperor's life, Thiers's is perhaps the foremost. It was written by a master of historic statement and literary form in the generation succeeding Napoleon I., and while it is sufficiently faithful to facts to be true, it is infused enough with loyal admiration to be inspiring.

"Here," says the historian, "we have a remarkable young man who, after ten years of horrible anarchy, comes before his contemporaries covered with glory. Trampling every law under his feet, he reaches to supreme power. By his wisdom, his prudence, his good deeds, the wonders he accomplishes, he becomes the idol of his country and the admiration of the world. But soon the intoxication of success mounts to his head; he attacks Europe, overwhelms, subdues, oppresses, revolts it, draws it down upon himself, and falls, surrounded by glory unparalleled, into an abyss into which France is dragged with him. How," asks M. Thiers, "judge of such a stupendous career?" And with all his great equipment of scholarship, of knowledge of affairs, of access to the archives of the state, and of human experience, he proceeds to answer the question in the twelve volumes of his master-work of history.

This great book, never without demand, has of late been obtainable only in the older English editions; and, with their wise policy of supplying each year some standard work, the Messrs. Lippincott, in conjunction with an English publisher, have undertaken its reproduction with new type and the thirty-six valuable steel plates from portraits, by Isabey, Lawrence, Sandoz, and other artists, which appeared in the original French edition. The translation is the one sanctioned and approved by M. Thiers, and made by D. Forbes Campbell and John Stebbing, and the volumes, twelve in number, will appear monthly, the first two having been issued in September and October.

In external dignity the tall, well-printed, and stately octavos of blue and gold do credit to the precious contents they enclose.

Historical Tales. The Romance of Reality. By Charles Morris. Four Volumes.

The stories of the Bible, of history, or even of fiction which remain longest in the mind of the reader in his teens are those which tell of war or of adventure. A good, round, savage fight is what a boy or girl loves best of all, but next after this are mystery and fairy-land. Put Macaulay, or Green, or Gibbon, into young hands, and you will find the pages turned down where the blows are deadliest or where the feats of strength in the greenwood are most lusty.

Much has been done in our own day to appeal to these native instincts of childhood. It has come to be believed that what springs up naturally in the breast of youth must be good and wholesome. The old histories, heavy to handle, heavier to read, have been thumbed into shreds, and now comes forward a newer and better sort of history, leaving out tiresome details and serving up to the keen young palates just the spice of war and romance which most of all they like.

Such an historic library is formed by these four attractive volumes, prepared by Mr. Charles Morris for the Lippincotts. They are well called *Historical Tales*, and are admirably described in the sub-title, *The Romance of Reality*. Each volume is devoted to a different land, namely, America, England, France, and Germany, and within the compass of a few pages, easily read at a sitting, the author briefly but pointedly recites some stirring event in the annals of the respective nations. Under the first heading we have twenty-five episodes of our own history, ranging from Vineland and the Vikings, through Washington's Journey to the French Forts and Paul Revere's Ride, to How the Electric Telegraph was Invented and The Sinking of the Albemarle. In the English volume there are twenty-seven episodes, including King Alfred and the Danes, Robin Hood and the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, Wallace and Bruce, The Black Prince at Poitiers, Cromwell and the Parliament, and Trafalgar and the Death of Lord Nelson. French history yields thirty-one stirring tales, among which are those of Roland at Roncesvalles, Bertrand du Guesclin, Joan of Arc, Bayard the Good Knight, The Man with the Iron Mask, The Fall of the Bastille, The End of the Terror, and Napoleon's Return from Elba. And in the volume devoted to Germany there are thirty-two stories, such as The Raids of the Sea-Rovers, The Black Death and the Flagellants, Sempach and Arnold Winkelried, The Fortunes of Wallenstein, The Youth of Frederick the Great, and the Patriots of the Tyrol.

This hasty summary of the abundantly rich contents of *Historical Tales* will serve to show with what discriminating judgment and sympathy for youthful tastes they have been chosen; and when are added to this the handsome binding, and the numerous half-tone plates, selected with wise care as aids as well as embellishments to the text, the buyer of holiday gifts for the youngsters will be unerringly led to these volumes.

Seven Christmas Eves. By Seven Authors.

The hearty spirit of the good old English Christmas season has seemed to pass into shadow with its one great celebrant, the author of *The Chimes*. His gayety and endless love of the homely traits of mankind kept the yule-log burning while he lived; but the hearth has been cold for a generation now, and we need new buoyance and good will to men to blow it into flame. This, in some measure, is provided in *Seven Christmas Eves*, just from the Lippincott press, in which seven notable writers of fiction contribute each a share to the story of little Nick and Nan, waifs in the London streets, who come to be lovers, then man and wife, and finally reach the sum of happiness which their goodness deserves. The authors and their respective tales are as follows: The Testimony of Mrs. Mary Cheevers regarding them Two, by Clo Graves; The Opinion of David Dix, Night-Watchman, about that Boy and Girl, by B. L. Farjeon; Stray Recollections of Charles Challice, Policeman 999 X, respecting that Young Man and that Young Woman, by Florence Marryat; Statement of Arthur Rowan, Warder on Board the Convict Ship Irons, concerning a Prisoner who Quelled a Mutiny and was afterwards Released, by George Manville Fenn; Some Evidence of Alfred Curran, Newspaper Reporter, concerning a Pair of True Lovers, by Mrs. Campbell Praed; Remarks of Charles Turrill, Esq., M.P., relative to an Episode in the House, by Justin Huntley McCarthy; and A Good-Night Chapter, containing a Bundle of Old Memories by a Lonely Clergyman, by Clement Scott.

It will be noticed at once by faithful readers of Dickens that this is the plan so often employed by him in his Christmas numbers of *Household Words.* Any good device that would admit of a series of tales, all in tone and told by various hands, would serve his purpose; and these excellent writers, his successors in the cheerful field, have invented a plan of collaboration that would have won his frank approval.

The illustrations fall in excellently with the text and give a genuine holiday atmosphere to the pages in which they are inserted.

A Third Person. By B. M. Croker.

A smart and racy story is *A Third Person*, just issued in the Lippincott *Series of Select Novels.* It possesses all the vivacity and humor so characteristic of its author, Mrs. B. M. Croker, and it offers the further excellence of strikingly funny situations. New to fiction is the elderly stamp-collector; and, if not new, here served up quite fresh, the parrot of domestic revelation. Caught between these horns of a dilemma, young Captain Hope makes love to the philatelist's grand-daughter for a time despairingly, and at last, after vain longing, successfully. He is a manly chap, with an aunt who lives at Morpingham and whose reputation among her neighbors is not one of fixed respect. She has a good heart, however, and her sins against convention are venial ones. It is her execrable handwriting, which makes no distinction between 3's and 5's, that reveals to the captain when he comes to visit her the good-looking girl next door. Indeed, the tale is one of clever devices and fortunate hits in plot and character, and it is as refreshing as the bright wit of a clever woman.

NEW ILLUSTRATED EDITIONS.

Illustrated Editions of Miscellanies and Charles the Fifth. By W. H. Prescott.

Following their commendable practice of bringing illustration to the aid of history, which has done so much to renew the interest in standard works like Strickland's *Queens of England* and Prescott's *Mexico*, *Peru*, *Ferdinand and Isabella*, and *Philip II.*, the Messrs. Lippincott now issue in a sumptuous dress the *Miscellanies* and the *Charles the Fifth* of Prescott, with autotype illustrations which are not only a delight to the eye but of vast use to the reader in understanding the stately text.

It is an additional source of pleasure in reading the great historian's biographies or criticisms of literary celebrities to find excellent portraits confronting the letter-press. One receives a new impression of the man in seeing his countenance; and this is so even when the faces are more familiar, as in the instances of Irving, Sir Walter Scott, Chateaubriand, Bancroft, Molière, and all the rest of the famous subjects of Prescott's able *Miscellanies.*

Even more essential is the adequate illustration of works of history with cities, edifices, and men; for as one reads but ill without a map, so one misses the heart of the scene without pictures. The care and artistic taste, therefore, which have been expended upon this new *édition de luxe* of *Charles the Fifth* will be valued by old and new readers alike; and it is within bounds to say that a more appreciable gift among books it would not be possible to secure than the handsome set of thirteen volumes which is completed by the issue of the *Miscellanies* and the *Charles the Fifth.*

Through Colonial Doorways. By Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. Edition de Luxe. Illustrated.

The cry back to the tastes of our noble forefathers was emphasized in the spring by the sudden popularity of Miss Anne Wharton's volume, *Through Colonial Doorways*. The demand has been incessant, we are told, for this book so diverting in contents and so charming in appearance; and now, in company with the issue of a new edition of the original work, comes the announcement of a limited *édition de luxe*. One would have thought that the art of book-making "could no further go," but the Messrs. Lippincott, aided by the author, have in this elegant object of art certainly outdone themselves. The paper, the binding, and the wealth of illustrations produce a result so like, and yet so much more luxurious than, the first version, that even possessors of the one will crave the other. The pictures consist of etchings and albertypes of rare old family portraits, some of which have never before been permitted to see the light, and of the stately homes of families whose names are known the country through. Miss Wharton has been allowed to use these as a matter of personal favor, and their value will be properly esteemed by those who are aware of the reserve that hedges round such patrician homesteads.

Queechy. By Elizabeth Wetherell. New Edition, with Thirty Illustrations by Frederick Dielman.

It will be good news to the multitudes of boys and girls who are now men and women that the old favorite of their childhood, *Queechy*, has at last found an appropriate illustrator. Every man and woman of them will want to taste over again, through the pleasure of their children, the affectionate delight aroused by the tale of little Fleda and her grandfather. How true it all was, how pathetic, how pretty!—and now, with the thirty pictures done in touching simplicity by Mr. Frederick Dielman, the sweet old tale takes on an added charm, and will appeal to the new, as it did to the old generation, with a spell born of kindly humor and candid goodness.

Among all the host of artists in black-and-white who have given America pre-eminence in this form of illustration, no one could possibly be chosen who, from knowledge of child-life and of old-time manners, is so fitted to make pictures for *Queechy* as Mr. Dielman. Besides the pictures the Lippincott Company has provided new plates and an attractive cover to adapt the book to the taste of holiday buyers and readers.

New Illustrated Editions of Strickland's Queens of England, In the Yule-Log Glow, Tales from Ten Poets, King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, Half-Hour Series, and Tales from the Dramatists.

The successes of the past two years in holiday books for old and young, light and serious, have borne their fruits in some new editions of these handsome and popular volumes. The J. B. Lippincott Company has taken much pains to refresh them with new pictures and other novel features, and what has never grown old is now doubly new.

Of that standard work of history, Strickland's *Lives of the Queens of England*, in eight volumes, its publishers have issued a New Cabinet Edition, at a lesser price than last year's elaborate set, but essentially the same in internal form.

Mr. Harrison S. Morris's production of last year, *Tales from Ten Poets*, giving clear and brief prose versions of the best narrative poems of the Victorian period, from Browning to Buchanan; and of year before last, *In the Yule-Log Glow*,

Christmas tales and poems illustrating the holy season all round the world, are brought forth in new editions, the former with no essential change, the latter with delicately-beautiful pictures.

The *King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table*, and the *Half-Hour Series*, by Mr. Charles Morris, both appear anew and with added illustrations. In the latter series are the sets of *Half-Hours with the Best Foreign Authors*, four volumes, *The Best Humorous Authors*, four volumes, and *The Best American Authors*, four volumes, and *Half-Hours with American History*, two volumes. Great care has been bestowed upon the illustration of these new editions by Mr. Charles Morris, and the excellent half-tone prints he has introduced render the volumes, always useful to students and agreeable to general readers, more useful and agreeable than ever. This author's *Tales from the Dramatists* are served up in a new edition similar to last year's issue. They comprise four pretty volumes, with likenesses of many of the brightest stars in the galaxy of the British Drama.

JUVENILES.

A Dog of Flanders, and Other Stories. By Ouida. Illustrated by Edmund H. Garrett.

As if they were told by a low, sweet woman's voice in the twilight of a winter's log fire, these tales by Ouida penetrate into the mind and heart. Picture, sentiment, music of phrase, and insinuated moral, all make up a fair harmony which one who hears never forgets, for when a child reads or listens to such loving and lovely tales by the household fire there is a goodness that goes with them into his being which cannot be cast out.

Ouida, dispute as we will over her novels, is a mistress of the art of story-telling for children, and they respond to her caressing speech with instinctive liking. Put this volume into the hands of a boy or girl as a holiday gift, and there is not only pleasure for the eye from its outward beauty, but there is absorption for the senses in its magic text. The tales are A Dog of Flanders, A Provence Rose, A Leaf in the Storm, and A Branch of Lilac, names which in themselves bear the haunting charm of the stories they designate.

The illustrations are by the sympathetic pen of Mr. Edmund H. Garrett. They occupy a full page each, and are quite in keeping with the simplicity of these tender little histories of the youth of other lands.

The Chronicles of Fairy-Land. By Fergus Hume. Illustrated by M. Dunlop.

Nursery tales have become so grown-up under the stress of ethics which the last generation has suffered that it is a wholesome change to have these *Chronicles of Fairy-Land* (Lippincott), for old and young, which Mr. Fergus Hume's delicate fancy and pleasant humor have provided. The Red Elf and his fellows of the moonlight-land to which we are taken are real, true elfins, without a thought of an object-lesson saving that what happens is the natural result of being good or being bad. It is all so picturesque, so deftly turned, and so easily written that, with the pretty pictures and musical verses, there could not be found a truer chronicle of King Oberon's realm. In size, shape, appearance, and contents this is a book that will win the affection of every youngster who finds it in his stocking on Christmas morning.

Twenty Little Maidens. By Amy E. Blanchard. Illustrated by Ida Waugh.

For little tots who like to be read to, then to look at the pictures, nothing happier could be conceived than this nice, broad, brown-covered book, with two of the little maidens dancing the rope on the cover, and a quantity of full-page pictures of small people just like themselves inside. It is called *Twenty Little Maidens*, and was written by a lover of children, Miss Amy E. Blanchard, and illustrated by their portrait-painter in chief, Miss Ida Waugh, and is published by the J. B. Lippincott Company. The twenty very young ladies whose stories are told are Elsie, Rhoda, Agnes, Dorothy, Millicent, Lois, Janet, Olney, Bertha, Margery, and a half-score more with names equally pretty and histories quite as happy.

He "You have n't enough baking powder look at mine"
She "Yes I have, for mine is the Royal"

BIRCH

THE AWFUL LONELINESS OF THE PLAINS.—Mid-ocean is not more lonesome than the plains, nor night so gloomy as that dumb sunlight. It is barren of sound. The brown grass is knee-deep; and even that trifle gives a shock, in this hoof-obliterated land. The bands of antelope that drift, like cloud-shadows, across the dun landscape suggest less of life than of the supernatural. The spell of the plains is a wondrous thing. At first it fascinates. Then it bewilders. At last it crushes. It is sure as the grave,—and worse. It is intangible, but resistless; stronger than hope, reason, will,—stronger than humanity. When one cannot otherwise escape the plains, one takes refuge in madness. —C. F. LUMMIS, in *Scribner's Magazine.*

STRANGE WAYWARDNESS.—Dante Gabriel Rossetti, painter and poet, had impulsive and hot-headed ways, which might have caused his detractors to consider him a spoiled child. One day, when he was sitting upon the ground, leaning on his easel, it came down with a picture which had given him a great deal of trouble, and the china palette, breaking, cut his hands.

"This has ended it all!" he cried. "I shall have lockjaw; and a very good thing, too! I've had enough of this work!"

"Nonsense, Gabriel!" said Harry Quilter, who tells the story in his "Preferences." "People don't have lockjaw simply because they cut their thumbs!"

"If people cut their thumbs they always have lockjaw," he returned. "Well, I'm glad I shall never touch this picture again!" And he never did touch it.

He was both romantic and shrewd, and among Yankee speculators there are few keener men of business than was this child-like genius. Yet he treated the purchasers of his pictures with scant courtesy. George Rae, a banker and a fine judge of art, had bought several of them, but he objected to the price Rossetti had set on "The Bride." A few days after he returned, and Rossetti greeted him sarcastically.

"What do you want for your picture?" asked Rae.

"Three hundred guineas."

"Why, you offered it to me for two hundred and fifty!"

"I really don't remember," was the lordly reply; "perhaps I did. But why didn't you take it? Well, you may have it for three hundred *pounds.* If the odd shillings are of any use to you, Rae, you're welcome to them!"

It was sometimes a wonder to those who knew Rossetti casually that his friends bore so patiently with his moods and impulses, but it was nevertheless true that he was deeply beloved, and that his faults were universally tolerated. —*Youth's Companion.*

A WISE PRECAUTION.—Once when a certain legislature of the great State of Ohio had before it the consideration of a question relative to the penitentiary, it was decided that the body should visit the prison. Just what legislature it was need not here be stated, but its reputation had gone before it everywhere. It happened when the law-makers paid their visit the prisoners were all in their cells, but they knew of the distinguished persons who were coming. The great door opened to admit the gentlemen, and as the last one stepped inside and the doors clanged shut, a prisoner yelled so everybody could hear, "Hands on your pocket-books, boys. Here comes the legislature."—*Detroit Free Press.*

NOVEMBER

Is a month of variable weather, often ranging, in the course of a few hours, from genial warmth to bitter cold. It is, therefore, a season especially prolific in throat and lung complaints. Children and old people are the greatest sufferers. The attacks are usually swift and frequently fatal; hence the need of being constantly prepared for such visitations. With **Ayer's** Cherry Pectoral at hand, you are comparatively safe. It is always ready, always agreeable, and always effective. Half a century's experience has proved that, for colds, coughs, croup, bronchitis, hoarseness, and sore throat, the best medicine in the world is

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Prompt to Act, Sure to Cure

PURE BLOOD is essential to perfect health. This is a self-evident and well-known fact. It is also well-known that the best method of purifying the blood, is to take **Ayer's** Sarsaparilla. Thousands of persons, who have suffered with diseases originating in impure blood and have been cured by the use of this medicine, testify to this. It expels from the human system the poisons which lurk in cells, tissues, and veins, and drives each element of disease out of the body.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Has cured others, will cure you

CHINESE POPULAR LITERATURE AT THE FAIR.—The peculiar notions entertained by the Chinese about gods, ghosts, and genii are well exemplified in their popular literature, of which a special collection, covering a large variety of subjects and embracing examples of most of the books sold in their shops here, is exhibited.

About all of the immigrants are able to read and write a little. Novels are their favorite literature, and their heroes and heroines are well-known personages indeed. It is their images that are sold in the shops. Among them are the Eight Genii, the warlike heroine Muk Kwai Ying and her husband, Ylung Tung Po, and Kwanyin, the goddess of Mercy. They and their emblems form the decorations of much of the Chinese porcelain. They lived, when on earth, among the hills and grottos of Southern China, and their legends cluster thick around the old homes of these people. The story-books, with their constant repetitions and innumerable episodes, prove tiresome to the Western mind, but what rich treasures they contain of lore that delights the student of manners and antique customs! This literature has a practical side as well.

Apart from the romances and astrologies, the song-books and treatises on fortune-telling and geomancy, there are simple arithmetics, for the abacus, compendiums of history, herbals, and medical hand-books. The almanac is sold with each recurring new year, and comes with predictions of the good and bad fortune attending various enterprises for each day in the year. What a storehouse of folk-lore this thick octavo volume, with its party-colored imprint in red, black, green, and yellow, and its curious pictures of the sage Confucius, Cheung T'in Sz, the Secretary of Heaven, forms for those who can read its well-ordered pages! They are not deficient in the soundest moral teachings. The Chinese copy-books, like those of our own schools, are set with golden precepts, and the influence of literature, apart from the novels, many of which are condemned, is exerted for what is deemed best, if not for the individual, surely for the general welfare of the nation.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE MISUSE OF SOME ADJECTIVES.—The word "nice" is frequently misused and taken from its significance of neat, delicate, dainty, to stand for agreeable, charming, or virtuous. Thus, a girl was talking to another of that decidedly objectionable member of society, a burglar, and, alluding to one in particular, a man undergoing a sentence of imprisonment, said, with emphasis, "I don't think he was a nice young man." A "nice" girl, by the way, often does duty in describing a young woman who, whatever else she may be, is more than nice if she is gentle, good, winsome, and well bred, and whose niceness ought to be taken for granted.

"Lovely" in the same way is applied equally to a favorite pudding or a beloved relative. "First-rate" serves as a qualifying adjective when scenery, fine clothes, a pleasant time, or—oh, worst and saddest of misnomers!—the "natural" appearance of a corpse are the topics which the speaker has in mind. —*Harper's Bazar.*

WISDOM NOT LEARNED AT COLLEGE.—The diploma amounts to very little after the presentation speech. It can't earn a living for the graduate, and no pawnbroker would be rash enough to advance anything on it. The relative consequence of the diploma and its recipient is generally misunderstood.—*Florida Times-Union.*

"A HANDFUL OF DIRT MAY BE A HOUSE-FUL OF SHAME." CLEAN HOUSE WITH

SAPOLIO

GROCERS OFTEN SUBSTITUTE CHEAPER GOODS FOR SAPOLIO TO MAKE A BETTER PROFIT. SEND BACK SUCH ARTICLES AND INSIST ON HAVING JUST WHAT YOU ORDERED

CAN PLANTS SEE?—Darwin gave it as his opinion that some of them can, and an Indian botanist relates some curious incidents which tend to verify the belief. Observing one morning that the tendrils of a convolvulus on his veranda had decidedly leaned over toward his leg as he lay in an attitude of repose, he tried a series of experiments with a long pole, placing it in such a position that the leaves would have to turn away from the light in order to reach it. In every case he found that the tendrils set themselves visibly toward the pole, and in a few hours had twined themselves closely around it.—*London Public Opinion.*

SUCH IS FAME.—Affable Stranger.—"I can't help thinking I have seen your picture somewhere in the newspapers."

Hon. Mr. Greatman.—"Oh, no doubt, no doubt. It's often been published."

Stranger.—"Then I was not mistaken. What were you cured of?"—*New York Weekly.*

A STORY OF THE SEA.—Mr. Snow in his reminiscences, which he unfortunately never finished, tells in connection with his sufferings a gruesome tale of a sea-monster, who flogged his apprentice so savagely about the head and face with a knotted cord that the poor lad sprang overboard and was drowned. When the ship arrived at Liverpool, the widowed mother of the lad was at the dock waiting to welcome her only son. The captain reported he had fallen overboard off the Bahamas and was drowned. "Drowned!" cried a terrible voice proceeding none knew from where or whom. "Murdered! The skipper flogged him mad. He jumped overboard out of his pain." The mother shrieked and fell senseless on the pier. When she recovered consciousness, she knelt down in the presence of the crew and solemnly prayed God to send his murderer to the same fate that he doomed her boy.

Next voyage, so the story goes, as the ship was passing the Bahamas the captain was looking over the lee quarter at some sharks which were playing near where the boy had been drowned, when suddenly the dead boy's voice called him from the deep, the ship gave a sudden lurch, and the captain fell headlong into the sea. Before those on board quite realized what had happened, there was a swift rush of sharks to the spot, and all that was ever seen of the demon captain was a crimson spot on the waves. Mr. Snow tells the tale as it was told to him, but he adds that since he began to keep regular journals he has met with too many extraordinary coincidences in his own life for him to have antecedent scepticism as to the possibility of such a story being strictly true.—*Review of Reviews.*

HIS HERO.—Eager Man (craning his head and neck forward).—"Can you see him?"

Man in Front.—"Yes. He's near the chairman's stand."

"He's about the biggest man in the whole business, isn't he?"

"Yes. He has presided over a great many of these General Assemblies, is the author of several volumes of sermons, is one of the best theologians in the church, and is an acknowledged authority in all branches of ecclesiastical polemics. He's about to call the Assembly to order. Do you see the commanding way in which he——"

"No! No! He isn't the man I mean, at all. I don't know who he is, and I don't care anything about him. The man I want to see is the one they're going to try for heresy."—*Chicago Tribune.*

USE POND'S EXTRACT

FOR
PILES
BURNS
SORE
EYES
WOUNDS
SORES
Headache
AND
ALL
PAIN

Have the early frosts or too late a lingering by the garden gate again aroused that **RHEUMATISM** so peacefully slumbering the summer long? Well, if it's very bad you must change your diet and perhaps take some distasteful drug —the doctor will tell you what—but first rub thoroughly the part afflicted with POND'S EXTRACT, then wrap it warmly with flannel, and the rheumatism may wholly disappear. It will certainly be much relieved. Now that you have the POND S EXTRACT try it for any of the many things its buff wrapper mentions. It's a wonderful curative. But don't accept substitutes.

POND'S EXTRACT CO., 76 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

FOR
COLDS
CUTS
BRUISES
SPRAINS
SORE
THROAT
Catarrh
AND
AFTER
SHAVING

QUINA-LAROCHE

LAROCHE'S INVIGORATING TONIC.

GRAND NATIONAL PRIZE OF 16,600 FRANCS.

CONTAINING

Peruvian Bark, Iron
AND
Pure Catalan Wine.

An experience of 25 years in experimental analysis, together with the valuable aid extended by the Academy of Medicine in Paris, has enabled M. Laroche to extract the entire active properties of Peruvian Bark(a result not before attained), and to concentrate them in an elixir, which possessed in the highest degree its restorative and invigorating qualities, free from the disagreeable bitterness of ordinary preparations.

This invigorating tonic is powerful in its effect, is easily administered, assimilates thoroughly and quickly with the gastric juices, without deranging the action of the stomach.

Iron and Cinchona are the most powerful weapons employed in the art of curing; Iron is the principle of our blood, and forms its force and richness. Cinchona affords life to the organs and activity to their functions.

Endorsed by the Medical Faculty of Paris, and used with entire success for the cure of

MALARIA,
INDIGESTION,
FEVER and AGUE.
NEURALGIA,
LOSS of APPETITE,
POORNESS of BLOOD,
WASTING DISEASES,
and
RETARDED
CONVALESCENCE.

E. FOUGERA & CO., Agents, No. 30 North William street, New York. 22 rue Drouot, Paris.

AN OLD PACIFIC COAST ENGINE.—Perhaps few of the people know that a very antique engine is lying useless behind the station at Long Beach, Los Angeles County. This engine was used in the early part of the last decade, and when the fireman wanted to put in any fuel the train had to be stopped while the fireman put in wood at the front of the engine, as the door to the furnace is situated there. This engine ran between Los Angeles and Long Beach before the Southern Pacific extended its line to that place. The cars are like street-cars of to-day, only about twice as long. Sometimes the passengers had to get out and push, as the engine was not very strong.—*Pasadena Star.*

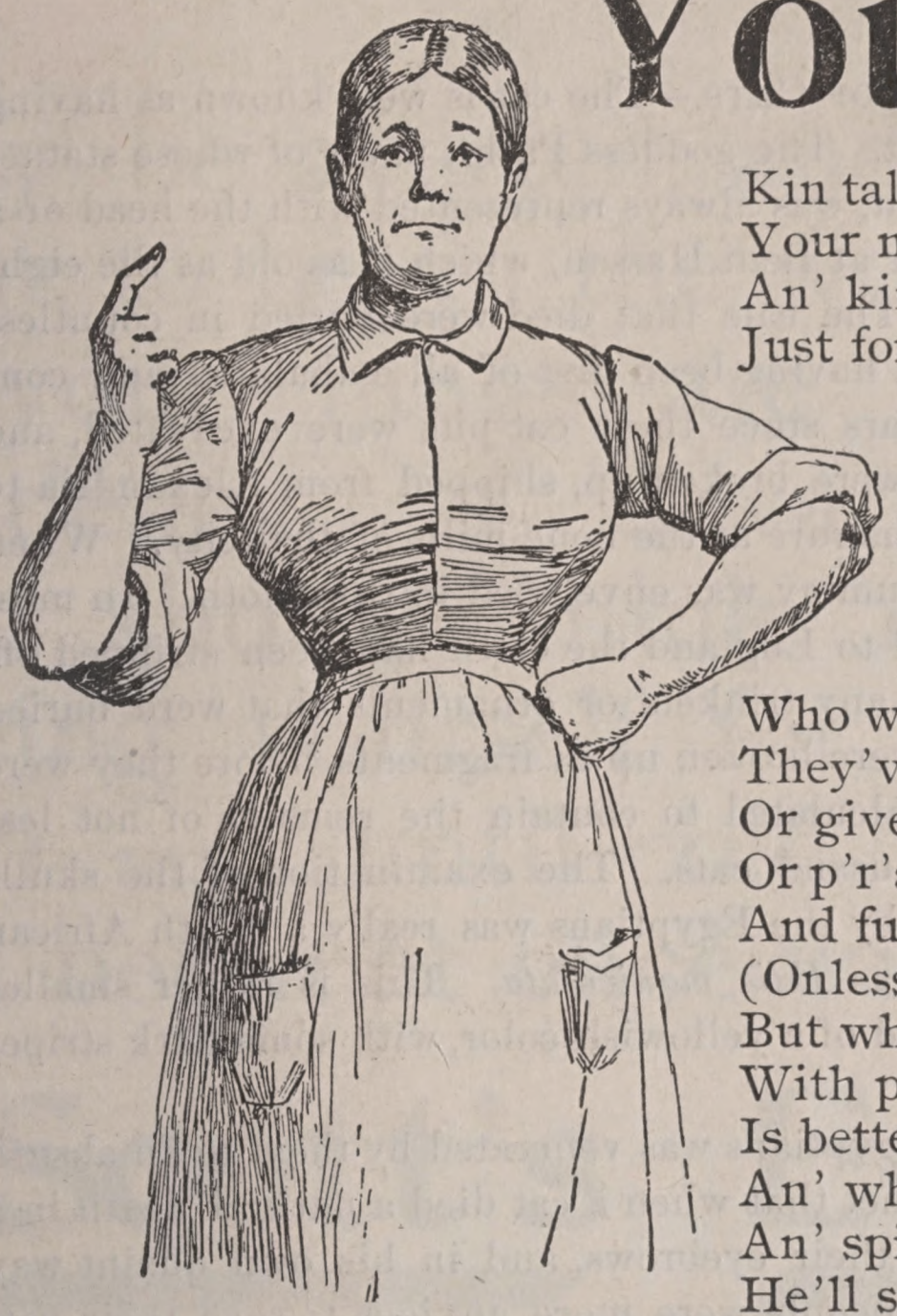
THE SNAKE-NUT OF THE WEST INDIES.—A nut which should be classed with such wonderful vegetable productions as the "vegetable worm" of China, the "vegetable fly" of Australia, and other plant oddities of that ilk, is the snake-nut of Demerara. This paradoxical vegetable is said to grow also in some parts of Cuba and British Guiana, the first specimen in the British Museum having been sent from the latter country. These remarkable nuts vary in size, some being as large as a goose-egg, others not larger than a walnut. The kernel of each and every one does not simply "bear a close resemblance," but is a perfect counterpart of a boa-constrictor lying coiled up as if asleep,—the head, general taper of the body, spots, and everything being true to life. When the kernel is yet unripe it may be unwound or uncoiled and straightened out. In this state, although it is then without the spots, the resemblance to the body, fangs, scales, and tail of a reptile is simply extraordinary.

Those who can overcome the natural aversion to tasting such a thing declare that the nut is one of fine flavor, being equal in every particular to the cream nut or the English walnut.—*St. Louis Republic.*

THE WAY WE WRITE.—About the year 450 B.C. the Ionians introduced the present system of writing from left to right. Previous to that date the custom was to run from right to left. At the same time the method known as the *boustrophedon* (that is, alternately from right to left and from left to right) was somewhat extensively practised. The ancient Hebrew and Greek languages were written from right to left until about the year 430 B.C., when the forms of the Greek letters were changed from uncial to the cursive, and the manner of writing was changed from right to left to left to right.

NO KINGS WANTED.—When one remembers the ease with which General Boulanger rose to a dangerous eminence in France and observes the disposition on the part of a certain element in that country to inflate General Dodds, the "hero" of the Abyssinian war, to the proportions of a Cæsar, it must arouse a feeling of confidence and pride in the institutions and conservative spirit of our own country to recall the absence of any such hero-worship at the conclusion of our war. In our entire history only one man was ever solicited to become its king, and he spurned the thought as an insult to his patriotism and showed unmistakable grief that any of his countrymen should think so poorly of him as to make the offer. When Mr. Jefferson told Washington at Mount Vernon that an effort was still being made to monarchize the government, the old warrior's face assumed its sternest look, and, stretching out his arm, he said, "I will pour out every drop of blood in these veins before one step shall be taken in that direction."—*New York World.*

You Men



Kin talk about the pies
Your mothers used to make,
An' kin do a heap o' braggin'
Just for old acquaintance sake.
But there aint a man amongst you,
Ef he told his story straight,
Who wouldn't say them lardy pies
Is rather out o' date.
Who wouldn't own that many nights
They've kept him wide awake.
Or give him most terrific dreams,
Or p'r'aps an awful ache.
And furthermore there aint a man,
(Onless he's mighty mean),
But what'll say that pastry made
With pure, sweet COTTOLENE,
Is better'n any other kind—
An' wholesomer to eat.
An' spite of all his Mother's pies,
He'll say it can't be beat.

COTTOLENE

Is the modern remedy for an old-time evil—lard. It fully supplies the want that lard only half supplied. It is a pure, sweet, vegetable product, and is at once more healthful, more delicate, more economical than lard for shortening, frying, and for every cooking use. Cottolene is made of clarified cottonseed oil and refined beef suet—two ingredients of well-known healthfulness and purity. Every housewife who has the interest of her household at heart should try Cottolene. She will find it more economical, more healthful, most satisfactory in every way.

Sold in three and five pound pails. Made only by

N. K. Fairbank & Co.,

Chicago, St. Louis, Montreal, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco, &c.

THE AMERICAN COTTON OIL CO.

DO YOU USE COTTOLENE ?

HER BEAUTY WENT WITH IT.—Fred.—"She isn't the pretty girl she used to be."

Arthur.—"Is that so?"

Fred.—"Yes. Her father lost all his money speculating."—*Truth.*

THE EGYPTIANS' REVERENCE OF CATS.—The cat is well known as having been an object of worship in Egypt. The goddess Pasht, many of whose statues may be seen in the British Museum, was always represented with the head of a cat; a temple was dedicated to her at Beni Hassan, which is as old as the eighteenth dynasty, 1500 years B.C. The cats that died were buried in countless thousands in pits near this temple, having been first of all embalmed and converted into mummies. A few years since these cat-pits were excavated, and many tons of the embalmed cats were broken up, shipped from Alexandria to Liverpool, and there ground into manure at the bone-mills of that city. When first dug up out of the pits each mummy was enveloped in thin cloth. In most of the mummies that were shipped to England the cloth had been stripped off by the diggers in order to obtain any trinkets or ornaments that were buried with the animals, and the bodies were broken up in fragments before they were shipped. One cargo alone was calculated to contain the remains of not less than one hundred and eighty thousand cats. The examination of the skulls proved that the cat domesticated by the Egyptians was really a North African species, known to the naturalists as *Felis maniculata.* This is rather smaller than our ordinary domestic cat, and of a yellowish color, with some dark stripes on the body.

The domesticated cat of the Egyptians was venerated by them to an absurd extent. Herodotus recounts the fact that when a cat died a natural death in a house the inhabitants shaved off their eyebrows, and in his own quaint way says that when a fire occurred the people were more anxious to save their cats than to extinguish the conflagration.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

WEEPING WILLOWS.

The first to don the green at Winter's death,
  Last, ere he lives again, to lay it by,
Like tears are ye, that spring with man's first breath
  And loyally attend him till he die.

M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE, JUN.,
in *Harper's Weekly.*

AN ANTIQUE SURVIVOR.—Christian Conrad, of Delaware County, Iowa, who is one hundred and thirteen years of age, remembers having seen Washington. "It was in Philadelphia," he says, "at the close of his last term as President. They had a great crowd, and the road was filled with people for eleven miles. General Washington appeared at the head of the procession, and was accompanied by thirty-two of his old war-officers and generals, and all on horseback. He rode a dapple-gray horse. He appeared to be a tall man, smooth face, large nose, and such a man as would be noticed in a crowd. General Washington made a speech that day, and I heard him. I remember that he praised his generals and told the people to be loyal and true to the government."—*New York Tribune.*

Consumption

may be averted, and now is a good time to begin the work of averting it. If your lungs are weak and your tendency is toward consumption you should think now about preparing yourself for Winter's strain. *Don't wait* until cold weather sets in, but begin at once with

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil, with hypophosphites of lime and soda. Scott's Emulsion will nourish you, build you up, and make your lungs strong so that colds will not settle there. *Physicians*, the world over, endorse it.

Coughs and Colds

and Throat Troubles are speedily cured by Scott's Emulsion. It is a rich fat food that enriches the blood, cures Blood Diseases, creates Healthy Flesh and makes the skin clear and natural in color.

NOTICE! Why should you go contrary to the Physician's advice by allowing some inferior preparation to be substituted for Scott's Emulsion?

Prepared by SCOTT & BOWNE, N. Y. Druggists sell it.

A NOTEWORTHY CARPET.—A curious history is attached to a carpet used recently in the production at the Prince of Wales's Theatre of the comic opera "Poor Jonathan." When the star of Napoleon III. was at its zenith an Aubusson carpet of a magnificent description was ordered by General Fleury for the château at Compiègne, but when it was seen by the Emperor directions were given that it should be transferred to the Tuileries. In 1871, during the Commune, the carpet was appropriated, and with other artistic works despatched to Austria. The carpet has since had several owners, but owing to its size has proved practically useless. To its present possessor it was recently sold for £150, believed to be about an eighth part of its original value. So much is thought of this carpet, which in "Poor Jonathan" will be laid down in the reception-room of the millionaire Vandergold by the manager of the Prince of Wales, that he has had the dresses of the characters appearing in this scene made to harmonize with its colors. Such a circumstance is probably unique in theatrical annals.—*London Chronicle.*

SOME improvements in prospect at St. John's College, Cambridge, England, will require the demolition of the rooms occupied by the poet Wordsworth during his life as an undergraduate of the college, 1787–91. These apartments have of late years been used as store-rooms. According to Miss Fenwick's description, written in 1839, they were "the meanest and most dismal in the whole university," but the poet once recorded the fact that he was as "joyous as a lark" when he lived there.—*New York World.*

AN INDIAN ROMANCE.—The Dowager Maharanee of Mysore, who recently died, had a remarkable career. When scarcely ten years of age she insisted on sharing all her younger brother's studies, and in five years she mastered Sanskrit, Canarese, and Marathi, while not neglecting music, drawing, and needlework. When sixteen she was chosen as the fourth bride of the late Maharaja, but before she could be sent for, her father, who was a petty official, was summoned to court to answer for the short revenue of his village. Only when ordered to be whipped was it discovered who he was. He was forgiven, the marriage was celebrated on the first lucky day, and the young queen's benign influence was at once and thenceforth felt in the affairs of the state.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

ABSORPTION OF GOLD IN INDIA.—Between 1859 and 1889, thirty years, or less than half one lifetime, India has absorbed £117,000,000 in gold and £227,000,000 in silver, or £344,000,000 in all. What has become of the silver we do not exactly know, though it is certain that a great proportion of it is hoarded as fixed and visible wealth; but about the destination of the gold there is no doubt whatever. The people have got the whole of it in their own hands, for it is not in circulation, and are using it either in ornaments, kept, be it observed, to pawn in extremity, or as hoarded treasure in coin, such as lies under almost every peasant's floor in the Punjab and Eastern Bengal. India is a treasure-house of gold; yet a man may live fifty years in the British provinces and never see an ounce.—*London Spectator.*

IT is difficult to understand how a Chinese theatrical company can go through one of their serial plays without getting all mixed up on their cues.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Thanksgiving Dinners.

North, South, East and West contribute representative Menus.

"Yankee."—*By Mrs. Carrie M. Dearborn, Principal of the Boston Cooking School.*

Oysters on Half Shell—Clear Soup with Custard—Olives, Pickles, Salted Almonds, Celery—Fresh Boiled Cod, Oyster Sauce, Potato Balls—Roast Turkey, Giblet Gravy, Cranberry Sauce, Mashed Potatoes, Sweet Potatoes, Squash, Turnip, Creamed Onions; Sorbet—Broiled Ducks, Orange Sauce—Lettuce Salad, Cheese Straws—Plum Pudding Mince Pie, Apple Pie, Edam Cheese—Assorted Nuts, Raisins—Coffee.

"Southern."—*By Marion Harland, Author of "Common Sense in the Household."*

Raw Oysters on the Half Shell—Old Hare Soup—Rock Fish (boiled) with Egg Sauce, Potatoes *au naturel*—Fried Chicken, Escalloped Oysters (baked in scallop shells), Black Eyed Peas, Stewed Tomatoes—Roast Turkey with Cranberry Sauce, Sweet Potatoes, Mashed Turnips, Boiled Ham (at the head of the table)—Sherbet—Partridges (quail at the North), roasted whole, each with an oyster inside, Salsify Fritters, Currant Jelly and Sweet Pickles—Cold Slaw, Crackers. Cheese and Olives—Apple Meringue Pie, Transparent Pudding, Plum Pudding—Ice Cream, Snow Balls and other Cakes, Wine Jelly, Blanc Mange—Apples, Oranges, Grapes, Nuts, Raisins—Black Coffee—*Hors d'Œuvres*, Olives, Bon-Bons, several kinds of Pickles, Candied Orange Peel and Ginger.

"Western."—*By Miss Campbell, Friendly Inn Cooking School, Cleveland, Ohio.*

Oyster Soup—Cranberry Jelly, Pickles, Olives—Hot Roast Turkey, Baked Sausages, Venison Pie, Cold Roast Turkey, Pickled Oysters, Cold Biscuit, Hot Squash Muffins, Salsify Fritters, Mashed Turnips—Celery, Chicken Salad, Pickled Quinces—Pumpkin Pie, Mince Pie, Apple Turnovers, Cheese—Fruit—Coffee.

"New York."—*By Mrs. Emma P. Ewing, Prin. Chautauqua School of Cookery.*

Clear Soup—Celery, Italian Sticks, Olives—Scalloped Oysters, Cold Slaw—Roast Turkey, Giblet Gravy, Cranberry Sauce, Mashed Turnip, Boiled White Potato, Browned Sweet Potato—Lettuce Salad, Salted Almonds, Cheese Straws—Mince Pie, Pumpkin Pie, Pine Apple Cheese—Mixed Fruit—Coffee.

"Philadelphia."—*By Mrs. Rorer, Principal Philadelphia School of Cookery.*

Oysters on Half Shell—Clear Soup—Celery, Olives, Almonds—Roast Turkey, Bread Stuffing, Oyster Sauce, Mashed Potatoes, Boiled Onions, Cranberry Jelly—Celery Salad, Wafers—Mince Pie, Pumpkin Custard, Cheese—Coffee—Nuts, Fruit, Raisins.

Our Cook Book mailed free. Send stamp and address. Cleveland Baking Powder Co., 81 Fulton St., New York.

Bread and cake
raised with

Cleveland's Baking Powder

keep their
freshness and flavor.

The reason is, the leavening power of Cleveland's is produced by pure cream of tartar and pure soda, nothing else;—not by alum, ammonia, or any other adulterant.

Cleveland's baking powder, "pure and sure."

A quarter pound can mailed free on receipt of 15 cents in stamps.
Cleveland Baking Powder Co., 81 Fulton St., New York.

In support of the accounts of Edwin Booth's excessive fondness for tobacco it is said that when he was on the boards the great tragedian directed his valet to stand at one of the stage entrances and hold a big black cigar with a light, so that the moment the scene was over Mr. Booth could enjoy his favorite weed. The cigars he smoked were marvels of strength, and when not at the theatre he consumed them after the fashion of a German chain-smoker, lighting a fresh one from the stump of the last.—*New York World.*

In the Thick of the Fight.—That was a good story which the Rev. C. J. K. Jones of Louisville told in a Boston pulpit the other day. He said,—

"An alarmist always reminds me of a friend of mine, who was a commander at the battle of Round Mountain. It was a hot fight,—one of the hottest of the war. At a particularly intense part of the action my friend stood beside his horse, scanning the field with his glass and directing the troops. He told me it seemed as if the fire of the whole Confederacy was centred on him, the bullets thick around him.

"Suddenly he heard a minié ball singing in the air, and he felt something strike his leg, but the occasion was urgent, and he kept up his glass. There was another 'ping-g-g,' and he felt another strike. And so it continued.

"The captain at last lifted up his hand and prayed, 'O Lord, I can go home to my wife and children without either of my legs, but, O Lord, let me get home.'

"Finally there came the shouts of victory. The battle was won. With a long-drawn sigh the captain turned. He shouted to his orderly at a little distance, 'I'm wounded, Jim. Come and help me on my horse; I must go home. It's my last battle.'

"'No, I guess not,' replied the orderly.

"'What's the matter? Come, hurry up: I'm wounded.'

"'If you want me to help you, come here,' sang out the orderly.

"'But what's the trouble? Why can't you come here? Don't you see I'm wounded and almost dying?'

"'Oh, no, you are not,' sang out the orderly.

"'Come here instantly, you rascal,' shouted the commander.

"'No, I don't: that's the biggest nest of yellow-jacks there I ever saw in my life,' was the final laughing reply of the orderly.

"The storming swarm of hornets were the only minié balls that had struck him."—*Boston Journal.*

The Woman of the Future.—Susan B. Anthony is of opinion that we are on the verge of an era of unmarried women. Our civilization, she says, is changing. Daughters cannot be supported at home, and there is nothing there to busy them. The women used to spin and weave, make carpet and soap, but now all that is done for them in the factories. Young men do not make enough money to support their wives, and there is such a craze for dissipation among them that the women would rather go into a store for almost nothing than to marry.—*Reading Times.*

School-Master.—"Why was it that his great discovery was not properly appreciated until long after Columbus was dead?"

Nineteenth-Century School-Boy.—"Because he didn't advertise, sir."—*Tit-Bits.*

"We are advertised by our loving friends."

Mellin's Food Children

HAROLD AND RUTH.

Give the Baby Mellin's Food

If you wish your infant to be well nourished, healthy, bright, and active, and to grow up happy, robust, and vigorous.

OUR BOOK FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF MOTHERS,

"The Care and Feeding of Infants,"

Will be mailed free to any address on request.

THE DOLIBER-GOODALE CO., Boston, Mass.

In their biographical sketch of William Blake Messrs. Ellis and Yeats mentioned the fact that the poet's real family name was O'Neill, but added no evidence. The story of the change of name is this: William Blake's grandfather, John O'Neill, after the death of his first wife, got into financial trouble, and married a Dublin wine-shop-keeper named Ellen Blake. He adopted her name as his own, and his son by his first wife—that is, the poet's father—also took the name of Blake. The family of Ellen Blake was in the wine trade at Malaga, in Spain.

A linguist says that "hello" is almost a new word, as it differs in form, sound, and use from the old word "halloo." It is merely mentioned by Webster, and the searcher for information is referred to "halloo," which is defined as an interjection, a loud call or the noise of the hunt. The forms there given —"halloa" and "halloo"—are not well adapted to the American tongue, neither are they susceptible to the variety of expression that can be given to "hello." Probably the word halloo grew out of the call "hail, oh!" which was almost universally used by wayfarers in olden time when halting at a house along the way. "Hail, oh! the house!" was another form quite common in early times. This would quite naturally take the form of "halloo! the house!"

A Composer and his Works.—"But it must be a satisfaction to sit out one of your own works and know that so much beauty and loveliness is your creation, that you have enriched and made the world happier by just so much."

Massenet bowed. "Thank you," he said, simply; "you are very kind to say so; but I never hear my own operas. I attend the rehearsals. I make things go as well as they ever can go, and then the opera belongs to the public. I am only the father whose daughter has married. My child is mine, but belongs to another."

"Still, have you no paternal longing to see that child again?"

"No, never. I do not enter a theatre to hear my own music, except on compulsion."—*Paris Letter in New York Tribune.*

A Queer Funeral Direction.—The story is told of a certain Frenchman who had been a great collector of coins. By his will he directed that his obsequies should be performed with every accompaniment calculated to inspire mirthful feelings. His body was to be wrapped in tanned pig-skin and buried coffinless in a standing position upon a pile of charcoal. Laurel branches were to be carried by the mourners, and on returning from the church they were to throw open the chambers in which his treasures were deposited and all comers were welcome to help themselves as they pleased to the contents. It was a sore disappointment to the public, however, to find that before they were admitted the servants of the deceased had decamped with everything that was portable. —*Cassell's.*

The Confederate Flag.—W. W. Davies, "messenger to the late President Davis," writes, "The stars and bars were used at Bull Run, and on account of their similarity to the old Union flag caused some confusion, and it was found that some change should be made; hence the adoption of what is now known as the battle-flag. This battle-flag was not designed by General Beauregard, as generally believed, but he was one of three who accepted the design."

Attacks on Washing-Powders

don't affect **Pearline**. **Pearline** is a washing-compound, in powder form, to be sure, but quite a different thing. It's made so that it acts upon dirt as nothing else will, but can't possibly do any harm to substance, hands or fabric.

Soap-makers are advertising against washing-powders, claiming that they ruin the clothes. They're more than half right. But chemical analysis and the experience of millions of women prove that **Pearline** hasn't the power to harm clothes that soap has. And it saves all that ruinous rubbing that you have to use with soap, besides.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—*send it back*. 396 JAMES PYLE, New York.

NO GOOD THING CAN BE HAD FOR NOTHING;

but things of equal value are cheaper in some places than others—everything depends upon the conditions.

Life Insurance is worth all it costs only when the cost is controlled by intelligence, integrity, and mutuality of interest, for then it costs least!

Look at one form of insurance:

If you pay $50 per year for 20 years, you will get $1000 at the end of that time, meanwhile having your life insured. The insurance has therefore cost the interest on your premiums. Not a bad thing in the most unfavorable phase.

But suppose, what has been true time and again in the PENN MUTUAL, that your net payments averaged $37.50 per year, or a total of $750 in exchange for the $1000 you receive. Here is insurance and interest too!

Suppose, again, you are indifferent whether you pay $37.50 or $50 per year, and choosing the latter allow your over-payments to accumulate through the whole period. This would probably net you $1658.

Better look the matter up. A company stands ready to gratify your curiosity and your needs—either or both. Address the

PENN MUTUAL LIFE,

921-3-5 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

THE LATEST ABOUT SUSPENDERS. — "I believe most of the people who invent new-fangled suspenders and take out patents for them are crazy," said a customer in a men's furnishing store the other day. "Can't you give me a pair of old-fashion suspenders like those you sold me ten years ago?"

"Yes," said the dealer, "I can; but these I am showing you are the latest things out."

"But, confound it, man, I do not want the latest things out," roared the customer; "all I need is a pair of ordinary, every-day suspenders, GUYOTS I think they are called, and you show me a crazy sort of thing with a lot of wheels and pulleys and weights and things. Why, it would take a man a week to learn to get into that thing, and, once in, it would take a week to get out. Every time I come here to get a pair of suspenders you try to sell me something different, and usually it is a new patent of some sort. Now, you know as well as I do that there has not been an improvement made in suspenders in fifty years that has amounted to a row of pins, and there is no suspender made which can compare with the genuine GUYOTS made in Paris by Charles Guyot. And, although you change your entire stock of suspenders every little while, you will, I am sure, own up that I am right."

"Yes, you are right," the dealer replied, "perfectly right, but we outfitters must keep up with the times. These cranks keep on bringing out new things, each new suspender more complicated and more idiotic than the one which went before. But a fancy article commands a fancy price. Yet all first-class dealers must keep the GUYOTS for thousands of customers who, like you, are not willing to make experiments, and stick to the GUYOTS, which are universally acknowledged to be the very best suspenders made for all seasons of the year."

HIS PRIDE.—A gentleman who once made a tour of the Tennessee mountain-district says that the lameness of his horse compelled him to stay all day at the rude home of one of the mountaineers, who, in a shiftless, half-hearted way, cultivated a few acres of corn-land in the valley.

During the day the man's son, a long, leathery, bony young fellow about twenty years old, and at the least six feet and two inches tall, was told to go to the "settlemint," three miles distant, for some coffee.

His costume consisted of a "hick'ry" shirt and a pair of cotton trousers rolled to the knees above his bare feet. Before starting he went into the cabin for a moment, and when he came out he had added a paper collar and a huge brass breast-pin to his attire, whereupon his father said, partly to his son and partly to the stranger,—

"Thar ye air ag'in, rigged out in all that thar finery! I tell ye, mister, that thar boy's pride is bound ter be the ruination of 'im yit. All he thinks of is finery. Fust thing he knows he'll be gittin' tew proud tew go tew meetin' bar'-footed."—*Youth's Companion.*

"RATTLESNAKE PETE," of Oil City, Pennsylvania, as his name would indicate, is a man of somewhat gruesome tastes. He is now proudly wearing a double-breasted sack-coat and a pair of trousers made of rattlesnake-skins so arranged that the yellow and black stripes form a pleasing effect; that is, Pete thinks they do. It took him four years to gather the skins for this suit, and he had to kill one hundred and twenty-five snakes to do it. The buttons of his coat are rattlesnake heads mounted with gold.

NO FAMILY
should be without
Dr. Grosvenor's

Bell-cap-sic Plasters,

a safeguard against congestions, inflammations, or oppressions of the lungs, pneumonia and pleurisy. These diseases should be treated without delay, lest they develop dangerous symptoms unexpectedly.

Bell-cap-sic Plasters

are quick in action and lasting in effect. Invaluable in treatment of rheumatisms, sprains, strains and all lamenesses. They cure by removing the cause.

FOR WOMEN,

Bell-cap-sic Plasters are invaluable; they rest the muscles, relieve tired, aching backs, and drive away pains peculiar to the sex.

MEN

find instant relief from pleurisy, lumbago and kidney pains.

Druggists Everywhere, or

CAUTION.

The genuine **Bell-cap-sic** have a picture of a bell on the back cloth—look for it.

BELL-CAP-SIC PLASTERS

J. M. GROSVENOR & CO.,
Boston, Mass.

TEN REASONS FOR USING

DOBBINS ELECTRIC SOAP.

THE REASON WHY it is **best** from a sanitary point of view, is because of its absolute purity.

" " " it is unscented, is because nothing is used in its manufacture that must be hidden or disguised.

" " " it is cheapest to use, is because it is harder and dryer than ordinary soap, and does not waste away; also because it is not filled with rosin and clay as make-weights.

" " " no boiling of clothes is needed, is because there is no adulteration in it—it being absolutely pure, can do its own work.

" " " it leaves clothes washed wi h it whiter and sweeter than any other soap, is because it contains no adulteration to yellow them.

" " " it washes flannels without shrinking, bringing them out soft, white, and fleecy, is because it is free from rosin, which hardens, yellows, and mats together all woollen fibres, making them harsh and coarse.

" " " three bars of it will make a gallon of elegant white soft-soap if simply shaved up and thoroughly dissolved by boiling in a gallon of water, is that it contains pure and costly ingredients found in no other soap.

" " " it won't injure the finest lace or the most delicate fabric, is that all these ingredients are harmless.

" " " we paid $50,000 for the formula twenty-five years ago, is that we knew there was no other soap like it.

" " " so many millions of women use it, is that they have found it to be the best and most economical, and absolutely unchanging in quality,

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT. **DOBBINS SOAP MFG. CO.**
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

WHERE FRANK R. STOCKTON LIVES.—Follow the Morristown road, past one country-seat after another, for a quarter of a mile, and you come to Kitchell Avenue. You are in Morristown now, but in reality nearer Madison. Turn to the left, and the first place you come to is surrounded by a low stone wall. Through iron gates a gravelled road-way leisurely turns, and, passing beneath huge evergreens, reaches a yellow-and-white frame house, with a veranda in front, and a tower at the farther end. Opposite the door-way, beneath the great trees, are a rustic seat and a rustic table. Between two of the trees is swung a hammock. And in pleasant weather Frank R. Stockton lies in the hammock dictating his fanciful tales to his wife, who sits on the rustic settee. It is an ideal home for an author, situated upon an eminence commanding miles of country, removed from the main road, and surrounded by a grove.—*Newark Advertiser.*

DEATH.

Be patient and be wise! The eyes of Death
Look on us with a smile: her soft caress,
That stills the anguish and that stops the breath,
Is Nature's ordination, meant to bless
Our mortal woes with peaceful nothingness.
Be not afraid! The Power that made the light
In your kind eyes, and set the stars on high,
And gave us love, meant not that all should die
Like a brief day-beam quenched in sudden night.
Think that to die is but to fall asleep
And wake refreshed where the new morning breaks
And golden day her rosy vigor takes
From winds that fan Eternity's far height
And the white crests of God's perpetual deep.

WILLIAM WINTER, in *New York Tribune.*

IN Holland the following names for the months are in use: January—Lauromaand, chilly month; February—Sproklemaand, vegetation month; March—Lentmaand, spring month; April—Grasmaand, grass month; May—Blowmaand, flower month; June—Zomermaand, summer month; July—Hooymaand, hay month; August—Oostmaand, harvest month; September—Herftsmaand, autumn month; October—Wynmaand, wine month; November—Slagmaand, slaughter month; December—Wintermaand, winter month.

EASY WHEN YOU KNOW HOW.—Casey was digging a ditch in the street in front of his house for the purpose of making a connection with the sewer. He had a large pile of dirt thrown up in the road-way, and he was rapidly increasing it, when stopped by a policeman.

"Phat are yez doin' there, Casey?"

"Don't yer see Oi'm diggin'?"

"Hov yez a permit to blockade the sthrate with that pile of dirt?"

"Oi hov not."

"Thin don't yer know that yez hov no right to put thot dirt there?"

"Phat will Oi do wid it, thin?" inquired the puzzled Casey.

"Oh, jist dig another hole an' t'ro it in," answered the man of the brass buttons as he sauntered slowly away, swinging his club.—*Boston Journal.*

The Jackson Sanatorium,

DANSVILLE, LIVINGSTON COUNTY, NEW YORK.

ESTABLISHED 1858.

A DELIGHTFUL home for those seeking health, rest, or recreation. Under the personal care of experienced physicians.

Elegant modern *fire-proof* main building and twelve cottages, complete in all appliances for health and comfort. Extensive apartments for treatment arranged for individual privacy. Skilled attendants. All forms of baths; Electricity, Massage, Swedish Movements, etc. Delsarte System of Physical Culture. Frequent Lectures, and Lessons on Health Topics.

Especial provision for rest and quiet, also for recreation, amusement, and regular out-door life.

Culinary Department under supervision of Mrs. Emma P. Ewing, Superintendent of the Chautauqua Cooking School.

Hillside location in Woodland Park, overlooking extended views of the famous Genesee Valley region, unsurpassed for health and beauty. Charming walks and drives. Lakes, glens, and waterfalls in immediate vicinity. Clear, dry atmosphere, free from fogs and malaria. Pure spring water from rocky heights. Perfect drainage and sewerage.

Steam heat, open fires, electric bells, safety elevator, telegraph, telephone, etc.

For illustrated pamphlet, testimonials, and other information, address

Mention this Magazine. **J. ARTHUR JACKSON, Secretary, Dansville, New York.**

Platt's Chlorides,

The Household Disinfectant.

An odorless liquid. Powerful, Reliable, Prompt. Cheaper than Chloride of Lime or Carbolic Acid. Indorsed by 23,000 Physicians. Daily employed by hundreds of thousands of careful housekeepers.

In quart bottles only, at druggists' and high-class grocers'.

ARE YOU MARRIED?—It is the small annoyances that worry,—sour milk overnight, no milkman in the morning; no cream for the coffee; no milk for the baby. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is always ready for use. Grocers and druggists.

WHY DO NOT MORE PEOPLE WINTER IN COLORADO?

DENVER, COL.

THE above question was recently asked in my hearing, and such an earnest desire shown to know the real reason for so little attention being paid the delights of Colorado's winters, that I determined to reply with my own reasons, based on personal observations during a residence in the Centennial State of fifteen and a half years.

Allow me to explain right here that I have studied the published facts, signal service reports, and every climatic map or other document bearing on the sanitary advantages set forth by Florida, Texas, Southern California, Arizona, and New Mexico, that I could secure; so, as I have studied personally Colorado's climate, with special reference to its sanitary advantages—studied conscientiously, morning, noon, and night, winter, spring, summer, and autumn, I have at the same time been comparing what I saw, felt, and experienced, with the published reports of those localities advertised the world over as of special value for the winter sojourn of invalids suffering from some form of lung or throat trouble. Before drawing upon my own personal observations and deductions regarding the superiority of Colorado's winter climate for invalids, I will give the results of the observations regarding the matter of Drs. H. K. Steele, F. J. Bancroft, N. K. Morris, B. A. Wheeler, and S. A. Fisk, who represent different systems of medicine, all eminent and popular physicians of many years' practice in Denver, and all refugees in Colorado from consumption, I believe, with one exception. Through many years of the most careful scientific study of every variety of pulmonary trouble, the above-named physicians have been able to demonstrate the effect of the climatic conditions peculiar to the so-called "Arid Region." With one accord, and in harmony with many other noted and eminently trustworthy physicians, they declare most emphatically "that the improvement of invalids suffering from consumption is more marked in the winter than in the summer." Yet the general opinion, the accepted theory, is so universal that the reason for the wide discrepancy between the true and the false idea may well be earnestly sought.

Regarding the general belief that Colorado's climate during the summer months is more beneficial than during the winter season, I think the error sprang from two false impressions. The first apparently had its origin in the now exploded theory that a warm air, a temperature of the atmosphere corresponding with a Northern summer, was likely to prove the best remedy for weak or diseased lungs.

Careful scientific investigation showed the false base upon which the theory was founded, within the past few years.

When there is a possibility of recovery, every well-informed physician these days sends his consumptive patient to a high, dry altitude, where the quickened circulation of the blood is a mechanical aid to purifying the system of morbid secretions, stimulating the appetite, thrilling the nervous system with an ecstasy of hope and courage that it is impossible to explain to one who has never experienced the agony of a despairing farewell to all that made life worth living at the East, and a return from Colorado with health and strength that seemed but one remove from the miraculous.

Another reason for the feeling so general against the climate of Colorado in winter is, no doubt, the fact of most people at a distance from that State forming their impression of the temperature from reading or hearing reports of experiences with cold and snow away up on the high mountains. I remember of a New Orleans gentleman writing a report for the *Times-Democrat* of that city, in which he described the fun his party had "wading in fresh snow ankle deep on Pike's Peak the 3d of September." The editor wrote quite an extended editorial, reminding New Orleans people of the great contrast between the very warm weather which allowed them to sit comfortably out of doors, while up in Colorado people huddled around their fires in-doors, with snow several inches deep out of doors.

There are within the limits of the State of Colorado twenty-five mountain-peaks higher than Pike's Peak, and, of course, with numberless other peaks covered with snow by October, it is little wonder that people who do not study the situation cannot understand that with fresh snow, like a great white bed-blanket, spread out in plain view from Denver, the weather enjoyed in that city and all along the plains and in the low foot-hills is like that of Louisville, Ky., or Cincinnati, O. Then, when the short winter does come to Denver, Colorado Springs, Greeley, Boulder, Fort Collins, Pueblo, Golden, and other localities corresponding with the above-named places, there is but little snow, and what little sleighing there is occasionally taxes the sleigh-rider at the rate of six dollars per hour for his short-lived enjoyment of the old-fashioned down-East sport, where three months of good sleighing is common. Then the accompanying huge snow-drifts to slowly melt make two months of spring mud while the frost is coming out of the ground. Horrible experiences arise in my mind of country roads, when I thought the only relief possible was the invention of a flying-machine. Riding during those horrid spring break-ups was no comfort to me, as my heart always ached for the poor horses.

Throughout the plains and low foot-hills portion of Colorado the average annual precipitation of moisture (including both snow and rainfall) is only 14½ inches, and 2½ inches of that amount falls during the month of May.

My first three years in Colorado were spent twelve miles out on the Great American Desert, east of Denver. I had read so much laudatory of everything in Colorado, and listened to such extravagant praises of everything within its borders, as to arouse a feeling of combativeness,—a disposition to dispute some of the extravagant claims to superiority of every condition, under all circumstances, and in every time and place. I believed there were plenty of places, regions without number, that could show natural advantages equal and superior to Colorado, if only the search for such localities was honestly made and then truthful reports made. Such were the feelings that I carried with me out twelve miles east of Denver fifteen years ago last November. Friends did manifest a kind sympathy for the lonely hours of ranch life in winter, with no neighbors within a mile, and they too busy to be neighborly. But never while life lasts shall I forget the revelations of Colorado's glorious climate made by personal experience and careful study, while my recollections of Wisconsin and Illinois winters were vividly impressed upon my mind by personal experiences of their general disagreeableness. The nights were sometimes pretty cold, but almost the entire months of December, January, and February some part of the day the weather was warm enough to sit out of doors a portion of the time. The little snow that fell quickly melted away under the bright

rays of the sun or was absorbed by the dry, sandy soil, with no mud to mar the pleasure of a ride to the city. But the heavenly revelations of glorified beauty at each new sunrising and sunsetting seemed to show a new page of the wonders which no man can describe. The magnitude, the inexhaustible variety of changing colors and varying forms revealed by a view of nearly three hundred miles of the snowy range of the highest portion of the Rocky Mountains, is a display of grandeur, gorgeous beauty, and combination of the greatest number of the most marvellous works of the Creator to be found combined and possible to be enjoyed at one time in all the round world. If there is another single locality that can show so much of the experiences which go to make up the most delightful all-the-year-round living (considering all recognized sources of enjoyment) as the plains region within sight of the Rocky Mountains, I certainly have never been able to learn of it. I believe this region will within a few years lead every other locality in the world for its sanitary benefits, as well as its profitable light out-of-door industries peculiarly well adapted to women and children, as well as invalid men. The lands lying within plain view of the mountains, and within easy reach of them, for pleasure and diversion, offer a greater number of sources of pleasure, health, and profit, with fewer drawbacks and disadvantages, than can be found grouped together at this time in any other part of our own or any other country.

The above expression of opinion is founded entirely upon my personal observation, after a residence and careful study of every influence bearing upon the subject during three years on a ranch twelve miles due east of Denver, and continued consideration of the subject during the past twelve years, while living in or near Denver.

When I know of invalids suffering with incipient consumption going to a damp, low-lying coast region to spend their winters, I feel to ask God for His aid to open the way by means of which I can help build up resorts and comfortable accommodations, when I know so well that almost certain cure awaits those who will breathe the pure air and enjoy the almost perpetual sunshine of the western edge of the Great American Desert.

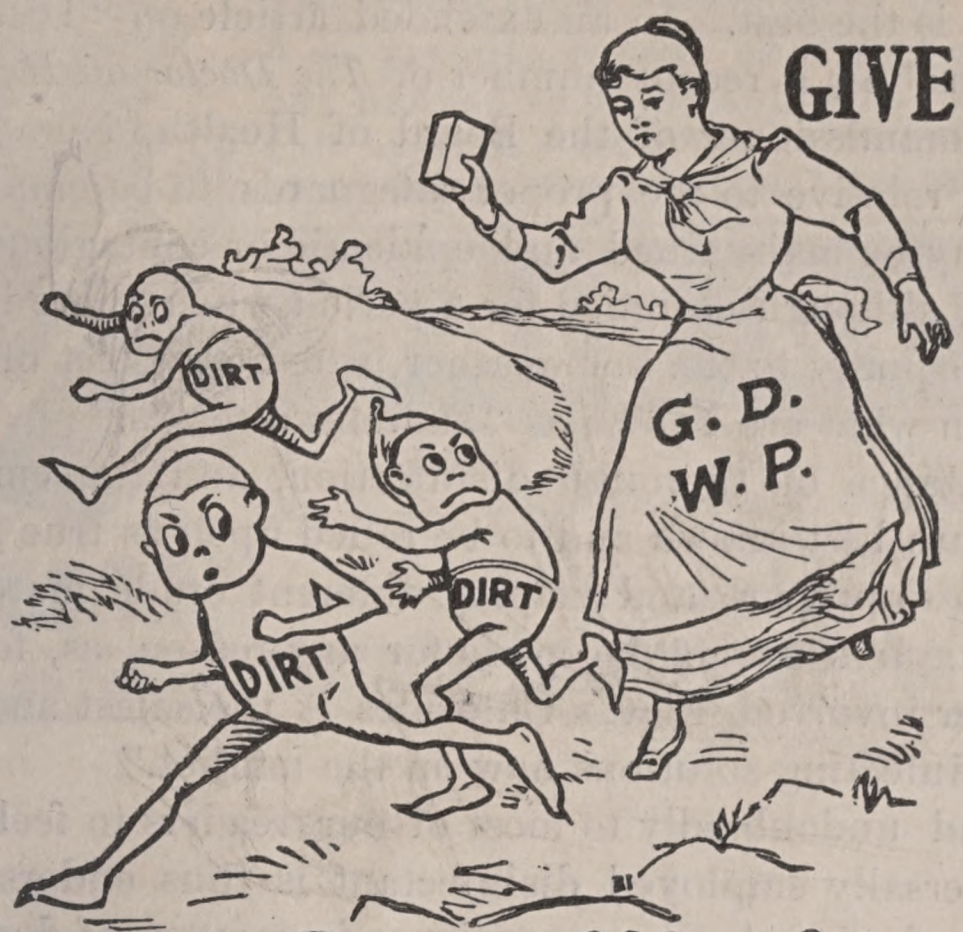
As to the means of getting to Colorado from the East, no country is more thoroughly equipped with railroads. Denver is the natural centre for the great lines running west from Chicago and St. Louis, the most important road being the Burlington Route, which is the short line and the best maintained.

OLIVE WRIGHT.

THE FIRST MENU CARD.—It was Duke Henry of Brunswick who was first observed in the intervals of a banquet to scan carefully a long strip of paper by the side of his plate, and when the curious guests ventured to inquire into the nature of his studies he explained that it was a sort of programme of the dishes which he had commanded from the cook, to the intent that if some delicacy which especially appealed to him were marked for a late stage in the repast he might carefully reserve his appetite for it. The simplicity and beauty of the idea appealed instantly to the good duke's convives, and the menu card from that moment became an institution.—*Season.*

COUNTRY UNCLE.—"Bless you, my boy, there's no end of fun in the country. You must come up when it's the season for husking-bees."

City Nephew (nervously).—"Deah me! I shouldn't care evah to husk a bee unless some one would first wemove the sting."



GIVE NO QUARTER

to the enemy—Dirt. Give the quarter to your grocer for a Four-Pound Package of GOLD DUST Washing Powder, and see the dirt fly.

Gold Dust Washing Powder

is a wonder of effectiveness and economy which no modern housekeeper can afford to do without. Costs much less and goes much farther than any other kind. Sold everywhere.

Made only by **N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., Chicago,**

St. Louis, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Montreal.

PROVIDENT LIFE AND TRUST CO.

of Philadelphia.

Safe Investments. Low Rate of Mortality. Low Expense Rate.

Unsurpassed in everything which makes Life Insurance reliable and moderate in cost.

Has never in its entire history contested a death loss.

Carl L. Jensen's

CRYSTAL PEPSIN TABLETS are nature's only cure for dyspepsia and indigestion. They prevent dulness after eating, and induce a refreshed feeling of renewed energy. Delivered by mail to any post-office in the United States on receipt of fifty cents in stamps. Samples mailed free. Address the CARL L. JENSEN COMPANY, 400 N. Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa. For sale at all druggists'.

NEW YORK CITY'S HEALTH COMMISSIONER ON DISINFECTANTS.—Dr. Edson says Platt's Chlorides is the best. In an extended article on "Disinfection and Sanitary Precautions," in a recent number of *The Doctor of Hygiene*, Dr. Cyrus Edson, Health Commissioner of the Board of Health, New York City, gives very good advice relative to the proper safeguards to be employed in order that good health may be maintained and epidemic or contagious diseases avoided. His remarks, although designed for a period when there is fear of contagious disease, apply equally to the hot weather, when a neglect of sanitary precautions will result in what are known as "summer diseases."

Referring to the importance of thorough disinfection, and the employment of such chemicals as are best known and to be relied upon as true germ-killers, and after stating how to prepare and employ different crude materials, he adds, "In case these mixtures cannot be made for any reason, as, for example, the trouble and bother involved, Platt's Chlorides is the safest and best of the specially prepared disinfecting solutions now on the market."

It is gratifying to us and undoubtedly to most of our readers to feel that this well-known and so universally employed disinfectant is thus endorsed by one of such high authority and of such great experience in matters of domestic sanitation. Platt's Chlorides is a clean, nice, and unobjectionable preparation; a liquid without odor or color, cheap, powerful, and deservedly popular, always ready to do its work thoroughly and well.

TRANSLATIONS OF FICTITIOUS BOOKS.—M. Alphonse Daudet is justly indignant at the discovery on a bookstall on the quays of a novel in German, called "Frau Putiphar," purporting to be the translation of one of his works. The author of "Sapho" and the "Immortel" is, however, not surprised at the fraud. He says that there exists in Germany a band of literary pirates, who manufacture novels, not only in the name of M. Daudet himself, but also in the names of other notable French fictionists like Zola, Bourget, Marcel Prevost, and Edmond de Goncourt. Some of the pages in "Frau Putiphar" resemble extracts from M. Marcel Prevost's writings, and M. Daudet thinks that the pirates must occasionally jumble names, so as to deceive readers. In a publisher's list at the end of "Frau Putiphar" there are also advertised books by Zola and Adolphe Belot which these authors have never penned. Curiously enough, M. Daudet has also been the victim of an impostor similar to the reverend gentleman in England who once used to pass himself off as George Eliot. Some years ago, at a dinner given by M. Duclerc when Minister for Foreign Affairs, an impudent rogue who was among the guests coolly gave out that he was Alphonse Daudet, and interested his innocent neighbors at the table by talking of his past literary work and his future plans. With reference to the book "Frau Putiphar," it must be added that M. Daudet received a letter from a German publisher, who stated that he had been hoaxed by the alleged translator of the volume, which is now out of print.—*London Telegraph.*

HIS CONSCIENCE.—"Have you no conscience?" shrieked the indignant victim.

"You bet I have," answered the proprietor of the Columbian Fake House. "And, what's more, it's jist that very conscience that would ha'nt me all the days of my life if I was to let you carry any money out of Chicago; see?"—*Indianapolis Journal.*

PRICE $1.50 OR $3.00.
PAMPHLET FREE.
Mention this Publication.

IMPERIAL HAIR REGENERATOR INSTANTLY RESTORES GRAY HAIR, BLEACHED HAIR OR GRAY BEARDS TO NATURAL COLOR. LEAVES IT CLEAN, SOFT AND GLOSSY, AND NO ONE DREAMS THAT YOU COLOR IT. ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS, ODORLESS AND LASTING. BATHS DO NOT AFFECT IT. SEND SAMPLE OF HAIR AND DESIGNATE ITS NATURAL COLOR.

HAIR COLORING

No. 1, Black. *No. 3, Medium Brown.* *No. 6, Gold Blonde.*
No. 2, Dark Brown. *No. 4, Chestnut.* *No. 7, Ash Blonde.*
No. 5, Light Chestnut.

TRY OUR IMPERIAL HAIR WASH, 50 CENTS

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL MFG. CO., 292 Fifth Avenue, New York.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block. Rochester, N.Y.

IMPERIAL GRANUM is capable of being served in most delicious and appetizing forms.—*New York Observer.*

IMPERIAL GRANUM is recommended by physicians everywhere, and we heartily second their opinion of its value. Its superiority as a prepared food is past question.—*The Pulpit*, Buffalo, N.Y.

THE C. H. & D. R. R. have issued a handsome panoramic view, five feet long, of Chicago and the World's Fair, showing relative heights of the principal buildings, etc., also a handsome photographic album of the World's Fair buildings, either of which will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of ten cents in stamps. Address D. G. EDWARDS, General Passenger Agent World's Fair Route, 200 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

NEANDER, professor of theology in Berlin, was one day overtaken by a thunder-storm. He jumped into a cab, but could not give either the number of his house or the name of the street. The driver thought the man was mad, and was about to tell him to get out, when the professor, espying a student, called out to him and said, "Just tell the man where I live." Neander's sister, who kept house for him, took fresh apartments nearer the university, as she thought the distance too great for her brother. A few days after their removal, he complained of the long and tiring walk, and it then turned out that he had always gone first to the old lodgings and so round to the university.—*Chronik der Zeit.*

THE BRITISH SOLDIER'S LOT.—While the nominal pay of a private is one shilling a day, or twenty-four cents, he really does not receive much more than half that in actual cash. Deductions are charged to his account for extra supplies of rations and for washing, which bring the net amount placed to his credit down to about four shillings, or one dollar, per week. Most of the table supplies which the ordinary citizen would rate as necessaries are "extras" in the soldier's bill of fare. Butter, tea, coffee, sugar, any excess of meat above half a pound daily, vegetables, fish, and everything beyond his pittance of meat and bread, have to be paid for out of his twenty-four cents. From the same slim source also have to come the cost of repairs to his clothing, and the amount of the practically compulsory, though nominally optional, subscriptions to the cricket, shooting, and athletic clubs connected with the regiment. A still further deduction of ten cents per month is taken off his diminished pay for the cost of "repairs to barracks," a mysterious item charged in accordance with a venerable custom, of which no one in the army can give any satisfactory account other than established custom.

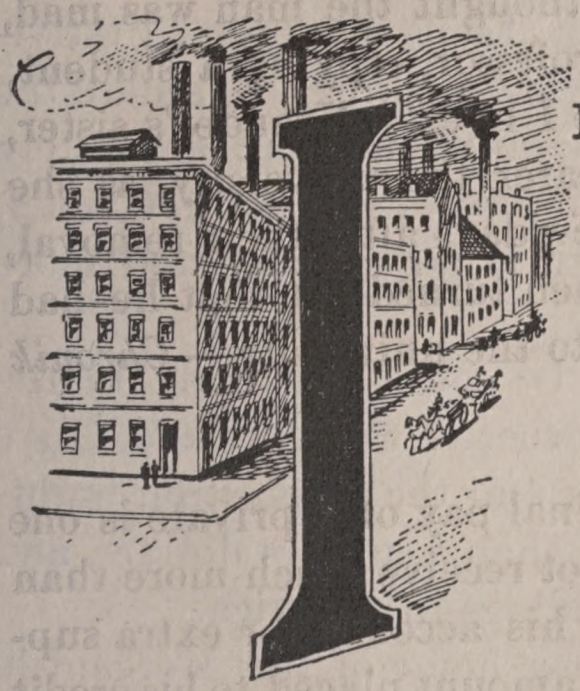
The recreations of the English soldier are on a par with the rest of his surroundings. The few cents he may happen to possess at any one time will not obtain any elevating relaxation, so he seeks the lowest and cheapest modes of dissipation. There is in all barracks a place called by courtesy a reading-room, but Tommy has no education, and naturally falls back on the canteen, where he can drink and smoke in peace at an expense not too heavy for his puny purse. Outside, the lowest groggeries, vulgarly known as "pubs," are about his only resort. The common soldier is shunned by almost everybody as something too far down in the social scale to have anything to do with.—*Philadelphia Times.*

GOOD OLD TIMES.—Professor Potterby.—"The temples of the ancient Greeks were all roofless."

Fresh ('96).—"H'm. They had a better excuse than we have for staying away from church on rainy days."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

GEORGE GUESS, to whom a monument is soon to be erected in Indian Territory, was the Cadmus of the Cherokees, so to speak, for he invented an alphabet for their use, and in that way distinguished them above other American Indians. Guess was a half-breed, the son of a Cherokee mother and an English father, and was fifty years old when, in 1820, he devised this famous alphabet. He lived to regret the invention, for he was an unbeliever, and the only work of consequence printed in Cherokee with the new alphabet was the Bible.—*New York World.*

TRADE REVIVAL IN THE WEST.



IN no city in the United States was the financial stringency of the summer months felt less than in St. Louis. Not a single bank suspended payment for so much as an hour, nor was a breath of suspicion raised against any one of the numerous financial institutions in the great Western and Southwestern metropolis. No clearing-house certificates were issued, nor was there anything in the method in which business was transacted to indicate the scarcity of currency which caused so much inconvenience in so many other cities.

The immense manufacturing interests of the city weathered the storm with equal ease. A few of them reduced the hours of working, but there was little beyond the usual midsummer dulness, and with the fall months came not only the remarkable and magnificent Autumnal Festivities, but also a general revival in business of all kinds fully equal to that of past years. The great shoe-factories, which have a combined output larger than that of any other city in America, are now working full time and to their utmost capacity, and the returns indicate that the value of the boots and shoes manufactured in St. Louis during the year will exceed twelve million dollars. The same is true in regard to almost all the manufacturing interests of the city. Business is brisk, orders are coming rapidly, and the number of out-of-town buyers in the city is fully up to the average of past years. Factories which took advantage of the dull times to shut down temporarily in order to execute repairs or increase their capacity are now working overtime to catch up with the arrears of orders, and there is an air of prosperity in the city which it is impossible for the most confirmed pessimist to explain away.

During the fall the attendance of visitors has been exceptionally large. The attractions provided by the St. Louis Autumnal Festivities Association and by the Exposition and Fair brought tourists from all parts of America as well as large numbers from abroad, and these were as much impressed by the evidences of wealth and progress which they saw as by the Carnival itself. The builder has been active all the year, and as a result of his work lofty structures, modern in type and most attractive in elevation and decoration, have reared their heads along the line of all the principal streets.

This is the last year in which visitors to the annual Carnival will alight at the Union Dépôt which has done service for so many years for the city. The new Union Dépôt, of which an illustration was recently published in this magazine, is now practically completed, and will be opened for traffic in a very short time. It has been described by those responsible for its erection as the largest and most convenient Union Railroad Station in the world, and no one who examines the new structure, with its admirable arrangements for the comfort of travellers, and its still more conspicuously unique facilities for the handling of the immense number of passenger-trains which will enter and leave it daily, will be inclined to doubt the truth of the prediction.

The cost of this magnificent railroad-station will approximate, if it does

not exceed, two million dollars; and another splendid building in a very forward stage of construction in St. Louis will cost fully as much by the time it is constructed and equipped. Reference is made to the twelve-story fire-proof hotel on the site of the old Planters' House. When the St. Louis Autumnal Festivities Association was formed it pledged itself, among other things, to secure the erection of a million-dollar hotel, modern in its appointments and absolutely fire-proof. The Association has been better than its word, for the new hotel, which will be ready for occupation early next year, is far grander and more costly than was promised or expected.

Another exceptionally fine building will also be completed early in the coming year. This is an office building on the corner of Seventh and Olive Streets, about midway between the Mississippi River and the Exposition building. It will cost when completed considerably more than a million dollars, and will rank among the loftiest and grandest office buildings in America.

Almost adjoining this lofty structure is the new home of the Mercantile Club, an institution which has an almost world-wide reputation for hospitality. Across the street from this club building another very handsome and commodious hotel is being erected. Two other large hotels are in contemplation, and will probably be built during the coming spring: so that in the matter of hotel accommodations little will be left to be desired.

To give some idea of the building activity in the business section of St. Louis, it may be mentioned that, in addition to the large buildings named in detail above, no less than ten fire-proof structures, each costing in excess of five hundred thousand dollars, have been completed and occupied since January 1, to say nothing of more than twice that number of factories and business structures almost in the half-million class.

The outlook for St. Louis business interests is brilliant in the extreme. The enormous territory which recognizes it as its commercial metropolis has emerged unscathed from the exceptional summer dulness, and the year 1894 promises to be even more prosperous than any which have preceded it.

THE NEW PLANTERS' HOUSE, ST. LOUIS.

THE DECEMBER NUMBER

OF

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

READY NOVEMBER 20,

WILL CONTAIN A COMPLETE NOVEL ENTITLED

Sergeant Crœsus.

BY

Capt. Charles King,

Author of

"The Colonel's Daughter,"
"The Deserter,"
"Two Soldiers,"
"Dunraven Ranch," etc.

ALSO, THE TENTH OF

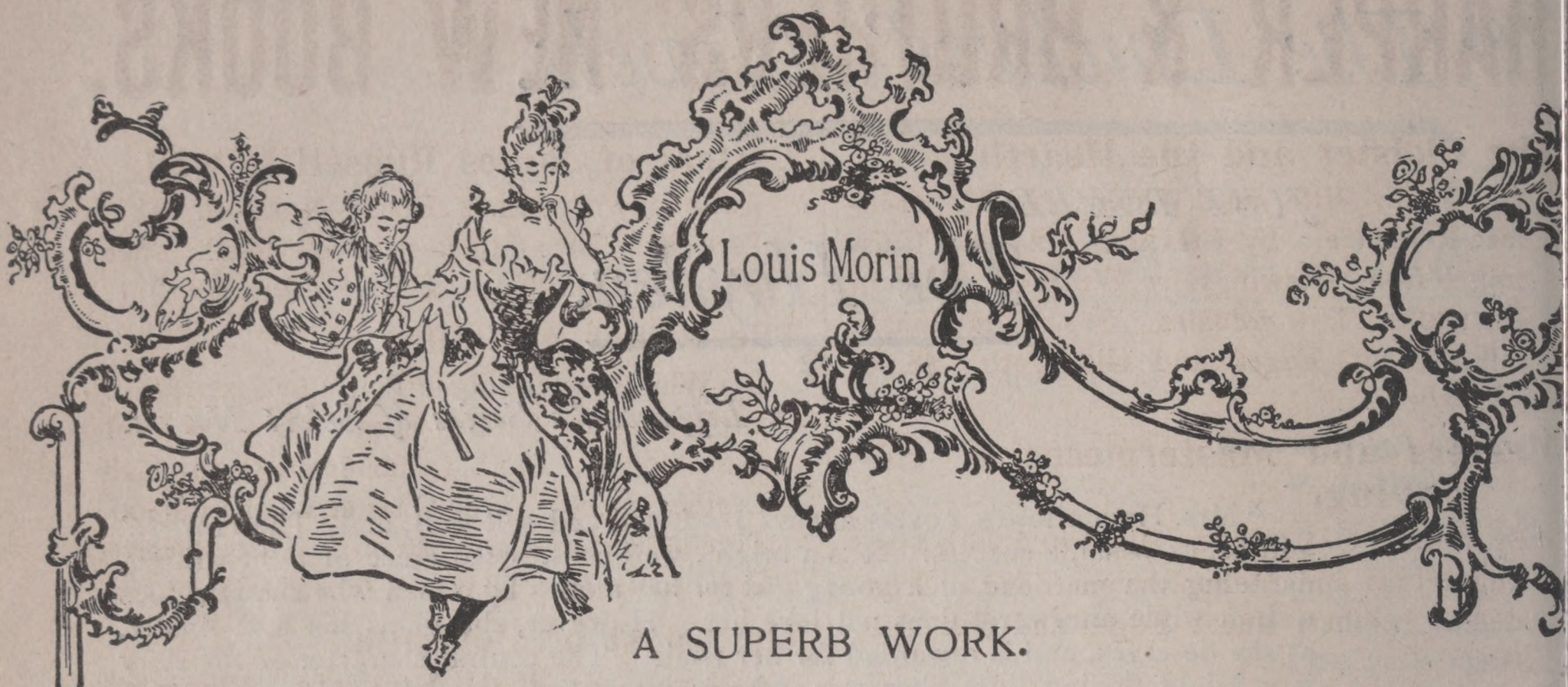
"Lippincott's Notable Stories"

A Series published Monthly on an original competitive plan, explained in each number.

And the Usual Variety of Stories, Essays, Poems, etc.

FOR LIST OF COMPLETE NOVELS CONTAINED IN FORMER NUMBERS,

SEE NEXT PAGE.



A SUPERB WORK.

FRENCH ILLUSTRATORS

By LOUIS MORIN. Introduction by JULES CLARETIE.

Edition de Luxe, Limited to 1030 Copies for America.

WITH FIFTEEN PLATES (13 x 17 INCHES) PRINTED IN COLOR ON HAND-MADE JAPAN PAPER, AND MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED SKETCHES, PORTRAITS, AND DRAWINGS IN THE TEXT.

THE publishers have taken full advantage of the special opportunities offered by the interest of the subject and the wealth of artistic material available. The success which attended the publication of Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's book on "American Illustrators" indicated a large audience for an adequate work on the same plan devoted to the men who have made French illustrations pre-eminent the world over.

Every featur: of the illustration of the book has been made a most careful study, as the following list of plates, text illustrations, and designs will show:

List of Plates Printed on Imperial Hand-made Japan Paper.

E. Detaille	*Photogravure*	Dragoons in Campaign Service.
Albert Lynch	*Photogravure*	The Aigrette.
L. Marchetti	*Color Plate*	A Modern Song.
F. Flameng	*Color Plate*	The Black Hussar.
J. Le Blant	*Heliotype*	The Death of Gen. Chérette.
Ch. Delort	*Photogravure*	The Young Fishers.
P. Renouard	*Etching*	One of the Ballet.
Louis Morin	*Color Plate*	Pierrot and Colombine.
Madelaine Lemaire	*India Proof*	Portrait of a Girl.
Boutet de Monvel	*Photogravure*	Study Hour.
A. Lepère	*India Proof*	On the Seine.
F. H. Kaemmerer	*Color Plate*	The Riverside Inn.
H. Giacomelli	*Color Plate*	The Bird Perch.
D. Vierge	*India Proof*	In Malaga.
Tofani	*Color Plate*	Playing Bars.

The photogravures and color plates have been prepared and printed by Goupil & Co., in Paris, under the direction of the artists.

THE TEXT ILLUSTRATIONS

include drawings by the leading French illustrators. There are also given portraits of the leading illustrators drawn in crayon by W. J. Baer, pictures of studios, etc.

COVER AND PORTFOLIO DESIGNS

have been secured by GEORGES AURIOL, LOUIS MORIN, JULES CHÉRET, A. GIRALDON, and A. ROBANDI.

The portfolio is by ALBERT LYNCH from a water-color made specially for the work. Price, $15.00 net. Application for early numbers should be made at once.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York.

BOOKS

HARPER & BROTHERS' NEW BOOKS.

The Cloister and the Hearth;

Or, Maid, Wife, and Widow. A Matter-of-fact Romance. By CHARLES READE. Illustrated from Drawings by WILLIAM MARTIN JOHNSON. Two volumes. 8vo. Illuminated Silk, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $8.00. (*Nearly Ready.*)

Masters and Masterpieces of Engraving.

By WILLIS O. CHAPIN. Illustrated with Sixty Engravings and Heliogravures. 8vo. Ornamental Leather, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $10.00.

The Christ-Child in Art.

A Study of Interpretation. By HENRY VAN DYKE. Illustrated. 8vo. Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $4.00. (*Just Ready.*)

Riders of Many Lands.

By THEODORE AYRAULT DODGE, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel U. S. Army. Illustrated with Numerous Drawings by FREDERIC REMINGTON, and from Photographs of Oriental Subjects. 8vo. Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $4.00.

Italian Gardens.

By CHARLES A. PLATT. Illustrated. 4to. Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $5.00. (*Nearly Ready.*)

The Boy Travellers in Southern Europe.

Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey through Italy, Southern France, and Spain, with visits to Gibraltar and the Islands of Sicily and Malta. By THOMAS W. KNOX. Profusely Illustrated. Square 8vo. Cloth, Ornamental, $3.00.

A History of the Roman Empire,

From its Foundation to the Death of Marcus Aurelius. By J. B. BURY, M.A. Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, $1.50. ("The Student's Series.")

On the Road Home.

Poems. By MARGARET E. SANGSTER. Illustrated. 16mo. Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $1.25.

To Right the Wrong.

A Novel. By EDNA LYALL. Illustrated. Post 8vo. Cloth, Ornamental, $1.50.

Letters of James Russell Lowell.

Edited by CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. With Portraits. Two volumes. 8vo. Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $8.00. (*In a Box.*)

The Prince of India;

Or, Why Constantinople Fell. By LEW. WALLACE, Author of "Ben-Hur," etc. Two volumes. 16mo. Cloth, Ornamental, $2.50; Half Leather, $4.00; Three-Quarter Leather, $5.00; Three-Quarter Calf, $6 00; Three-Quarter Crushed Levant, $8.00. (*In a Box.*)

The Coast of Bohemia.

A Novel. By W. D. HOWELLS. Illustrated. Post 8vo. Cloth, $1.50.

Our Great West.

By JULIAN RALPH, Author of "On Canada's Frontier," "Chicago and the World's Fair," etc. Illustrated. 8vo. Cloth, Ornamental, $2.50.

The Two Salomes.

A Novel. By MARIA LOUISE POOL, Author of "Dally," etc. Post 8vo. Cloth, Ornamental, $1.25.

By Henry James:

Essays in London and Elsewhere. Post 8vo. Cloth, Ornamental, $1.25.

The Wheel of Time. Three Stories: *The Wheel of Time*, *Collaboration*, and *Owen Wingrave*. 16mo. Cloth, Ornamental, $1.00.

The Private Life. Three Stories: *The Private Life*, *Lord Beaupré*, and *The Visits*. 16mo. Cloth, Ornamental, $1.00.

The Distaff Series:

Short Stories. Edited by CONSTANCE CARY HARRISON.—**The Kindergarten.** Edited by KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.—**Household Art.** Edited by CANDACE WHEELER.—**Early Prose and Verse.** Edited by ALICE MORSE EARLE and EMILY ELLSWORTH FORD.—**The Literature of Philanthropy.** Edited by FRANCES A. GOODALE.—**Woman and the Higher Education.** Edited by ANNA C. BRACKETT. 16mo. Cloth, Ornamental, $1.00 a volume.

Index to Harper's Magazine.

Vols. I.–LXXXV. Alphabetical, Analytical, and Classified. 8vo. Cloth, $5.00.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ *The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by the publishers, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, on receipt of the price.*

MACMILLAN & CO.'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Just ready. MR. WILLIAM WINTER'S BIOGRAPHY OF EDWIN BOOTH.

THE LIFE AND ART OF EDWIN BOOTH.

By WILLIAM WINTER. This work has long been in preparation, with Mr. Booth's especial sanction, and will be very fully illustrated. Crown 8vo. Cloth extra, $2.25.
***Also a Limited Edition on Large Paper. Price, $6.00.

By the same author, A New Edition, Revised Throughout, with Numerous Illustrations.

SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLAND.

By WILLIAM WINTER, author of "Shadows of Stage," etc., etc. With numerous full-page and vignette illustrations, and a new photogravure portrait of the author by Arthur Jule Goodman. 12mo. Full gilt, ornamental cover, $2.00.

In the Press.

Rip Van Winkle, and the Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

By WASHINGTON IRVING. Illustrated by GEO. H. BOUGHTON.

Illustrated by HUGH THOMSON.

Our Village.

By MISS MITFORD. With a Preface by ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE, and 100 illustrations by HUGH THOMSON.

A New Book by PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH.

THE UNITED STATES.—A Political History: 1492-1871.

By GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L. *Second Edition.* 12mo. $2.00.

By the Same Author.

Bay Leaves.

A collection of Translations from the Latin Poets. 16mo. Buckram, $1.25.

A Trip to England.

New, Revised Edition. 18mo. 75 cents.

The Only Complete Editions of LORD TENNYSON'S WORKS.

The Library Edition.

Volumes 8, 9, and 10, just ready, with the seven volumes already published, complete the Library Edition.
***Also an Edition on Hand-Made Paper.

The Works of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, Poet Laureate.

Complete in one volume. WITH A NEW PORTRAIT. Large Crown 8vo. Cloth, gilt, $1.75. Bound in morocco, extra, $4.00.

"This latest edition of his works, which as a book is every way what a complete, compact edition should be, and which contains the only portrait we have ever seen which does his genius justice."—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

A New Edition with Additional Poems.

Ballads, and Barrack-Room Ballads.

By RUDYARD KIPLING. 12mo. Cloth, $1.25.

A New Edition with Additions.

The Poems of William Watson.

With a new Photogravure Portrait of the author.

NEW NOVELS.

By F. MARION CRAWFORD.

MARION DARCHE. A Story without Comment.

A new novel, written on the same basis of plot and character as his play of that name soon to be put upon the stage by Mr. Augustin Daly.

By MRS. F. A. STEEL.

Mrs. Stuart's Legacy.

12mo. Cloth, $1.00.

By EDWARD H. COOPER.

Richard, Lord Stratton.

Shortly.

MRS. MOLESWORTH'S New Story for Children.

MARY.

With Illustrations. 12mo. Cloth, gilt, $1.25.

Book Reviews, a Monthly Journal devoted to New and Current Publications. Price, 5 cents. Yearly Subscriptions, 50 cents.

*** **Macmillan & Co. have removed to their new premises at 66 Fifth Avenue.**

Macmillan & Co., 66 Fifth Ave., New York.

BOOKS

NEW GIFT BOOKS.

The Queen of the Adriatic; OR, VENICE MEDIÆVAL AND MODERN. By CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT, author of "Art and Artists.' Uniform in style with the preceding volumes, "Genoa the Superb" and "The Lily of the Arno." The author describes the Grand Canals, Cathedrals, Palaces, Square of St. Mark's, Bridge of Sighs, etc., etc., with sketches of the romantic history associated with them in this, the most unique city in the world. Illustrated with twenty photogravures from recent photographs.

1 vol., crown 8vo, vellum cloth, illuminated in gold and colors $3.00

Ivanhoe. ILLUSTRATED HOLIDAY EDITION. With introduction and notes by ANDREW LANG. The most magnificent edition of this great masterpiece of Sir Walter Scott's ever made. The text is printed on fine paper in a small page, new and large type with ample margins. Of the 20 illustrations in etching and photogravure, twelve are original etchings drawn and engraved in Paris by the celebrated French artist Ad. Lalauze, printed on imperial Japan paper. The binding is stamped in gold and colors.

2 vols., crown 8vo, cloth, in cloth box $6.00

Jenny Wren's Boarding House. By JAMES OTIS, author of "Toby Tyler," "Mr. Stubb's Brother," "Raising the Pearl," etc.

An excellent story of newsboy life in New York, written in the happy style with which Mr. Otis has for years captivated juvenile as well as grown-up readers. Illustrated with numerous drawings by W. A. Rogers.

1 vol., quarto, cloth $1.25

Six Boys. By ELIZABETH W. CHAMPNEY, author of the "Vassar Girls" series. This story is sure to rank among the most popular of books for young people for many years to come. It is written in a fresh, invigorating style, and tells of hap and mishaps of a family of boys of all ages. Illustrated with original designs by Merrill.

1 vol., crown 8vo, cloth, gilt $1.50

Melody. By LAURA E. RICHARDS, author of "Captain January," "Queen Hildegarde," etc. The thousands of readers who value the tender pathos of "Captain January," will welcome this simple and lovely story as a further development of a remarkable sympathy with all that is noble and beautiful in human nature, and find in it a high power of literary expression. This simple story of the blind child will find its way to a very large circle of admirers.

1 vol., 16mo, cloth, unique style . . . . . 50 cents

For sale by all Booksellers, or sent post-paid on receipt of price by the publishers.

ESTES & LAURIAT, Boston, Mass.

ST. LOUIS MAGAZINE

TO YOUR ADDRESS

Two Years for $1.00.

The regular price of the "St. Louis Magazine" is $1.50 a year, but in offering it to you at $1.00 for two years (which is less than cost) we hope to in that time get you so interested in our Monthly that you will continue taking the Magazine always. The loss to us in sending it to you two years for $1.00 we consider as so much money spent in advertising our Magazine and creating a permanent and enormously increased circulation. Hence, if the monthly visits of the "St. Louis Magazine" to your family for two years are made, we flatter ourselves you will become a permanent subscriber. Send along your dollar and receive the "St. Louis Magazine" for two full years. If you desire a late sample copy, send 10 cents for one and also receive an

ALUMINUM SOUVENIR CHARM

with Lord's Prayer coined in smallest characters.

ST. LOUIS MAGAZINE, 2819 OLIVE STREET, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Everybody in Kansas City Reads THE KANSAS CITY STAR and . . . . . It Sells More Copies in the State of Kansas than any Other Newspaper Does.

Daily, 56,000 guaranteed.

Weekly, 110,000 guaranteed.

WORKS BY DR. GEIKIE.

The appearance of these books has marked an epoch in the study of the Bible. An amount of light and information which is as wonderful as it is gratifying.

HOURS WITH THE BIBLE, Old Testament Series;

Or, the Scriptures in the Light of Modern Knowledge. By Cunningham Geikie, D.D., LL.D. Entirely new edition, revised and largely rewritten. Printed from new plates, bound in maroon cloth, gilt lettering.

Each volume contains a copious index, list of authorities quoted, and complete table of contents. About 500 pages to the volume.

6 vols., in box. Price, $7.50.

"The great advance in every branch of Biblical knowledge which has marked the ten years during which **HOURS WITH THF BIBLE** have been before the world, has necessarily thrown much fresh light on the Sacred Records from many sources; elucidating and illuminating countless points hitherto imperfectly understood or wholly overlooked. This new edition is the fruit of continuous effort through successive years. Since the original edition was published, I have travelled in Egypt, the Holy Land, and Syria, and have been able to give descriptions of various localities in the Bible Story from personal knowledge."

Prof. R. W. Rogers, of Dickinson College, one of the most learned Biblical scholars of this country, writes:

"This new edition of Geikie's **HOURS WITH THE BIBLE** is the best introduction to Biblical history accessible. I wish most heartily that every Christian preacher and every Sunday-School teacher could at once read its eloquent and stirring pages; from it there would most certainly come forth stronger expository preaching and wiser and more fruitful instruction in the Bible. In the interest of the Church and of Christian education, I trust it may have an extensive sale.

"CARLISLE, PENN., June 12, 1893."

THE BIBLE IN MODERN LIGHT.

Hours with the Bible, New Testament Series of.

By Cunningham Geikie. The New Testament portion of this valuable work on the Bible will be published in four 12mo volumes to correspond with the Old Testament series.

The Gospels. Vol. I., with Illustrations.

12mo, Cloth, Gilt, $1.50. *Ready November 1st.*

Special offer for advance orders. **$10.00** cash will buy the whole series, thus saving four dollars. On receipt of order with cash, the Old Testament Series will be sent at once, and New Testament Series as published, post free.

JAMES POTT & CO., Publishers, 114 Fifth Ave., New York.

FOR ONE DOLLAR

WE will send eighteen superb large pictures, in color—flowers, fruit, landscapes, figures, etc., suitable for putting on your walls or copying, together with six copies of **The Art Interchange Monthly Magazine,** containing practical plans and drawings of house interiors and exteriors, and careful instructions for furnishing of halls and rooms; beautiful and new designs for embroidery, china painting, wood carving, pyrography, oil, water and mineral color painting, etc.

Tapestry Painting can easily be learned—we supply colored pictures, full-size outline drawings, and instructions.

This magazine tells about the artists of to-day, with portraits and engravings of their work; art gossip and travel. Latest novelties in art and home furnishing are described. Instructions in painting, embroidery, and all other forms of home art work, Yearly subscription $4.00, but we make this most liberal offer to give all readers of LIPPINCOTT'S a chance to see for themselves what an indispensable thing **The Art Interchange** is in EVERY HOME.

Eighteen Pictures in Colors, Twelve Large Pattern Supplements, with designs for the decoration of every object in the home; six copies of The Art Interchange, a handsomely illustrated monthly magazine (established 1878)—ALL FOR $1.00.

At catalogue prices the pictures ALONE sell for $3.90—You cannot make a better INVESTMENT WITH $1.00 than to send to us for this great offer.

SPECIAL OFFER.—If you subscribe NOW to **The Art Interchange** and remit $4.00 ***direct to our office,*** we will send you the above-named eighteen pictures and six copies of the magazine by return mail FREE, as a premium; or, you may remit $1.00 now for this offer and we will give you the privilege of subscribing within two weeks for a full year at only $3.00. Each copy of the magazine contains three colored pictures and two design supplements. This offer good only to those who order before December 31st, when this offer will be withdrawn.

A specimen copy, with three colored pictures, will be sent for 20 cts. Descriptive Illustrated Catalogue for 2c. stamp. November, 1893, Lippincott's.

THE ART INTERCHANGE CO., 9 Desbrosses St., N. Y.

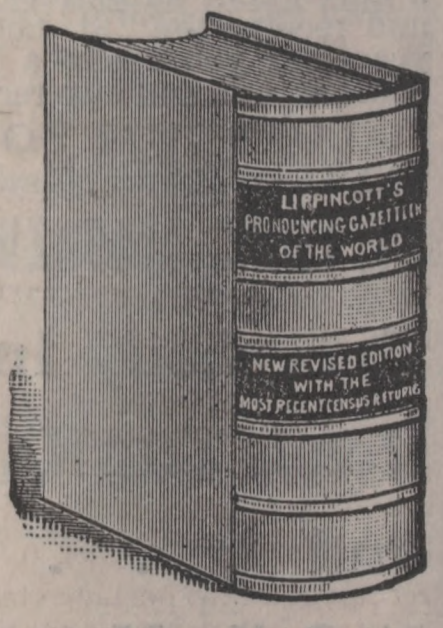
LIPPINCOTT'S PRONOUNCING Gazetteer

OF THE WORLD.

Edition of 1893. Revised and Enlarged. With Latest Census Returns.

A complete pronouncing Gazetteer or Geographical Dictionary of the World, containing notices of over **OVER 125,000 PLACES,** with recent and authentic information respecting the Countries, Islands, Rivers, Mountains, Cities, Towns, etc., in every portion of the globe.

Invaluable to the Student, Teacher, Merchant, Journalist, and members of other learned professions.



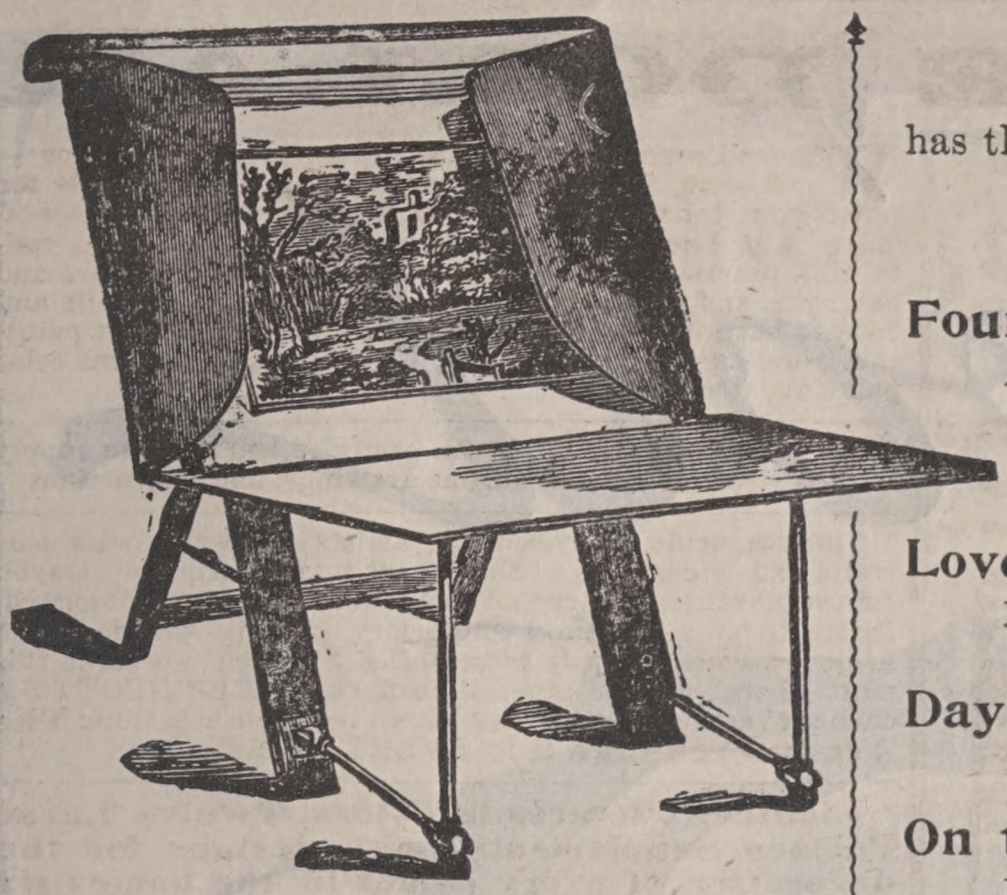
Imperial 8vo. Nearly 3,000 pages. Sheep binding, $12.00; half Russia, $15.00. With Patent Index, 75 cents additional.

"There is no other work of the kind, in any language, that can be compared with it for completeness and accuracy. It is one of the indispensable reference books, and the best of it is that it can be trusted implicitly."—*Philadelphia Times.*

"No school can get on without this book any more than without a clock. In no other way could the same amount of money buy so much that is absolutely indispensable for a grammar school, with the possible exception of a dictionary."—*Boston Journal of Education.*

"A series of statistical tables which have been added materially increase the superiority of this edition over previous ones. By means of this book, and three or four others, a working journalist might consider that if he had not a library at his service he had an excellent substitute for one."—*New York Times.*

PUBLICATIONS



KLACKNER'S *PORTFOLIOS AND STANDS.*

Stands made in Ebony, Ash, Cherry, or Stained Mahogany.

Price-List of Portfolios and Stands furnished on application.

C. KLACKNER,

5 East 17th Street, New York.

MR. KLACKNER

has the pleasure of announcing the following

New Publications:

Four Kings and a Knave.
After THOMAS BLINKS.

Choir of Westminster Abbey.
Etched by HENRY CRICHMORE.

Loved and Lost.
Mezzotint by WALTER WEST,
after CHAS. E. STEWART.

Daybreak.
Etched by CAMILLE FONCE.

On the Best of Terms.
Etched by E. ABOT, after NINA HARDY.

Friendly Competitors.
Etched by JULES JACQUET, after A. A. LESSEL.

Quilting Bee.
After EDGAR M. WARD.

Breaking the Home Ties.
After THOMAS HOVENDEN.

Send for Catalogue and Pamphlets on Proofs and Prints.

C. KLACKNER,

NO. 5 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK.

MARYLAND, 1214 Eutaw Place, Baltimore.

The Sarah Randolph School

FOR GIRLS. Founded by Miss S. N. Randolph, of Virginia. 1214 Eutaw Place, near Druid Hill Park.

Mrs. A. L. Armstrong, Principal.

SHORTHAND Writing *thoroughly taught* **by mail** or personally. **Situations procured** all pupils when competent. Send for circular. **W. G. CHAFFEE**, Oswego, N.Y.
Book-keeping, Penmanship, and Spanish thoroughly taught.

LANGUAGES **French, German Spanish, Italian**

Actually Spoken and Mastered in Ten weeks without leaving your homes by the Meisterschaft System. 550th Thousand. Pupils taught as if actually in the presence of the teacher. Terms for membership **$5.00** for each Language. **MASTERED** All questions answered and exercises corrected free of charge. Specimen copy of Part 1, either language, sent free on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp.

THE MEISTERSCHAFT PUBLISHING CO.
No. 196 SUMMER STREET Boston, Mass.
IN 10 WEEKS

PLAYS Dialogues, Speakers, for School, Club, and Parlor. Catalogue free. **T. S. DENISON**, Pub., Chicago, Ill.

MUSIC FOR MANY.

VOICES OF SPRING. A service of Song and Recitation, for **Children's Day.** Price 5 cents. **ALBUM OF SONGS.** Edited by R. P. Southard. For Soprano or Tenor voice. Price 50 cents. **FOLIO OF HOME SONGS.** A collection of pretty and pleasing songs with choruses. Just the book for the family circle. 96 sheet music pages. Price 35 cents. **ARCHER'S SECOND ORGAN BOOK.** New and selected music, from the best writers for the instrument. Can be used for either Pedal or Reed Organ. Price $2.00. **ORGAN MOSAICS No. 2.** Music of a slightly easier grade than that of the preceding volume. For either Pedal or Reed Organ. Price $1. **GARNERED GEMS,** by H. R. Palmer. The latest and best singing book for Sunday Schools. Price 35 cents. **COLUMBUS,** a beautiful cantata for adults, by H. Butterworth and Geo. F. Root. Especially appropriate for rendering during this year. Price 75 cents. **THE MUSICAL VISITOR** supplies all reasonable demands for music for the choir and for organists. Price $1.50 a year. Special terms to clubs of five or more. Sample copy 10 cents.

Any of the above named books will be sent post-paid to any address, on receipt of marked price.

—PUBLISHED BY—

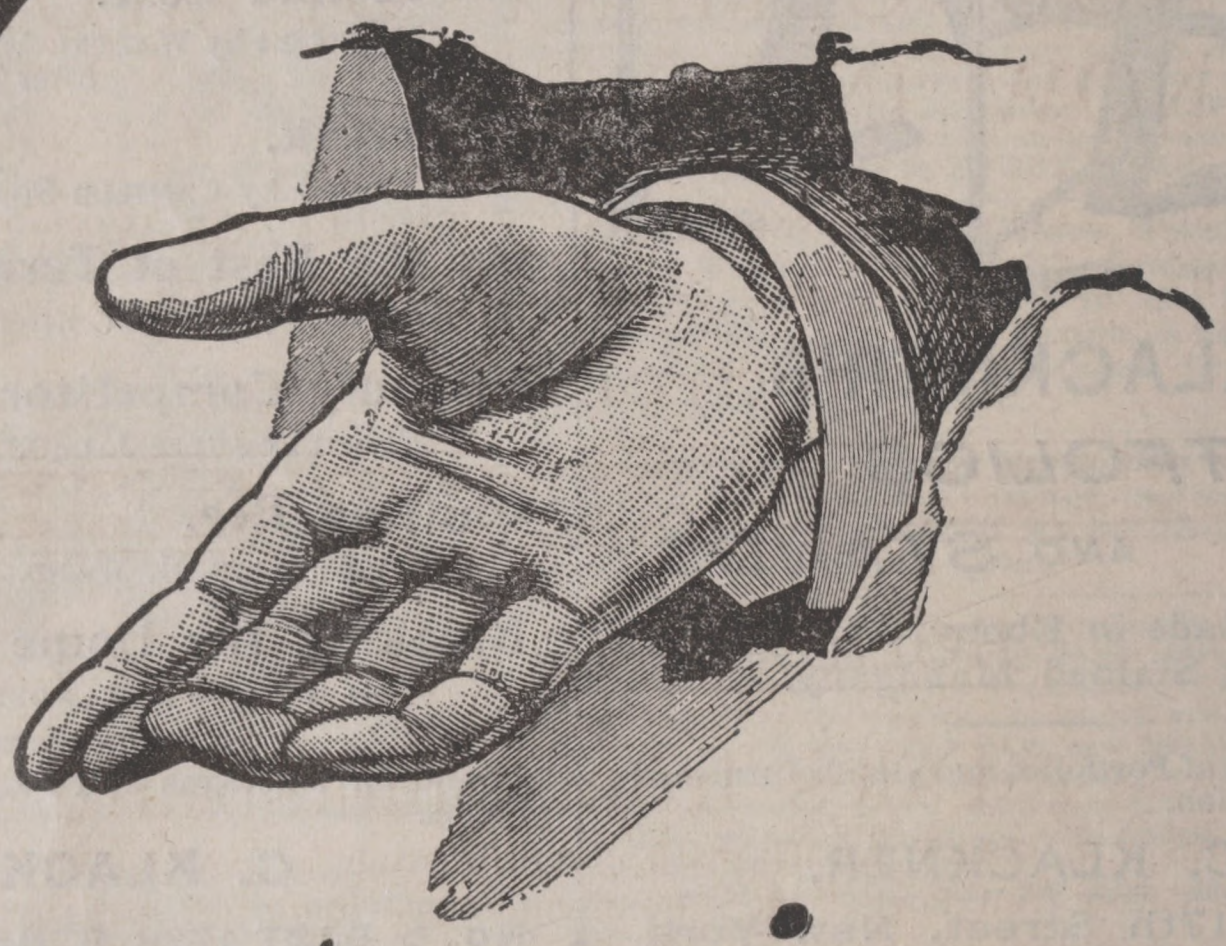
THE JOHN CHURCH CO.,

CINCINNATI, . . NEW YORK, . . CHICAGO

DO YOU WANT MUSIC?

If so, send your name and address on a postal card for our Catalogue of latest popular music, 5 cents a copy. C. ROBINSON & CO.,
11 Cooper Place, Brooklyn, N.Y

Good



morning

HAVE YOU
USED
PEARS' SOAP?

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY'S LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS, TOGETHER WITH AN ANNOUNCEMENT OF WORKS NOW IN PRESS.

FOR SALE BY BOOKSELLERS GENERALLY, OR WILL BE SENT BY MAIL, POST-PAID, UPON RECEIPT OF PRICE - - - - -

OCTOBER, 1893.

HOLIDAY AND GIFT BOOKS.

Tales from Shakspeare.

By CHARLES AND MARY LAMB, with a continuation by HARRISON S. MORRIS, author of "Tales from Ten Poets," etc. Four volumes. *16mo. Illustrated, cloth, extra, $4.00; half calf or half morocco, $8.00; three-quarters calf, $10.00. Édition de Luxe* (limited to 150 copies). *Four volumes. Small 8vo. Cloth, $12.00 net.*

The twenty tales from the plays of Shakspeare by Charles and Mary Lamb are the most useful and agreeable companions to an understanding of Shakspeare that have ever been produced. They are included in the first two volumes of this edition. In the two remaining volumes, Mr. Morris, who last year so successfully told the tales of the Victorian poets, completes the plays, and in a brief space presents each plot and story in a most engaging manner. Even those who are familiar with every line of the original will be delighted with the pleasing and compendious way in which the plays are given. The numerous half-tone illustrations are a feature of the edition.

The Lives of the Queens of England.

By AGNES STRICKLAND. *New Cabinet Edition. In eight volumes. 16mo. Cloth, $12.00; half calf, $24.00; three-quarters calf, $28.00.*

"The Lives of the Queens of England" are among the most fascinating reading which history affords, because they are built upon character rather than upon events. It has almost passed into an axiom that biography is more alluring than history, and these "Lives of the Queens," like Plutarch's "Lives" of Ancient Grecians and Romans, embody the best elements of both. They depict the queens in their daily life, "their sayings and doings, their manners, their costume," giving as well "their most interesting letters" and royal documents.

History of the Consulate and the Empire of France.—Vol. I.

By L. A. THIERS, ex-Prime Minister of France. Translated from the French, with the sanction of the author, by D. Forbes Campbell. An entirely new edition, printed from new type and illustrated with thirty-six steel plates printed from the French originals. Twelve octavo volumes. *Cloth, $3.00 per volume.*

This great work is one of the foremost historical productions of the age. The first volume appeared in 1845, and the work was completed in 1860. The only good edition of the English translation has long been out of print, and the present publishers, in connection with an English house, will bring out a limited edition to meet the demand of the libraries and book-buyer. The first two volumes of this sumptuous edition have just been issued, and will be followed with one volume a month until the work is completed. Subscriptions will be received for complete sets only by all booksellers and the publishers.

History of the Reign of the Emperor Charles V. (Two volumes.)

Biographical and Critical Miscellanies. (One volume.)

Completing the *De Luxe Edition* (limited to 250 copies) of the works of WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT. Containing all the steel plates on India paper and maps that appeared in former editions, together with fifteen new phototype illustrations to each volume. *Large 8vo. Handsomely bound in half morocco, gilt top, $5.00 net per volume.*

An intelligent critic of *Blackwood's Magazine* once said: "Who that has read anything has left unread those charming histories of Mr. Prescott? A philosopher pursuing his speculations upon humanity can nowhere find richer materials for the construction of his theories than in those volumes. A youth craving the excitement of imagination can nowhere enter into more wondrous regions of poetry and romance." In this sumptuous edition, now complete in thirteen volumes, there are not only all the steel portraits and maps that have appeared in former editions, but each volume contains a number of handsome phototype illustrations copied from photographs of cities, public edifices, and reproductions of paintings representing the remarkable events narrated.

Other volumes in the De Luxe Edition:

HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA. Two volumes.
HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO. Two volumes.
HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF PERU. Two volumes.
HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF PHILIP II. Three volumes.

8vo. Half morocco, gilt top, $5.00 net per volume.

Goldsmith's Works.

New Edition. Published in connection with Dent & Company, of London. Illustrated with etchings by HERBERT RAILTON. Six volumes. *16mo. Cloth, $6.00.*

This edition, uniform with "Austin," "Fielding," and other standard works, comprises Poems, Plays, Vicar of Wakefield, Citizen of the World, and The Bee and other Essays.

Historical Tales.

THE ROMANCE OF REALITY. By CHARLES MORRIS, author of "Half-Hour Series," "Tales from the Dramatists," etc. America, England, France, Germany. *Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, $1.25 per volume. Each work sold separately or in sets in boxes. $5.00 per set; half calf, $10.00.*

History is made up of two elements,—the ordinary and the extraordinary, the wearisome monotony of the usual and the exciting variety of the unusual. It is the latter in which readers delight, and with which this work deals; those entertaining and spirit-stirring incidents which give to history its chief zest; those tales of pathos and of passion, of novel events and striking interest, on which man will never cease to dwell with pleasure. "The Romance of Reality," the sub-title of the work, admirably indicates its character, for within its pages may be found grouped the scene of those romantic and eventful incidents which form the pith of the history of the leading modern nations, and many of which have long been favorites in popular lore. The half-tone illustrations, twelve in each volume, add to the beauty and historical value of an otherwise attractive work.

Seven Christmas Eves.

The Romance of a Social Evolution. By seven authors. With illustrations by DUDLEY HARDY. *12mo. Cloth, $1.00.*

A story of the lives of two little waifs picked up from the streets of London, told in seven chapters by as many different authors. Their childish troubles were not imaginary, as it so often happens, but there was an abundance of sunshine to dispel the sorrow. It is a good book for young folks, and even mature readers will find much entertainment in the story of Nan and Nick. Mr. Clement Scott writes the last chapter in a quite romantic way.

The Chronicles of Fairyland.

A volume of fantastic tales for both old and young. By FERGUS HUME. Illustrated in the text by M. DUNLOP. *4to. Cloth extra, $1.50.*

Containing The Red Elf, Shadowland, The Water Witch, Moon Fancies, The Rose Princess, Sorrow Singing, The Golden Goblin, and The Enchanted Forest.

A Dog of Flanders,

AND OTHER STORIES, by OUIDA, is a collection of four charming sketches for young readers. Illustrated with engravings after drawings by EDMUND H. GARRETT. *Small 4to. Cloth, $1.50.*

"In her manner of telling these little tales there is remarkable resemblance to Hawthorne's writings for the young, while in invention and imagination the author pushes closely the writers of the classic juveniles. Moreover, each one of them contains a wise moral." Mr. Garrett has entered well into their spirit in his illustrations.

Twenty Little Maidens.

By AMY E. BLANCHARD. Illustrated by IDA WAUGH. *Small 4to. Cloth extra, $1.50.*

A delightful book for the little folks. It contains twenty distinct stories of as many little girls, and is told in a way that cannot fail to please the children. Full-page illustrations by Ida Waugh make the book unusually attractive.

King Arthur and the Knights of the Round-Table.

A Modernized Version of the Morte Darthur. By CHARLES MORRIS. *New Illustrated Edition. Three volumes. 16mo. Cloth, gilt top, $3.00; half calf or half morocco, $6.00; three-quarters calf, $7.50.*

"Mr. Charles Morris has done an excellent work, especially for young readers," says the Philadelphia *Times*, "in what may be described as a translation of Mallory into modern English prose. To those who can read the 'Morte Darthur' in its original form, or rather in the form into which Mallory put it, this modernization is not necessary, and may be not entirely welcome; but the truth is that Mallory is very hard reading, and requires so much interpretation that it is safest and best to give up the old form and come down to plain, every-day language. Mr. Morris has taken no unwarranted liberties with his original. He has simply put it in a modern dress."

In the Yule-Log Glow.

By HARRISON S. MORRIS. Contains Christmas tales and Christmas poems "from 'round the world." They are full of the glad spirit of the season, and they celebrate it in manifold ways, but in uniform excellence of manner. With sixteen illustrations. Four volumes. *16mo. Cloth, gilt top, $4.00 per set; half-polished calf or morocco, $8.00; three-quarters calf, $10.00.*

"When the delightful night is done and the yule-log falls apart and drops into the ashes, all who have been privileged to sit in its genial glow and hear these stories and the songs, are overflowing with the true Christmas fervor. The people of all lands are their brothers, and even the crabbed reviewer dips his pen in the wassail-bowl and cries:

"Drink hael! Good folks by the chimney side,
O Sweet's the holy Christmas-tide!
Drink hael! Drink hael! and pledge again:
Here's 'peace on earth, good will to men.'"

—*The Epoch.*

Through Colonial Doorways.

By ANNE HOLLINGSWORTH WHARTON. *Édition de Luxe. Handsomely bound, uncut edges, in box, $3.50 net.*

EDITION DE LUXE. Many who admire the cloth edition of this attractive work have expressed a desire to possess it in still more sumptuous form and with extra illustrations. To supply this want, the publishers propose issuing, in November, an *édition de luxe* on large and fine paper, with the addition of new illustrations, consisting of etchings and phototypes of rare portraits, residences, letters, etc.

As the use of some of these pictures has been kindly granted to Miss Wharton by the descendants of noted families, exclusively for insertion in this work, they will be procurable in no other way.

The volume will be handsomely bound in special style, with uncut edges. The price will be $3.50 net.

The edition will be limited to 442 copies.

Fourth edition of the regular 12mo issue now ready, $1.25.

Illustrated Edition of the Half-Hour Series.

Selected and arranged by CHARLES MORRIS. Uniform in style, size, and binding, each volume containing six illustrations.

HALF-HOURS WITH THE BEST FOREIGN AUTHORS. *Four volumes. Crown 8vo. Cloth, gilt top, $6.00; half calf, $10.00; three-quarters calf, $13.00.*

It is the only collection affording a general survey of representative foreign works. It opens a way to general readers who are not linguists to become acquainted with the qualities and style of the masterpieces of ancient and modern writers, and reach, with the most delightful entertainment, a deeper and a broader literary culture.

HALF-HOURS WITH THE BEST HUMOROUS AUTHORS. *Four volumes. Crown 8vo. Cloth, gilt top, $6.00; half calf, $10.00; three-quarters calf, $13.00.*

The selections in these volumes embrace some of the choicest writings of the best American, English, and foreign humorists. They are made with excellent judgment and taste. Many are famous, others are comparatively unknown, but all are meritorious.

HALF-HOURS WITH THE BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS. *Four volumes. Crown 8vo. Cloth, $6.00; half calf, $10.00; three-quarters calf, $13.00. 8vo size half cloth, $16.00.*

The best samples from every American author of note in history, poetry, art, fiction, and philosophy are grouped here, so that the reader can take up any one of the four volumes and, turning at random, can find something particularly meritorious to entertain and instruct him. Such books have not only the spice of variety about them, but they are full of solid and useful information.

HALF-HOURS WITH AMERICAN HISTORY. *Two volumes. Crown 8vo. Cloth, $3.00; half calf, $5.00; three-quarters calf, $6.50.*

The same general plan has been pursued by Mr. Morris in all the volumes here named. An introduction at the head of each selection gives biographical data, qualities, and influence of the author, while a full index adds to the excellence of the works. The collection is an extremely interesting one, and the books of the time offer no better method for a ready acquaintance with the choice and master spirits of literature. The numerous half-tone illustrations are an especial feature of the volumes.

Tales from the Dramatists.

Illustrated with portraits. Four volumes. *16mo. Cloth, extra, $4.00; half calf, $8.00; half morocco, $8.00; three-quarters calf, gilt top, $10.00.*

What an array of histrionic fame has Charles Morris, the author of the *Half-Hour Series*, here compressed in four dainty volumes,—a collection which contains not only the best specimens of Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger, but of the dramatists of the Restoration, and even of those of the last generation. He has given us examples from Otway, and Susanna Centlivre and Farquhar and Hannah Cowley; from Edward Moore, Home, Goldsmith, Thomas Holcroft, John O'Keefe, Sheridan, Colman, Thomas Morton, John Tobin, Sheridan Knowles, Sheil, and Talfourd, of the era we of to-day call past; and beside these we have a group of playwrights who have made great our own times: Lord Lytton, Tom Taylor, Boucicault, Victor Hugo, Hayden, and our countryman, Boker.

Tales from Ten Poets.

By HARRISON S. MORRIS. Three volumes. Illustrated with portraits of all the authors. *Cloth, extra, $3.00; half calf, $6.00; half morocco, $6.00; three-quarters calf, $7.50.*

A small library of three luxurious little volumes, clad in the best of the binder's treasures, illuminated with an unique group of characteristic portraits of the ten poets, and packed in a convenient box. It contains twelve of the longer narrative poems of the Victorian era, namely: The Ring and the Book, The Princess, Rose Mary, The Lovers of Gudrun, Enoch Arden, A Blot in the 'Scutcheon, Aurora Leigh, Sohrab and Rustum, The Two Babes, Tristram of Lyonesse, Lucile, and The Spanish Gypsy, done into simple prose which retains all the flavor of the original poetry, in so far as prose may, and sacrifices none of the essential details of the story. This plan brings within the comprehension of the general reader what has long remained to him, literally, a sealed book.

Queechy.

By SUSAN WARNER, author of "The Wide, Wide World," "Dollars and Cents," etc. *New Edition.* Uniform with "The Wide, Wide World." Printed from new plates and illustrated with thirty new pictures in the text from drawings by FREDERICK DIELMAN. *12mo. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents.*

"The new edition of this familiar story, issued uniform with the latest issue of 'The Wide, Wide World,' will be gladly welcomed by thousands of old friends and by many new ones. The work has always been eagerly sought and read. The moral lessons in it will never be out of style, and its homely simplicity and rich pictures of child-life will always attract the young."

Birds in a Village.

By W. H. HUDSON, S.M.Z.S., author of "Idle Days in Patagonia," "The Naturalist in La Plata," etc. *Crown 8vo. Buckram binding, $2.25.*

Lovers of nature will find this work one of the most delightful books of bird-life that has appeared for some time. The author is not only a clever naturalist, but he possesses the rare gift of interesting his readers in whatever attracts him. It is not a heavy scientific book, full of dry descriptions, but teems with delightful stories of the idiosyncrasies of birds, which serve to explain their habits and instincts. To the general reader as well as to the naturalist, it will rank as one of the most interesting of modern books on natural history.

Our Own Birds.

A Familiar Natural History of the Birds of the United States. By WILLIAM L. BAILY. Revised and edited by EDWARD D. COPE, Corresponding Secretary of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia. Illustrated with numerous engravings. *12mo. Cloth, $1.25.*

An excellent little manual for those who wish to become familiar with the common birds of this country. Full descriptions of the appearance and habits of the principal birds are given. The book is well written, and any one who takes it up will be apt to feel an interest in an attractive branch of natural history. The present volume, in addition to numerous wood-cuts, contains twelve new half-tone plates of the best workmanship.

At Long and Short Range.

By WILLIAM ARMSTRONG COLLINS. *Limited Edition. Tall 12mo. With ornamental title. Cloth, rough edges, $1.25.*

A choice edition, printed from type and limited to five hundred copies, has been printed of these charming and original essays in miniature. They have about them all the genial spirit of Lamb and Leigh Hunt, and in their treatment of men, women, and things show a wealth of experience and winning wisdom crystallized into paragraphs and essays never more than two or three pages long. A fascinating book for presentation or the shelves of the book-lover.

Barabbas.

A DREAM OF THE WORLD'S TRAGEDY. A new copyright novel by MARIE CORELLI, author of "Vendetta," etc. *12mo. Cloth, $1.00.*

This remarkable novel, introducing many of the characters, incidents, and scenes in the great tragedy of the Crucifixion, is the latest work from the pen of a writer who has won great fame in England for her vivid romances upon spiritual themes. She possesses a picturesqueness of style and a grasp of character and situation of unusual power, and the tone of the book is in all respects deeply reverential, taking no liberties with the sacred text.

A Third Person.

By B. M. CROKER, author of "To Let," "A Family Likeness," "Two Masters," etc. Issued in LIPPINCOTT'S SERIES OF SELECT NOVELS. *12mo. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.00.*

The author of "A Third Person" possesses a characteristic raciness of style which makes all her books eagerly sought for. This is the tale of a young Indian captain who loves, and finally wins, the grand-daughter of an elderly officer, degenerated into a postage-stamp collector. He and a naughty parrot lead Captain Hope a miserable existence, which he gladly submits to for the sake of his sweetheart.

Elinor Fenton.

An Adirondack story. By DAVID S. FOSTER, author of "Casanova the Courier," "Rebecca the Witch," etc. *12mo. Cloth, $1.25.*

The romance begins with the heroine saving the life of Ethan Hardy when lost upon the chasm above Devil's Gorge. How he was made to promise not to reveal her secret home in the heart of the Adirondacks; how she mysteriously disappears, and their subsequent meeting; and how much happiness finally resulted from the many complications, Mr. Foster tells in this interesting novel. He also possesses a quaint humor all his own, and has produced a book which is sure to increase a repute already recognized.

A Diplomat's Diary.

By JULIEN GORDON. *New Edition in paper covers. 12mo. 50 cents. Bound in cloth, $1.00.*

"The two characters that figure in the foreground of this story are alive; we can hear them speak; we see them; we should recognize them in the street. That is the right artist's touch, and he who possesses it can at will make us commune and sympathize with other human beings, no matter what their social status or what the stage-setting of their lives."—*New York Sun.*

Clinical Gynæcology.

Being a Hand-book of Diseases Peculiar to Women. By THOMAS MORE MADDEN, M.D., F.R.C.S. Ed., Obstetric Physician and Gynæcologist, Mater Misericordiæ Hospital, Dublin; Member Royal College of Physicians, Ireland, and Surgeons, England, etc., etc. With over two hundred and fifty illustrations. *8vo. Cloth, $4.00; sheep, $4.50.*

Dr. Madden is one of the best known gynæcologists of Europe, and in this important work on diseases peculiar to women contributes the result of his wide experience. The illustrations are an especial feature, and embrace numerous excellent sketches of gynæcological diseases or appliances, together with engravings from drawings or photographs of cases under clinical observation, made by some of the most eminent physicians of England and America.

Text-Book of Normal Histology:

INCLUDING AN ACCOUNT OF THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE TISSUES AND OF THE ORGANS. By George A. Piersol, M.D., Professor of Anatomy in the University of Pennsylvania. With over 300 original drawings by the author. *8vo. Cloth, $3.50.*

Dr. Piersol is eminently qualified by learning, research, and experience as a teacher to prepare such a work as this. He shows a wise sympathy with the wants of students in the text of the book, which is so arranged with emphasized letters that salient points are at once apparent to the eye; and, while his descriptions of the various tissues and organs are sufficiently full, he has carefully refrained from such detail as might bewilder rather than aid the learner. The illustrations—copious, excellent, and with few exceptions original—cover the entire field of normal histology.

Wilson's Pocket Visiting-List.

PERPETUAL EDITION. Arranged for the Use of Practitioners. By J. C. WILSON, M.D., Physician to the German Hospital, etc. *Sixty patients per week, price, $1.50; thirty patients, $1.25.*

"In addition to its value as a book of accounts, it contains a great deal of valuable information. This is the best visiting list we have seen this year, and it will greatly simplify the keeping of accounts."—*Chicago Medical Times.*

A Medical Hand-Book.

For the Use of Practitioners and Students. By R. L. AITCHISON, M.A., C.M., etc. *16mo. 347 pages. Full morocco, flexible, gilt edges, $2.50.*

A very simple, serviceable, and complete work, which, with its numerous illustrations, its clear and carefully-edited text, and its utilities of size and shape, forms a little library of medical knowledge in itself. It is often necessary for young doctors, and even old ones, to have at hand a source of instant reference, and it is essential that it should be a standard. With this in view, Mr. Aitchison has prepared an accurate, compendious, and exceedingly accurate "Medical Hand-Book."

The Man of Feeling.

By HENRY MACKENZIE. Illustrated by WILLIAM CUBITT COOKE. *16mo. Satine, uncut, $1.00; half calf or half morocco, $2.25.*

The author of this great novel has perhaps written some of the most touching stories in the English language. "The tender pleasure which 'The Man of Feeling' excites is wholly without alloy. Its hero is the most beautiful personification of gentleness, patience, and meek sufferings which the heart can conceive." The work was first issued anonymously in 1771. Numerous editions have since appeared, but none are equal to this volume, prepared from the edition of 1773, which was evidently revised in matters of punctuation, etc., and is now published in connection with J. M. Dent & Company, London.

BOOKS IN PRESS.

17th Edition United States Dispensatory.

Carefully revised and rewritten by H. C. WOOD, M.D., LL.D.; J. P. REMINGTON, Ph.M., F.C.S., and S. P. SADTLER, Ph.D., F.C.S. Eight hundred pages new material. *Illustrated. Imperial 8vo.*

My Child and I.

A Woman's Story. By FLORENCE WARDEN, author of "The House on the Marsh," etc.

In the High Heavens.

By ROBERT S. BALL, author of "In Starry Realms," etc.

Anæsthetics and Their Administration.

A Hand-Book for Medical and Dental Practitioners and Students. By FREDERICK HEWITT, M.A., M.D. *With numerous illustrations.*

Midwifery

(An Introduction to the Study of). For the Use of Young Practitioners, Students, and Midwives. By ARCHIBALD DONALD, M.D., M.A.

An Elementary Text-Book of Biology.

By J. R. AINSWORTH DAVIS, B.A.

Part I.—Vegetable Morphology and Physiology. With Complete Index, Glossary, and One Hundred and Twenty-eight Illustrations.

Part II.—Animal Morphology and Physiology. With Complete Index, Glossary, and One Hundred and Eight Illustrations.

The Hygienic Prevention of Consumption.

By J. EDWARD SQUIRE, M.D., D.Ph. Camb.

Gas-, Oil-, and Air-Engines.

A Practical Text-Book on Internal Combustion-Motors without Boiler. By BRYAN DONKIN, Jr., M. Inst. C.E. *With illustrations. Large 8vo.*

"One of the best books we have ever seen."—London Lancet.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

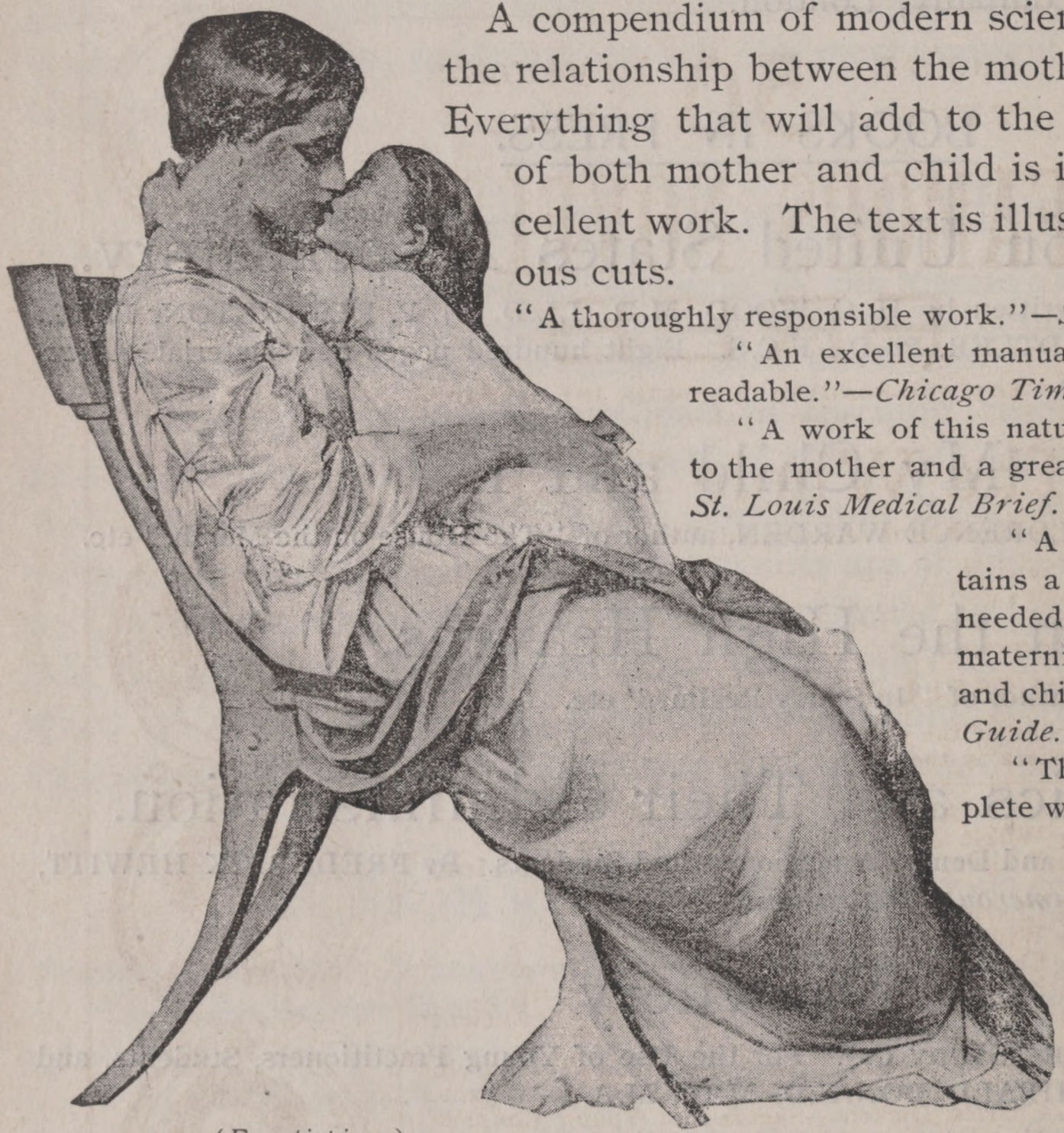
Mother,

By EDWARD P. DAVIS, A.M., M.D.

Child,

By JOHN M. KEATING, M.D., LL.D.

Crown 8vo. Cloth, $2.50.



(*Frontispiece.*)

A compendium of modern scientific knowledge on the relationship between the mother and her family. Everything that will add to the comfort and health of both mother and child is included in this excellent work. The text is illustrated with numerous cuts.

"A thoroughly responsible work."—*Springfield Republican.*

"An excellent manual, both instructive and readable."—*Chicago Times.*

"A work of this nature becomes a necessity to the mother and a great help to the doctor."—*St. Louis Medical Brief.*

"A valuable book that contains a large amount of much-needed information concerning maternity and rearing of infants and children."—*N. Y. Nursery Guide.*

"The book is the most complete work of the kind that has ever come under our notice, and when once it has a place in the household it will be regarded as invaluable and indispensable." — *Boston Home Journal.*

"It contains almost everything that women want to know about the care of themselves and of their children. The hygiene of motherhood, the tender care of the precious babies, and the tendency of little people in general to diphtheria and measles, are not the only things provided for. There are helpful chapters on ventilation and exercise, on school-hygiene and surgical emergencies, on teething and earache, and, in short, on every topic, as we have said, on which the average mother needs information. There is a sensible absence of technicality, and an abundance of sound common sense in the book, and we heartily recommend it."—*Interior*, Chicago.

"It is a gem of the first water. As we go further into the volume, we find that it is written not for the profession but for the laity. Not to supplant the physician but to aid him by educating the mother in the right way. . . . We wish a copy could be put in the hands of every nurse."—*New England Medical Monthly.*

For sale by all Booksellers, or will be sent by the Publishers, post-paid, on receipt of the price.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY,

715 AND 717 MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

LARGE TYPE. **50** *PAMPHLET FORM.*

FAMOUS NOVELS. FREE

To any one sending 75 cents for a year's subscription to

The Whole Family

A Handsome Illustrated Family Magazine.

Send in 75 cents, postal note or money order, for your subscription, and all the books will be positively sent, post-paid, free by first mail. Refer to any bank or express office as to our reliability.

RUSSELL PUB. CO., Boston, Mass.

One of the oldest and most reputable publishing houses in the United States.

No.	Author.	Title.
1	Wilkie Collins	Your Money or Your Life.
2	Walter Besant	The Humbling of the Membings.
3	Charles Dickens	The Mudfog Papers.
4	Wilkie Collins	The Magic Spectacles.
5	Charlotte M. Braeme	A Bridge of Love.
6	M. E. Braddon	George Caulfield's Journey.
7	S. T. Coleridge	The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner.
8	Bjornstjerne Bjornson	The Wedding March.
9	Besant and Rice	The Ten Years and Tenant.
10	Charles Dickens	Sketches of Young Couples.
11	Mrs. Forrester	In a Country House.
12	R. E. Francillon	Esther's Glove.
13	Emile Gaboriau	Max's Marriage.
14	Charles Gibbon	In Pastures Green.
15	Thomas Hardy	What the Shepherds Saw.
16	Mary Cecil Hay	In the Holidays.
17	Captain Marryat	The Three Cutters.
18	Helen B. Mathers	The Land o' the Leal.

No.	Author.	Title.
19	Miss Mulock	In a House Boat.
20	Mrs. Oliphant	Earthbound.
21	Ouida	Little Grand and the Marchioness.
22	F. W. Robinson	The Bar-maid at Battleton
23	Alfred Lord Tennyson	The Lover's Tale.
24	Miss Tackeray	Out of the World.
25	Annie Thomas	The Mystery, and other Stories.
26	Miss Mulock	The Self Seer.
27	Mrs. J. H. Riddell	Miss Molloy's Mishap.
28	Katherine S. Macquoid	Poor Roger.
29	The "Duchess"	How Snooks Got Out Of It
30	A Conan Doyle	My Friend, The Murderer.
31	Charles Dickens	The Chimes.
32	Charlotte M. Braeme	A Gilded Sin.
33	Besant and Rice	Shepherds all and Maidens Fair.
34	Helen B. Mathers	As He Cometh Up The Stair.

No.	Author.	Title.
35	Anthony Trollope	Why Frau Frohmann Raises Her Price.
36	Charles Dickens	Three Detective Anecdotes
37	Violet Wythe	A Wavering Image.
38	Mrs. Forrester	The Turn of Fortune's Wheel.
39	T. DeWitt Talmage	Night Side of New York.
40	Miss Mulock	His Little Mother.
41	Katherine S. Macquoid	The Awakening.
42	Mary Cecil Hay	Reaping the Whirlwind.
43	Mrs. Forrester	Queen Elizabeth's Garden.
44	Charles Dickens	The Battle of Life.
45	Wilkie Collins	A Shocking Story.
46	Ouida	Bimbi.
47	Miss Mulock	The Last of the Ruthvens.
48	Mary Cecil Hay	A Little Aversion.
49	Ouida	The Little Earl.
50	Besant and Rice	The Case of Mr. Lucraft.

BOOKS

Lippincott's Select Novels.

No. 150. **The Sign of Four.** By A. CONAN DOYLE.
No. 149. **To Let.** By B. M. CROKER.
No. 148. **Aunt Johnnie.** By JOHN STRANGE WINTER.
No. 147. **The Hoyden.** By the "DUCHESS."
No. 146. **Barbara Dering.** By AMÉLIE RIVES.
No. 145. **Broken Chords.** By MRS. GEORGE MCCLELLAN.
No. 144. **Was He the Other.** By ISOBEL FITZROY.
No. 143. **But Men Must Work.** By ROSA N. CAREY.
No. 142. **A North Country Comedy.** By M. BETHAN-EDWARDS.
No. 141. **One of the Bevans.** By MRS. ROBERT JOCELYN.
No. 140. **A Family Likeness.** By MRS. B. M. CROKER.
No. 139. **A Sister's Sin.** By MRS. H. LOVETT CAMERON.
No. 138. **Sir Godfrey's Grand-daughters.** By ROSA N. CAREY.
No. 137. **A Big Stake.** By MRS. ROBERT JOCELYN.
No. 136. **For His Sake.** By MRS. ALEXANDER.
No. 135. **A Daughter's Heart.** By MRS. H. LOVETT CAMERON.
No. 134. **Lady Patty.** By the "DUCHESS."
No. 133. **Old Dacres' Darling.** By ANNIE THOMAS.
No. 132. **A Covenant with the Dead.** By CLARA LEMORE.
No. 131. **Corinthia Marazion.** By CECIL GRIFFITH.
No. 130. **Only Human; or Justice.** By JOHN STRANGE WINTER.
No. 129. **The New Mistress.** By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.
No. 128. **A Divided Duty.** By IDA LEMON.
No. 127. **Drawn Blank.** By MRS. JOCELYN.
No. 126. **My Land of Beulah.** By MRS. LEITH ADAMS.
No. 125. **Interference.** By B. M. CROKER.
No. 124. **Just Impediment.** By RICHARD PRYCE.
No. 123. **Mary St. John.** By ROSA N. CAREY.
No. 122. **Quita.** By CECIL DUNSTAN.
No. 121. **A Little Irish Girl.** By the "DUCHESS."
No. 120. **Two English Girls.** By MABEL HART.
No. 119. **A Draught of Lethe.** By ROY TELLET.
No. 118. **The Plunger.** By HAWLEY SMART.
No. 117. **The Other Man's Wife.** By JOHN STRANGE WINTER.
No. 116. **A Homburg Beauty.** By MRS. EDWARD KENNARD.
No. 115. **Jack's Secret.** By MRS. H. LOVETT CAMERON.
No. 114. **Heriot's Choice.** By ROSA N. CAREY.
No. 113. **Two Masters.** By B. M. CROKER.
No. 112. **Disenchantment.** An Every-Day Story. By F. MABEL ROBINSON.
No. 111. **Pearl Powder.** By ANNIE EDWARDES.
No. 110. **The Jewel in the Lotos.** By MARY AGNES TINCKER.
No. 109. **The Rajah's Heir.**
No. 108. **Syrlin.** (Cloth, $1.00.) By OUIDA.
No. 107. **A Study in Scarlet.** By A. CONAN DOYLE.
No. 106. **A Last Love.** By GEORGES OHNET.

Each Number 12mo, Paper Covers, 50 cents; bound in Cloth, $1.00

For sale by all Booksellers and Newsdealers. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY,
715 and 717 Market St., Philadelphia.

PUBLICATIONS

We have carefully investigated the offer made below By the Godey Publishing Co. and have taken advantage of it ourselves. We believe it to be absolutely trustworthy in every particular.

Chauncey M. Depew.
Pres't. N.Y. C. & H.R. R.R.

Thomas L. James
Pres't. Lincoln Nat'l Bank N.Y.
and Ex. Post Master General U.S.A.
Ex Post Master New York City.

2 for the price of 1.

We Will Present You

with a one years fully paid subscription to ANY ONE of the following Magazines or Periodicals:

THIS UNPARALLELED OFFER LITERALLY MEANS THAT YOU

receive **two** periodicals for the regular price of One—as follows:

GODEY'S	&	SCRIBNER'S.	Regular price of both is	$6.00.	You receive	both	by sending	$3.00	to Godey's, N.Y.
"	"	LIPPINCOTT'S.	"	" 6.00.	"	"	" 3.00	"	"
"	"	REVIEW OF REVIEWS.	"	" 6.00.	"	"	" 3.00	"	"
"	"	PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.	"	" 5.00.	"	"	" 3.00	"	"
"	"	GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.	"	" 5.00.	"	"	" 3.00	"	"
"	"	DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE.	"	" 5.00.	"	"	" 3.00	"	"
"	"	THE COSMOPOLITAN.	"	" 4.50.	"	"	" 3.00	"	"
"	"	NEW YORK LEDGER.	"	" 5.00.	"	"	" 3.00	"	"
"	"	SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES.	"	" 4.50.	"	"	" 3.00	"	"
"	"	LIFE.	"	" 8.00.	"	"	" 5.00	"	"
"	"	JUDGE.	"	" 8.00.	"	"	" 5.00	"	"
"	"	PUCK.	"	" 8.00.	"	"	" 5.00	"	"
"	"	NORTH AM. REVIEW.	"	" 8.00.	"	"	" 5.00	"	"
"	"	THE CENTURY.	"	" 7.00.	"	"	" 4.00	"	"
"	"	HARPER'S BAZAAR.	"	" 7.00.	"	"	" 4.00	"	"
"	"	HARPER'S MAGAZINE.	"	" 7.00.	"	"	" 4.00	"	"
"	"	FRANK LESLIE'S ILL'D WEEKLY.	"	" 7.00.	"	"	" 4.00	"	"

The above combinations are merely suggestions. If you prefer to couple Godey's with any other periodical we will furnish rates corresponding to the above on any American publication desired. This is not an ordinary clubbing proposition. Terms like these were never offered before; and cannot be had elsewhere.

"GODEY'S MAGAZINE in its latest number just received will compare favorably with any similar publication on either side of the water. The illustrations are superb, and the letter press is perfect. Its contributions are selected with great care and judgment. It is truly an educator while always entertaining. The lithographic portraits of eminent society ladies are as perfect as the most exquisite water colors. Their complete novels in every issue invariably furnish delightful reading."—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

A limited number of specimen copies of Godey's Magazine free on application, or purchase a copy from your nearest newsdealer.

☞Special Limited Offer to readers of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. The regular *cash* yearly subscription price of GODEY'S MAGAZINE, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and THE DELINEATOR (Butterick's) combined is **$5.00.** If you will send at once **$3.00** to Godey's Magazine, 21 Park Row, New York, we will forward GODEY'S MAGAZINE for one entire year (12 months) from date of receiving subscription, and one whole year (12 months each) of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and THE DELINEATOR (Butterick's).

Above offer *good only* when remittances are sent, direct to

Godey Publishing Co., 21 Park Row, New York.

NOTE—Remit to Godey's, by Postal Note, Money Order or Registered Letter.

WORCESTER'S DICTIONARY

Is the Standard Authority on all Questions of Orthography, Pronunciation, or Definition,

And is so recognized by all the colleges of the country. Leading book-publishers recognize Worcester as the highest authority, and millions of school-books are issued every year with this great work as the standard.

"It follows from this with unerring accuracy," says the New York *Evening Post*, "that Worcester's Dictionary, being preferred over all others by scholars and men of letters, should be used by the youth of the country and adopted in the common schools."

Worcester's New Academic Dictionary

Is designed especially for the use of the *higher schools and seminaries of learning*, but is well adapted in its scope and range to the needs of families and individuals. The *distinctive feature* of the book is its treatment *of the etymology of words.*

Printed from entirely new plates. 688 pages.
264 Illustrations. $1.50.

Five Thousand Copies sent to Boston, on a single order, for use in the public schools.

THE STANDARD DICTIONARY FOR TYPEWRITERS AND STENOGRAPHERS.

Worcester's New Comprehensive

Contains a full vocabulary of fifty thousand words. The design has been to give the greatest quantity of useful matter in the most condensed form, to guard against *corruptions in writing and speaking the language*, to adapt the work to the use of the *higher schools and seminaries of learning*, and also to make it a convenient manual for families and individuals.

Printed from entirely new plates. 688 pages.
577 Illustrations. $1.40.

Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price.

J. B. Lippincott Company, Publishers,
715 and 717 Market St., Philadelphia.

SUPPLEMENT TO ALLIBONE'S DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE AND BRITISH AND AMERICAN AUTHORS. BY JOHN FOSTER KIRK. . . . . .

Two volumes. Imperial 8vo. Nearly 1600 pages. Cloth binding, $15.00; sheep, $17.00; half Russia, $20.00; half calf or half morocco, $22.00.

TESTIMONIALS.

FROM THE LONDON SATURDAY REVIEW.—"We have no hesitation in declaring our conviction that it is by far the most satisfactory work of the kind with which we are acquainted. It is ample in its information; it is accurate to a degree very rarely attained; it is catholic as to the persons included; and it is, with all this, eminently readable."

FROM THE NEW YORK INDEPENDENT.—"The whole five volumes will make a work which no student or writer who has much to do with books or authors will willingly consent to be without. So far as any test but that of long and various use can decide, the work is done well. It has thus far sustained the test for comparatively obscure or little known books to which we have subjected it, while on subjects of known and general interest we find it full and accurate,—a sure and ready key to the personal or authorship side of the entire mass of British and American literature."

FROM THE NEW YORK NATION.—"The work ought to be not only in every library, but in every school in which English literature is taught."

FROM THE PHILA. PUBLIC LEDGER.—"Mr. Kirk's volumes contain not only the results of the years of painstaking labor directed to the task in hand, but also show the work of a life spent in literary studies, and that scholarship of the very highest order of excellence has been used in perfecting and completing a book that is now more than ever valuable to every one who needs a reference hand-book for the names and works and life of all who have contributed to the vast stores of English literature."

ALLIBONE'S DICTIONARY AND SUPPLEMENT.

THE ENTIRE WORK CONTAINING THE NAMES AND HISTORY OF OVER 83,000 AUTHORS.

Complete in Five Volumes.

Cloth . . .	$37.50
Sheep . . .	42.50
Half Russia .	50.00
Half calf . .	55.00
Half morocco	55.00

FROM THE BOSTON LITERARY WORLD.—"It can hardly be doubted that Allibone's Dictionary of English Literature and British and American Authors, taken as a whole, embracing as it does in its original three volumes the names of over 46,000 authors, and in its supplement those of 37,183 authors—with notices of their several hundred thousand books—will long remain without a rival as a bibliography of the literature of the English tongue."

FROM THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.—"No dictionary of the authors of any language has ever before been undertaken on so grand a scale. For convenience and trustworthiness this work is probably not surpassed by any similar production in the whole range of modern literature."

For sale by all Booksellers, or will be sent, free of expense, upon - - - - - - receipt of the price, by the Publishers, - - - - - -
J. B. Lippincott Company, 715 and 717 Market St., Philadelpnia.

THE GREAT MEDICINAL FOOD

IMPERIAL GRANUM

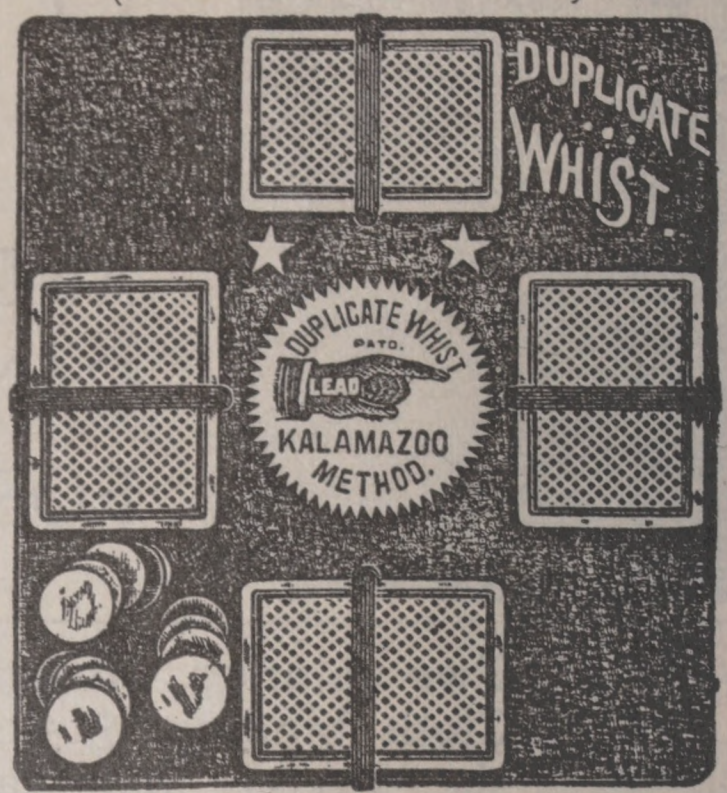
IS THE FOOD BEST SUITED TO ALL
WEAK AND DELICATE CONDITIONS OF THE DIGESTIVE ORGANS

THE SAFEST
FOOD
IN THE SICK ROOM FOR
INVALIDS
AND CONVALESCENTS
—UNRIVALLED—
For DISPEPTIC, DELICATE, INFIRM AND AGED PERSONS.
A SUPERIOR NUTRITIVE IN CONTINUED
FEVERS,
AND, OF RARE MEDICINAL EXCELLENCE IN ALL GASTRIC AND ENTERIC DISEASES, ESPECIALLY IN
DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY
CHOLERA INFANTUM MORBUS AND ASIATIC

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. SHIPPING DEPOT— JOHN CARLE & SONS. NEW YORK

Duplicate Whist.

(KALAMAZOO METHOD.)



The Whist Championship of America has been twice decided by the use of the

KALAMAZOO TRAY.

Is it the Best System?

Would the leading Whist Players of America and England adopt it if it were not?

It is **simplicity itself,** and can be played at one or more tables at the same time with **one set** of Trays.

Ask any first-class Stationer for the game, or write us.

Whist and Duplicate Whist Rules and Whist Etiquette, as adopted by the Third American Whist Congress, sent to any address upon receipt of 2-cent stamp.

IHLING BROS. & EVERARD, Kalamazoo, Mich.

FISCHER PIANOS.

ESTD. 1840.

Renowned for Tone and Durability.
Sold at Moderate Prices.
Rented and Exchanged.

ESTABLISHED 53 YEARS.

NOW IN USE. 93,000

The FISCHER PIANOS are used by the best artists, and will be found in homes of refinement, taste, and musical culture.

WAREROOMS:

110 FIFTH AVE.,

COR. 16TH STREET, N. Y. CITY.

BURNHAM'S BEEF WINE & IRON

PRICE 50c. pint. Let those who have pale faces try it. It is A GREAT RESTORATIVE TONIC that acts upon the blood immediately.

Be Sure You Get BURNHAM'S.
Our formula is a secret. No other is "just as good." All grocers sell it.

Six ½ pint bottles expressed for $1.50. Send stamps for book—"Household Hints."

E. S. BURNHAM CO., 120 Gansevoort St., N.Y.

MISCELLANEOUS

ME-GRIM,

that distressing pain, usually on one side of the head, known as **SICK HEADACHE,** quickly relieved and permanently cured by Dr. Whitehall's Me-grim-ine, a safe and sure cure for all headaches, neuralgias or other painful nervous attacks in any part of the body. Sold by druggists. Sample free.

The Dr. Whitehall Me-Grim-ine Co.
SOUTH BEND, IND.

ME-GRIM-INE.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair.
Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color.
Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.
50c, and $1 00 at Druggists

Double BREECH LOADER $6.00
RIFLES $2.00
BICYCLES $15

GUNS

All kinds cheaper than elsewhere. Before you buy send stamp for catalogue
POWELL & CLEMENT CO.
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

TYPEWRITERS.

Unprejudiced advice given. All makes half-price. Shipped anywhere for examination. Exchanging a Specialty. Monthly payments. 52-page cat. free.

TYPEWRITER HEADQUARTERS, { 45 Liberty St., New York. / 186 Monroe St., Chicago.

XMAS **DIALOGUES,** Pieces to Speak and how to get up Fascinating Sunday School Entertainment—all 10c.
SKIDMORE & CO., 85 John St., N. Y.

Why is Chocolat-Menier used the World over in preference to Cocoa?

Because of its superiority in strengthening properties and exceptional purity. Powdered Cocoa is sure to be chemically treated, therefore more or less injurious to health. If you wish to improve your digestion, abandon tea, coffee and cocoa, and enjoy the luxury of this world-renowned French product.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
CHOCOLAT MENIER
Annual Sales Exceed 32 MILLION LBS.
SAMPLES SENT FREE. MENIER, N.Y.

Cocoa and Chocolate

ARE NO MORE TO BE COMPARED WITH EACH OTHER THAN

Skimmed Milk to pure Cream.

PAMPHLET giving recipes and sample free. { Mention this publication.

MENIER (Am. Branch), 86 W. Broadway, N.Y. City.

The following are some of those who are now using the Celebrated

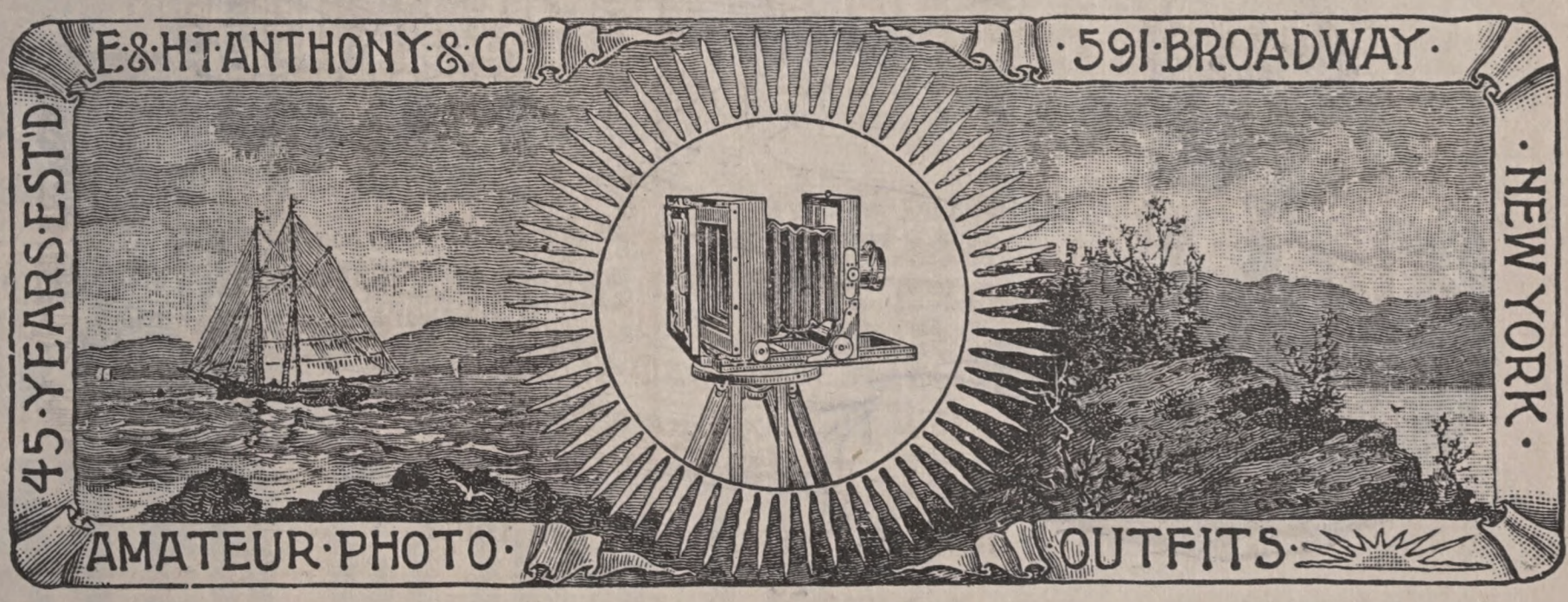
JOUBERT & WHITE BUCKBOARDS,

MADE FOR TWO, FOUR, AND SIX PASSENGERS:

J. Pierpont Morgan,
Abram S. Hewitt,
Adrian Iselin, Jr.,
Whitelaw Reid,
Orson D. Munn,
Chas. Lanier,
F. C. Havemeyer,
Louis C. Tiffany,
Spencer Trask,
Andrew Carnegie,
William Rockefeller,
John D. Rockefeller,
Henry G. Hilton,
John W. Harper,
Jos. Abner Harper,
Hon. Stephen B. Elkins,
Wm. K. Vanderbilt,
Geo. W. Vanderbilt,
A. Lanfear Norrie,
Dr. W. Seward Webb,
W. D. Sloane,
LeGrand B. Cannon,
Robert Bonner,
In Saratoga Springs, 50,
In Colorado Springs, 50,
In Blue Mountain Lake, 25,
Lord Brassey, Normanshurst Court, England,
Duchess of Marlborough, Blenheim Palace, Woodstock, England,
Earl of Aberdeen, Scotland,
Baroness Burdett-Coutts, London, England.

JOUBERT & WHITE, Glens Falls, N. Y., U.S.A.

Write for Catalogue. **PATENTEES AND SOLE MANUFACTURERS.**



DARK ROOM at our exhibit **WORLD'S FAIR** for use of visiting friends.

THE FOX AND THE CROW.

ONE day the fox came by.

Overhead sat that same antiquated crow.

In its beak it held that self-same piece of antediluvian cheese.

Of course the fox wanted it.

"Madam," remarked the beast, as it assumed an admiring attitude, "aside from your morals, I hear that you have a very agreeable disposition, and that your voice is exquisite. Do you know 'Ta-ra-ra'?" Whereupon the crow, after biting off a voluminous portion of the cheese and holding the remainder in its claw, croaked,—

"A little louder, if you please."

"I say," responded the fox, with a palpable diminution of enthusiasm, "I say that I would be glad to hear you speak a piece."

"I can't," answered the crow, as it bit off another third of the cheese. "Æsop neglected to provide me with one. But what was that you said about my voice?"

"Why," replied the fox, after a violent struggle with nausea, "your voice has been so 'advertised by your loving friends' that I would like to hear you sing a bit."

"Very well," said the crow, as it appropriated the remainder of the cheese and tossed the rind to Reynard. "How's this?

"O where and O where is my Highland lassie gone?"

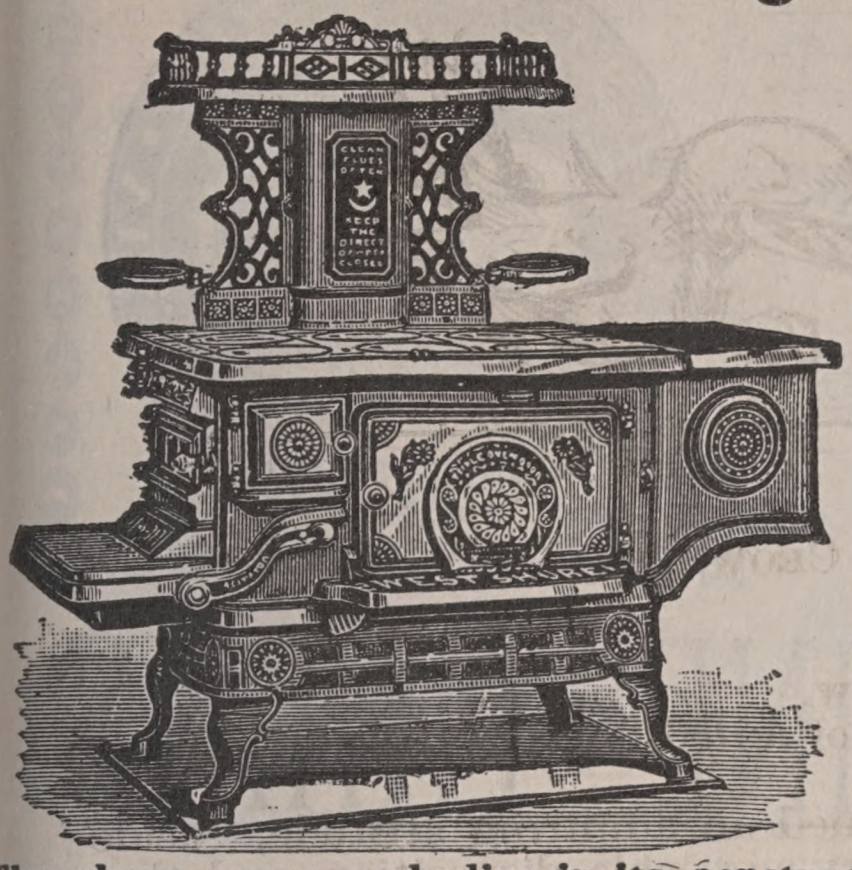
But there was no answer to the question, as the fox had rolled down the declivity in convulsions.

"Ahem!" rasped the crow, as it lapsed into the grammar of the bush: "somebody's name is Dennis, but it ain't me."

C. M. S.

MISCELLANEOUS

West Shore Range.



The above range embodies in its construction Four Valuable Patents, possessed by no other Cook or Range, being used only in the "WEST SHORES."

1. The Simplex or Double Grate is cast in two parts, permitting a continuous fire, **and is so** perfect in operation that no sifting of ashes is required.

2. The Triple Oven Ventilation. Pure air is supplied to the oven in such a way that the air therein contained is in constant circulation, and is thereby sooner heated to the baking-point than it can be in a dormant condition, as it is in ordinary stoves and ranges. From the same weight of flour more bread can be produced and of a better quality. Meats therein roasted are more tender. No basting is required, and there is great saving in shrinkage.

3. The Boiling Reservoir. It will boil the water, if so required, while using the oven for roasting or baking, which is **an** impossibility in any other stove or range.

4. The Double Sheet Flue prevents all waste of heat.

Send for Pamphlet to the

LITTLEFIELD STOVE CO, ALBANY, N.Y.

LADY WANTED at home, to assist us preparing addresses, also other writing and easy office work. $25 to $30 per week entire year. If convenient enclose stamp.
WOMAN'S CO-OPERATIVE TOILET CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS. (Inc.)

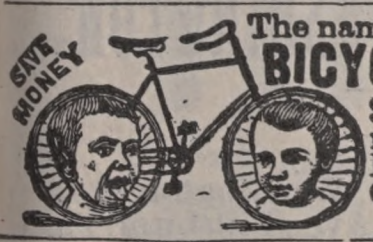
A WOMAN'S SUCCESS For two years I have made **$25 a week** at Home. Instructions FREE to lady readers. Send stamp. (No humbug.) MRS. J. A. MANNING, Box 95, ANNA, OHIO.

---

50 ENGRAVED VISITING CARDS, $1.00. For 15 cents we will send you a copy of our new illustrated Card Etiquette Story, **"Margaret Marchland's Outing."** Samples Visiting Cards or Wedding Invitations, 4 cents. Satisfaction guaranteed. The Bellman Bros. Co., 338 Oak St., Toledo, O.

MY WIFE SAYS SHE CANNOT SEE HOW YOU DO IT FOR THE MONEY.

$12 Buys a **$65.00 Improved Oxford Singer** Sewing Machine; perfect working, reliable, finely finished, adapted to light and heavy work, with a complete set of the latest improved attachments FREE. Each machine is guaranteed for 5 years. Buy direct from our factory, and save dealers and agents profit. FREE TRIAL and FREE CATALOGUE.
OXFORD MFG. CO., DEPT. X, 77, Chicago, Ill.



The name to remember when buying a **BICYCLE** is **A. W. GUMP & CO.,** DAYTON, OHIO.
$30 to $50 saved on many new and second-hand Bicycles. Lists free. Over **2000** in stock. Cash or time. **Agents** wanted.

Everybody

uses shade-rollers. Not everybody knows what kind to buy.

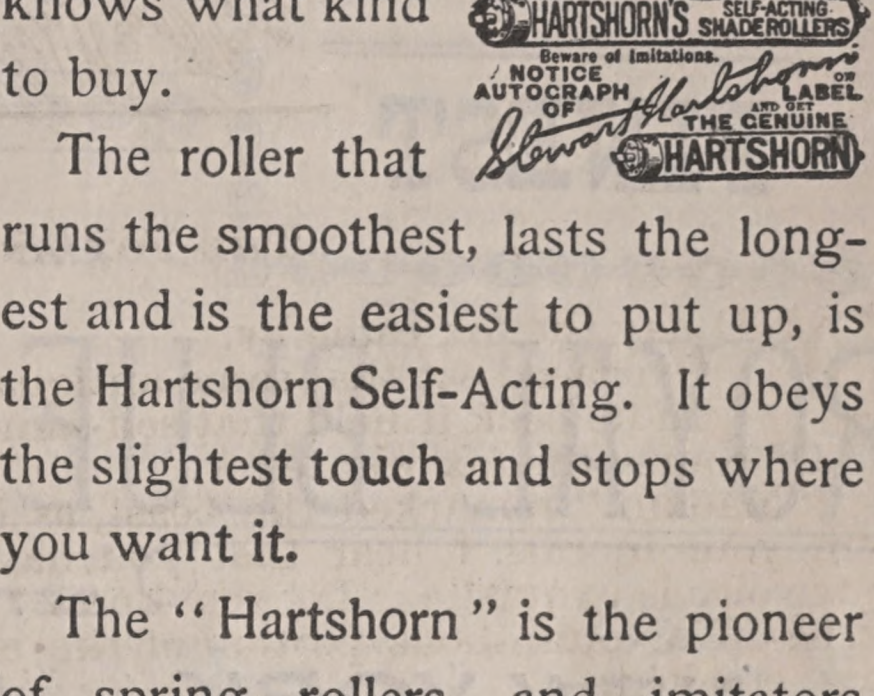
HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS
Beware of Imitations.
NOTICE AUTOGRAPH OF Stewart Hartshorn ON LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

The roller that runs the smoothest, lasts the longest and is the easiest to put up, is the Hartshorn Self-Acting. It obeys the slightest touch and stops where you want it.

The "Hartshorn" is the pioneer of spring rollers, and imitators haven't yet found out how to beat it. Shade-rollers are sold so cheap that even the poorest can have the best.

The genuine bears the autograph of Stewart Hartshorn on label.

Alaska Stove Lifter



Always Cold. Will not get hot even if left in the lid.

Heavily Nickel Plated. Sold by all Stove, Hardware, and House Furnishers, or sent by mail, postpaid, for **30 cents.**

—Also the—

ALASKA POKER.

TROY NICKEL WORKS, Troy, N.Y.

DRAMAS for Dramatic Clubs, Comedies, Farces, Tableaux-Vivants, and other entertainments for church and school exhibitions. Wigs and beards, paper scenery, minstrel goods, etc. Send for descriptive list, No. —, HAROLD ROORBACH, 132 Nassau Street, New York, N.Y.

485,629 Pairs sold throughout the U. S. Parker Pays the Postage on his Arctic Sock for men, women and children. Recommended by physicians and nurses for house, chamber and sickroom. Only sock for rubber boots, it absorbs perspiration. Ask shoe dealer or send 25c. with size

J. H. Parker,
103 Bedford St.,
Boston, Mass.

WATER CLOSETS

Large body and surface of water, deep seal, noiseless, perfectly sanitary, no odors, finely finished, most improved; such is the "Nautilus." Catalogue free.

W. S. Cooper Brass Works, Philadelphia.

SAFEST

FASTEST

FINEST

TRAINS IN THE WORLD

ALL · TRAINS · RUN · VIA · B & O · WASHINGTON ·

ARE THE

ROYAL BLUE LINE TRAINS

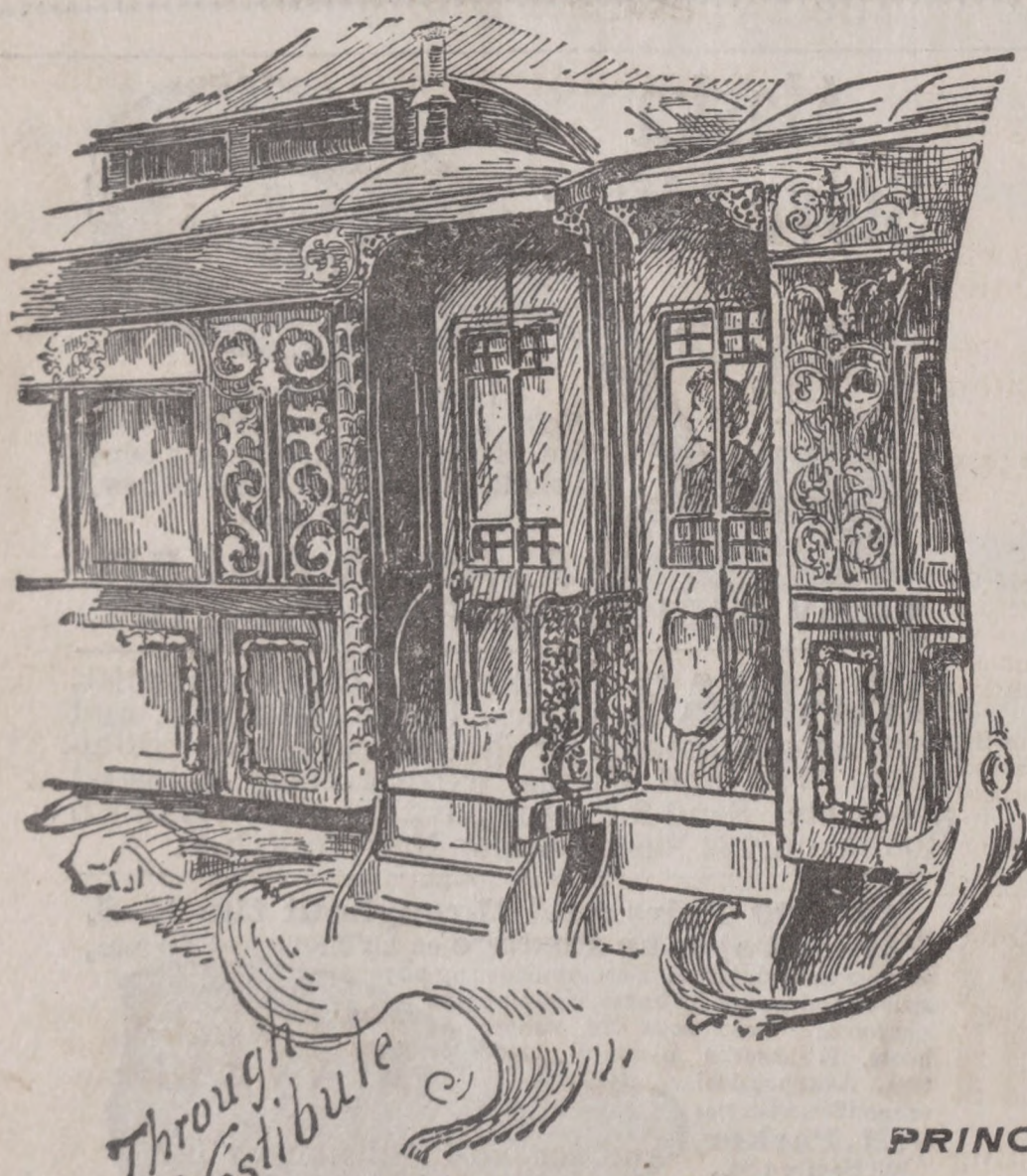
BETWEEN

NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, WASHINGTON.

RUNNING VIA

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

All trains are **Vestibuled** from end to end, **Heated** by **Steam, Lighted** by **Pintsch Gas,** **Protected** by **Pullman's Anti-Telescoping Device,** and operated under **Perfected Block Signal System.**



The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad

Maintains a Complete Service of Vestibuled Express Trains between

NEW YORK,

CINCINNATI,

ST. LOUIS, AND

CHICAGO,

EQUIPPED WITH

Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars,

RUNNING THROUGH WITHOUT CHANGE.

ALL B. AND O. TRAINS

BETWEEN THE

EAST and WEST RUN VIA WASHINGTON.

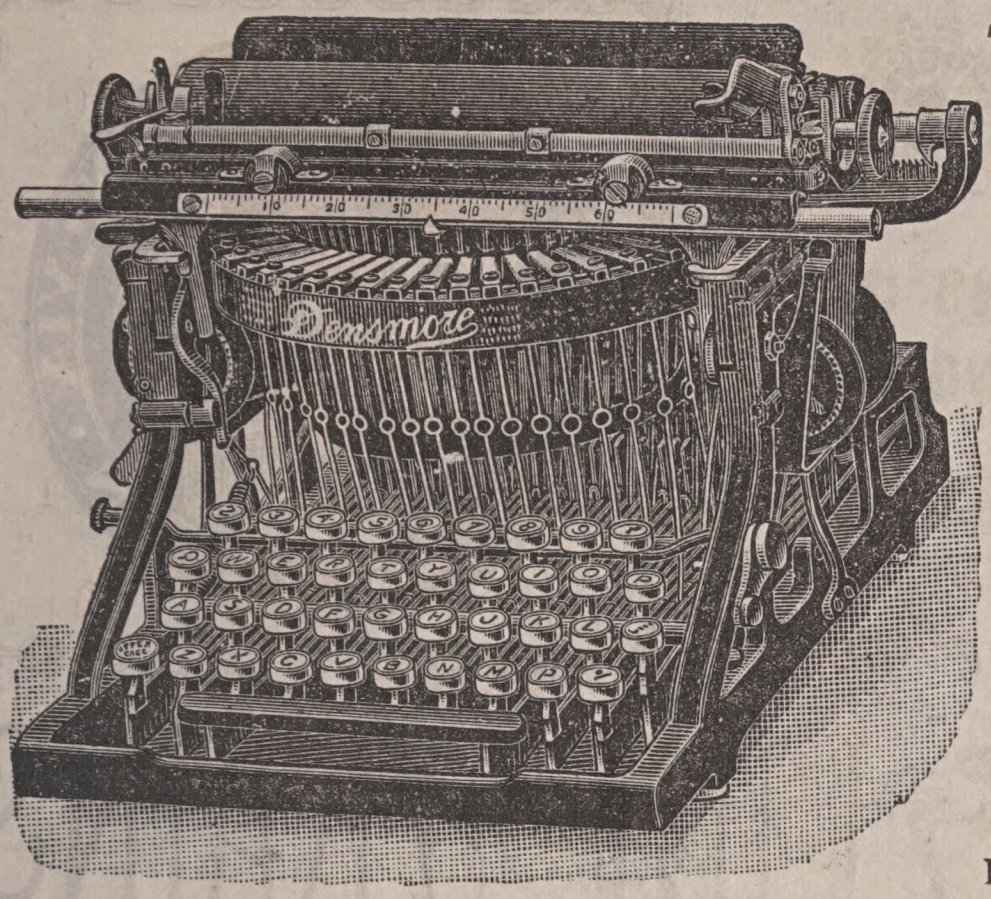
PRINCIPAL OFFICES:

211 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
415 Broadway, New York.
N. E. Cor. 9th and Chestnut Sts., Phila., Pa.
Cor. Baltimore and Calvert Sts., Baltimore, Md.

1351 Pennsylvania Ave., Washington, D.C.
Cor. Wood St. and Fifth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.
Cor. Fourth and Vine Sts., Cincinnati, O.
193 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.
105 North Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

J. T. ODELL, General Manager. } BALTIMORE, MD. { CHAS. O. SCULL, General Passenger Agent.

WRITING MACHINES



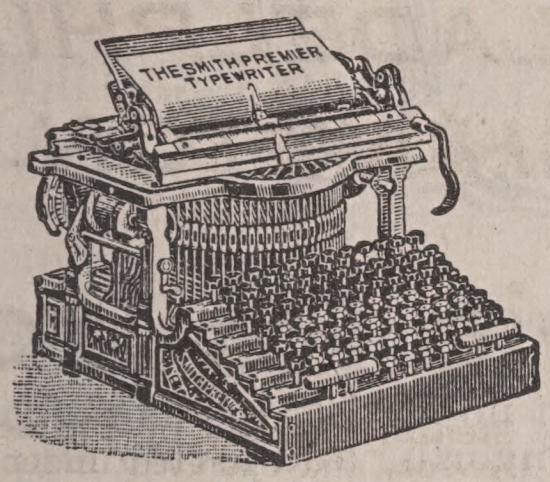
THE DENSMORE

Christened by its users **"The World's Greatest Typewriter."** None of its operators ever go back to the use of any other. "The alignment of my machine is still perfect" is heard every day, from the oldest operators of the Densmore. Many indisputable advantages and conveniences shown, and testimonials from great concerns given, in our free pamphlet. Our World's Fair Exhibit may interest you. Not competing for medals, we determined, instead, that machines from regular stock only should be shown, enabling visitors to see how they are made, and why they are made so, what they can do, and how beautifully they can do it.

DENSMORE TYPEWRITER CO., 202 B'way, N. Y.

"IMPROVEMENT THE ORDER OF THE AGE."

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER.



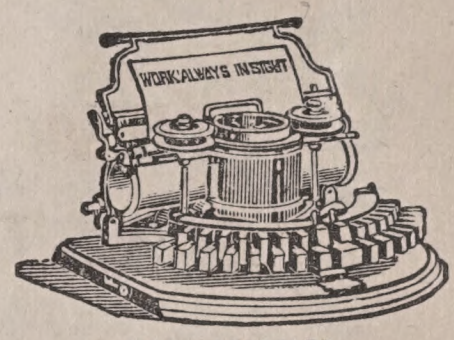
The only perfect model of a writing machine.
Full of new devices.
Great durability.
Permanent alignment.
Easiest manner of inspecting work.
Type cleaned in ten seconds without soiling the hands.
Only uniform stroke type-bar machine.
Keys all lock at end of line.
Perfect ribbon motion, by means of which the ribbon is made to last four times as long as on other machines.
A host of other improvements that place The Smith Premier Typewriter ahead of all competitors.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER COMPANY,
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

BRANCH OFFICES :

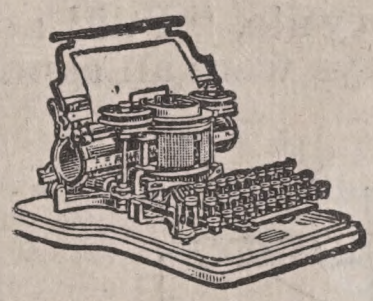
New York City, 293 and 295 Broadway.
Chicago, Ill., 154 Monroe St.
Boston, Mass., 25 School St.
Phila., Pa., 335 Chestnut St.
Cincinnati, O., 166 Walnut St.
St. Louis, Mo., 208 N. 7th St.
St. Paul, Minn., Chamber Commerce Building.
Cleveland, O., 119 Public Sq.
Pittsburg, Pa., 214 Wood St.
Minneapolis, Minn., 9 Fourth St., South.
Detroit, Mich., 101 Griswold St.
Buffalo, N.Y., 61 Niagara St.
Rochester, N.Y., 407 Powers Blk.
Omaha, Neb., 1609½ Farnam St.
Baltimore, Md., 11 E. Baltimore Street,
Denver, Col., 1627 Champa St.
Peoria, Ill., 118 North Adams St.
Milwaukee, Wis., 82 Wisconsin. Street.
Indianapolis, Ind., 47 S. Illinois.

The ANVIL and SHUTTLE MODEL HAMMOND



IDEAL KEYBOARD.

The Typewheel Improved
Manifolding and Perfect Touch



UNIVERSAL KEYBOARD.

UNIQUE!

PEERLESS!

Full particulars from

HAMMOND TYPEWRITER CO.

447-449 East 52d Street

NEW YORK

TYPEWRITERS —AT— HALF PRICE.

We have a large stock of all kinds of writing machines, new and second-hand, at very low figures. We buy, sell, rent, or exchange anywhere in the country. Send for large illustrated catalogue describing machines. Everything guaranteed.

NATIONAL TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE,
200 La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

Fable of the Egotist.

ONCE upon a time there lived a man who got no further in his alphabet than "I," which he always pronounced with lingering and loving emphasis.

One day, as he walked the streets in a reflective mood, he was interrupted by an obnoxious cynic with the query, "Why so serious? Of what are you thinking?"

"I am thinking," responded the other, annoyed to have his cogitations disturbed, and looking with suggestive directness at the cynic, "I am thinking of an ass."

"Ah!" replied the cynic, "I did not know that you were given to introspection; but then you always were an egotist."

Fable of the Self-Made Man.

ONCE upon a time there was a self-made man, — metaphorically speaking, — who, one day on his return from an unsatisfactory dress parade, met a little boy violently. Accepting his apologies and assisting him to his feet, he said, "Young man, if you don't see nuthin', you are apt to get hurt."

"Oh, sir," exclaimed the gentle lad, as he removed himself a deferential distance, "you do yourself an injustice; I saw nothing plainly enough, but not in time to dodge."

"Alas!" murmured the adult synthesis, as he fell short a yard or so in his effort to put the mark of his approval upon the discerning youth, "how true it is that you cannot tell an egg until it is cracked!"

C. M. S.

MISCELLANEOUS

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER

restores the *youthful* color, vitality, and growth to *gray* hair. Stops the hair from falling, and makes hair grow on *bald heads*. Cures dandruff and all scalp disorders. *A fine hair dressing*. The best recommended hair *renewer* ever made. Endorsed by our best physicians and chemists.

Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers

gives to the beard a uniform and natural color. Easy of application. The gentlemen's favorite.

R. P. HALL & CO., Prop's,
NASHUA, N. H.

Sold by all Druggists.

Yale Mixture

A Gentleman's Smoke.

We could not improve the quality if paid double the price. It is the choicest Smoking Tobacco that experience can produce or that money can buy Marburg Bros.

Baltimore, Md.

PASTEUR GERM PROOF WATER FILTERS

Are constructed on scientific principles to meet every requirement for pure drinking water. The filtering medium will remove ***CHOLERA, TYPHOID, AND ALL DISEASE GERMS.*** The Filter is applicable to city water supply or for cistern or well water. Medals and diplomas awarded by scientific societies and expositions.

"Cornell University, Ithaca, N.Y., September 5, 1892.

"I know of no filter which, in my opinion, can be depended upon to remove disease germs but the Pasteur. I should have no fear of water for drinking purposes, no matter how epidemic and violent the disease prevailing, provided it were filtered with a properly sterilized Pasteur Filter. I use the filter in my house all the time.

"E. HITCHCOCK, Jr., Professor of Hygiene and Physical Culture at Cornell University."

The Pasteur Filter was awarded the contract, over all competitors, for furnishing water at the free drinking stations at the World's Fair. Write us for Catalogue and prices.

THE PASTEUR-CHAMBERLAND FILTER CO., Dayton, Ohio, U.S.A.

Sole Licensees for the United States, Canada, and Mexico.

R. C. Anderson, Manager Eastern Department, No. 4 West 28th St., New York City.

Discounts to dealers only.

FREE CRAYON PORTRAITS AND FRAMES

Send us at once a photograph or a tintype of yourself, or any member of your family, living or dead, and we will make you from it an enlarged Crayon Portrait, with **frame complete, absolutely free of charge.** This offer is made in order to introduce our new Portraits and Frames in your vicinity. Put your name and address on back of photos, and send to **TANQUEREY PORTRAIT SOCIETY, 751 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.** Among our numerous customers we mention Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, Hon. T. Crisp, Speaker of the House of Representatives, Washington, D. C., etc. Refer to all Express Cos. and banks in N. Y. and Brooklyn.

SNOW-FLAKE-SALT

NEVER GETS LUMPY OR DAMP.
A PERFECT TABLE LUXURY.
SNOW FLAKE SALT CO. 63 FULTON ST. N.Y.

SKINNY

Using "Adiposidia" gain **10 lbs.** per month. Only genuine Fattening Preparation ever discovered.

A harmless and delicious Beverage which acts like magic. Particulars 4 cents.

WOMEN

WILCOX SPECIFIC CO., Phila, Pa.

BAYLE'S DEVILED CHEESE.

The only cheese for epicures. Your grocer has it; a full size jar will be sent, charges prepaid, on receipt of fifty cents by the maker.

GEO. A. BAYLE, St. Louis, Mo.

Scenic Lehigh Valley Route

BETWEEN

New York or Philadelphia

and

CHICAGO,

via

Buffalo or Niagara Falls.

IN all America there is no region more picturesque than that which is traversed by the Reading Railroad's line connecting the Atlantic and the Great Lakes. Passing through the sublimely beautiful scenery of the Lehigh Valley, past Mauch Chunk, the "Switzerland of America," into and over vast ranges of sky-towering mountains, through the song-famed and romance-hallowed vale of Wyoming, the smiling Susquehanna Valley, and the famous Lake Region of New York, it reveals a series of landscapes unsurpassed in beauty, grandeur, and diversity.

Over the Reading Railroad's "Scenic Lehigh Valley Route" four trains in either direction, every day, carry through Pullman Buffet Parlor- and Sleeping-Cars between New York and Philadelphia and Chicago, *via* either Buffalo or Niagara Falls. The trains are splendidly equipped, being provided with all the modern and improved appliances for safety, comfort, and luxury. An agreeable feature of this line is the absence of smoke, soot, and cinders, all locomotives being fuelled with clean, hard anthracite coal. Whether for pleasure touring or for business travel, the attractions of this line are unequalled.

NEW YORK STATION: Foot of Liberty Street, North River.
PRINCIPAL TICKET OFFICE: 235 Broadway.
PHILADELPHIA STATION: Market and Twelfth Streets.
PRINCIPAL TICKET OFFICE: N. E. Corner Broad and Chestnut Sts.

C. G. HANCOCK,
GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT, PHILADELPHIA.

A. W. NONNEMACHER,
ASST. GEN. PASS. AGT., SOUTH BETHLEHEM, PA.

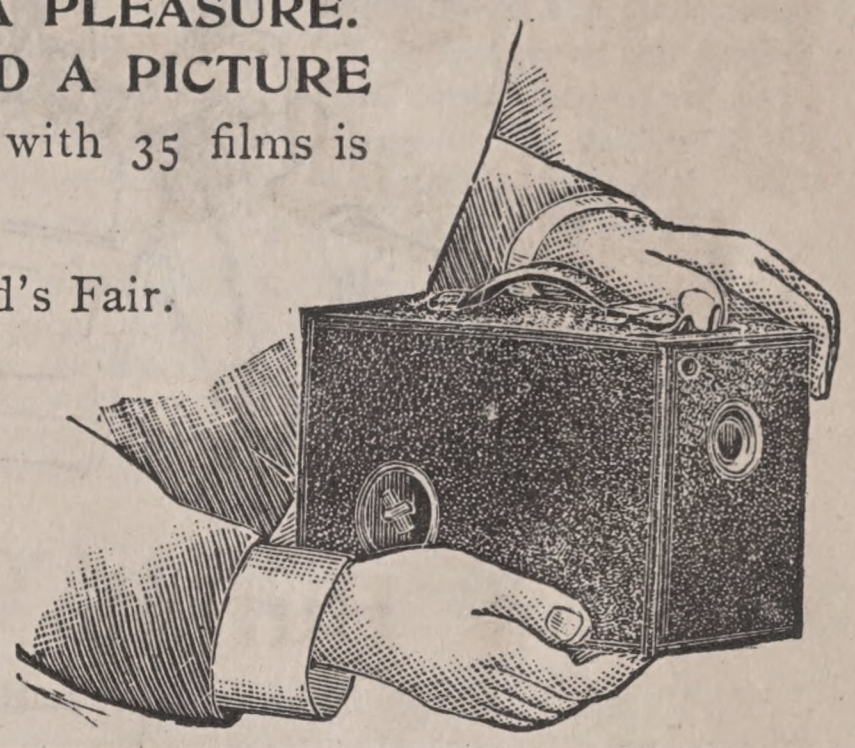
MISCELLANEOUS

No. 1 Trokonets

NOW READY.

THE VERY BEST AND MOST RELIABLE HAND CAMERAS EVER MADE. NO FAULTY FILM, NO GLASS PLATES TO BREAK; STILL GLASS PLATES CAN BE USED.

FILM LIES FLAT, DEVELOPMENT A PLEASURE. SLIGHTLY TOUCH THE LEVER AND A PICTURE IS TAKEN. The loading of a Trokonet with 35 films is but the work of a moment.



Take a TROKONET with you to the World's Fair.
All Photographic Dealers sell them.
Trokonet catalogue free on application.

THE PHOTO-MATERIALS CO.,
Manufacturers,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

EMPLOYMENT

$3, $6 AND $8 A DAY

For Men, Women, Young Men, Young Women, Bright, Active Boys and Girls

We want people everywhere to work for us. From $3 to $8 a day can be earned at pleasant and easy work. Write at once for particulars.

PATRIOTIC PUBLISHING CO.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
608 CHESTNUT ST.

SAVE YOUR MONEY.

Send for an AUTOMATIC COIN SAVINGS BANK, delivered express prepaid for $1.25. One of the latest novelties for Holiday Presents. Each deposit changing the Motto. Its novelty will make it attractive in every Home, and induce liberal deposits, and the children will find their Bank a source of much entertainment as well as profit. Agents wanted.

AUTOMATIC COIN SAVINGS BANK.
32 Hawley St., Boston, Mass.

A Book for the Millions.

The WORLD'S FAIR Through a CAMERA.

Snap Shots of Grounds, Buildings, Interiors, The Midway, Processions of all Nations, and other views of general interest.

FREE A fine 14k gold plated watch to every reader of this paper. Cut this out and send it to us with your full name and address, and we will send you one of these elegant, richly jeweled, gold finished watches by express for examination, and if you think it is equal in appearance to any $25.00 gold watch pay our sample price, $3.50, and it is yours. We send with the watch our guarantee that you can return it at any time within one year if not satisfactory, and if you sell or cause the sale of six we will give you **One Free.** Write at once, as we shall send out samples for 60 days only. Address

THE NATIONAL M'F'G & IMPORTING CO.,
334 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

---

25 HOUSE PLANS for 25 cents. If you are going to build, send 25 cents to J. S. OGILVIE, 77 Rose St., N. Y., and get new book containing new plans how to build a house.

$20.00 Worth of Music for 50c. 132 pages full and complete. Full sized music, Vocal and Instrumental, entitled **"The Evening Party."** Each composition an American copyright by the best composers and authors. (48 compositions.) Sent post-paid for 50c. **Frank Harding, 229 Bowery, N. Y.**

CALIFORNIA **The Matchless**—America's Beauty Spot is in her Southern Counties. Learn all about the land of delight in its foremost newspaper, **The Los Angeles Times.** Daily, 8 to 20 pp., $2.25 per quarter, $9.00 per year; Weekly, 12 pp., $1.30 per year. Address, **The Times,** Los Angeles, Cal.

CHRISTMAS GIFT AND BIRTHDAY BOOKLETS . . . IN EXQUISITE BINDINGS . . .
Send for Catalogue—Agents wanted—Liberal terms.
IBBOTSON BROS., Richfield Springs, N. Y.

WORLD'S FAIR VIEWS.

Photographic Souvenir Albums in Albertype 25 cts. to $3 00, postpaid by mail. Send for list.
THE UNITED STATES—100 plates, finely bound $5.

Fable of the Reformer.

ONCE upon a time there was a reformer who took himself seriously,—but a humorist withal, for it was his conviction that it was possible to elevate the stage.

Accosting a manager who was by nature adjusted to his occupation,—since, through chronic strabismus, he always had a cast in his eye,—he said, "Alas, sir, I fear that the drama is going to pieces."

"Yes," admitted the manager; "spectacular pieces."

When the touching pathos and delicate significance of this rejoinder had filtered through the epidermis of the reformer, he exclaimed, with the spontaneity of the boisterous Briton, "I will defer laughter until week after next. In the mean time I propose to show that it is possible to elevate the stage."

So saying, he produced a monstrous cartridge of dynamite, which he lit and tossed into the bowels of the dramatic modus operandi, and—well, there's nothing further to add, except the moral: "There are more ways than one of skinning a cat."

WEARING APPAREL

Sixth Avenue,

O'NEILL'S

20th to 21st St.,

NEW YORK.

IMPORTERS AND RETAILERS.

Fine Millinery, Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Furniture, Curtains, China, Glassware, etc.

OUR MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT.

WE make a specialty of Mail Order Business, sending goods to all parts of the world. Guaranteeing perfect satisfaction to the customer or refunding the money. This feature of our business secures and retains the confidence of a vast patronage, who find it a pleasure to deal with a house whose reliability is assured, and where all wants can be promptly supplied at Lowest Prices.

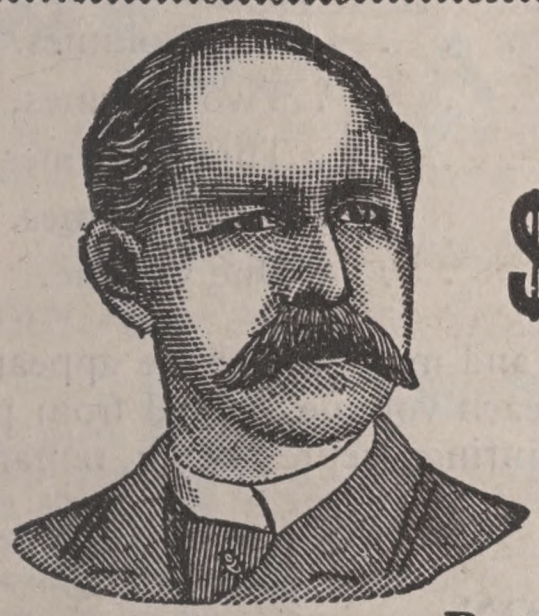
SEND US A TRIAL ORDER.

SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE.—Fall and Winter Edition of our Illustrated Catalogue, now ready, mailed **Free** to out-of-town residents. As the demand for this book is always greater than the supply, we ask you to send in your name early.

All Purchases Delivered by Express Free of Charge at any Point within a Radius of 100 Miles of New York City.

H. O'NEILL & CO.,

Sixth Avenue, 20th to 21st St., N.Y.



W. L. DOUGLAS

$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

Best Calf Shoe In the World for the Price.

Fine Calf Dress Shoes, $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00. Very Stylish.

Policemen's, Farmers' and Letter Carriers' $3.50 Shoe. Three Soles, Extension Edge.

$2.50 and $2.00 Shoes for General Wear. Extra Value.

Boys and Youths wear the $2.00 and $1.75 School Shoe.

For Ladies, $3.00, $2.50 and $2.00 Shoes. Best Dongola.

W. L. Douglas Shoes are made of the best material, in all the latest styles, and sold by shoe dealers everywhere.

Do You Wear Them?

W. L. Douglas' name and price is stamped on the bottom before they leave the factory, to protect you against high prices. Doing the largest advertised shoe business in the world we are contented with a small profit, knowing that the extra value put in W. L. Douglas Shoes will give a continuous increase to our business. The dealer who sells you unstamped shoes makes the price to suit himself. He makes you pay from $1 to $3 a pair more than you would have to pay for W. L. Douglas Shoes of the same quality. The stamped name and price system is the best for you, because it guarantees full value by the manufacturer, for the money paid, and saves thousands of dollars annually to those who wear W. L. Douglas Shoes.

If you wish to economize in your footwear it will pay you to examine W. L. Douglas Shoes when next in need. **Sent by Mail, Postage Free,** when dealers cannot supply you. Take no substitute. **Send for Catalogue** with full instructions how to order by mail.

Address W. L. DOUGLAS, Box 551, Brockton, Mass.

BOOKS

Universal Edition of the Works of

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

COMPLETE, WITH NOTES BY JOHN FOSTER KIRK.

Retail Price,
50 Cents per Volume.

Just Issued:

Ferdinand and Isabella.

Three volumes. 12mo. Cloth, gilt. Large print. $1.50 per set.

Already Published:

The Conquest of Mexico.

Three volumes. 12mo. Cloth, gilt.
$1.50 per set.

The Conquest of Peru.

Two volumes. 12mo. Cloth, gilt.
$1.00 per set.

DE LUXE LIBRARY EDITION.

Now complete in twelve volumes. Large 8vo. Large type, printed on fine paper, and neatly bound in half morocco, gilt top, $5.00 per volume, net.

History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella	Two volumes.
History of the Conquest of Mexico	Two volumes.
History of the Conquest of Peru	Two volumes.
History of the Reign of Philip II.	Three volumes.
History of the Reign of Charles V.	Two volumes.
Biographical and Critical Miscellanies	One volume.

This edition contains all the steel plates on India paper, and maps that have appeared in former editions, and about fifteen phototype illustrations to each volume, copied from photographs of cities, public edifices, and reproductions of paintings representing remarkable events narrated. The edition is limited to 250 copies.

THE STUDENT'S EDITION.

In five volumes. With notes by John Foster Kirk. Printed from new plates on fine paper, with illustrations and maps. Any volume sold separately.

The Conquest of Mexico	Complete in one volume.	$1.00.
History of Ferdinand and Isabella.	Complete in one volume.	1.00.
Conquest of Peru and Miscellanies.	Complete in one volume.	1.00.
The Reign of Charles V.	Complete in one volume.	1.00.
The Reign of Philip II.	Complete in one volume.	1.00.

Five volumes. Price per set: cloth, $5.00; extra cloth, gilt top, $6.25; half calf, gilt top, $12.50; half calf, marbled edges, $12.50.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,

715 AND 717 MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

FINANCIAL

AMERICAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Office: Company's Building,

308-310 Walnut Street, PHILADELPHIA.

CASH CAPITAL	$500,000.00
Reserve for Reinsurance and all other claims	2,541,873.61
Surplus over all Liabilities	141,428.86

TOTAL ASSETS, JANUARY 1, 1893, $3,183,302.47.

THOS. H. MONTGOMERY, *President.*
CHAS. P. PEROT, *Vice-President.*
RICHARD MARIS, *Secretary and Treasurer.*
WM. F. WILLIAMS, *Assistant Secretary.*
WM. J. DAWSON, *Secretary Agency Dept.*

Two Systems

of Life Insurance are contesting the field for public favor—the Old Line and the New. The former is cumbersome, artificial and costly. The latter is simple, natural and inexpensive. The

Massachusetts BENEFIT LIFE ASSOCIATION

is a striking example of the new plan of Life Insurance.

The Largest and Strongest Natural-Premium Insurance Co. of New England.

35,000 MEMBERS.
$105,000,000 INSURANCE in Force.
$1,000,000 CASH SURPLUS.
$7,000,000 Paid in DEATH LOSSES.

The **NEW POLICY** of the Massachusetts Benefit Association has no superior. It gives **Cash Dividends, Cash Surrender Values, Paid-Up Insurance,** and other desirable options.

Splendid Openings for Energetic Men to Act as Special General and State Agents.

GEO. A. LITCHFIELD, Pres., 53 State St., Boston.

THE PENNSYLVANIA COMPANY

FOR INSURANCES ON LIVES AND GRANTING ANNUITIES,

No. 517 CHESTNUT STREET,

INCORPORATED MARCH 10, 1812.
CHARTER PERPETUAL.

(TRUST AND SAFE DEPOSIT CO.)

CAPITAL	**$2,000,000**
SURPLUS	**2,000,000**

Chartered to act as EXECUTOR, ADMINISTRATOR, TRUSTEE, GUARDIAN, ASSIGNEE, COMMITTEE, RECEIVER, AGENT, etc.; and for the faithful performance of all such duties all its Capital and Surplus are liable.

ALL TRUST INVESTMENTS ARE KEPT SEPARATE AND APART FROM THE ASSETS OF THE COMPANY.

INCOME COLLECTED AND REMITTED.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON MONEY DEPOSITS.

SAFES IN ITS BURGLAR-PROOF VAULTS FOR RENT.

The protection of its Vaults for the preservation of WILLS offered gratuitously.

Gold and Silver-Plate, Deeds, Mortgages, etc., received for safe-keeping under guarantee.

HENRY N. PAUL, PRESIDENT.
JARVIS MASON, TRUST OFFICER.
L. C. CLEEMANN, ASS'T TRUST OFFICER.
JOHN J. R. CRAVEN, SECRETARY.
C S. W. PACKARD, TREASURER.
WM. L. BROWN, ASS'T TREASURER.

DIRECTORS.

LINDLEY SMYTH,	PETER C. HOLLIS,
HENRY N. PAUL,	JOHN R. FELL,
ALEXANDER BIDDLE,	WILLIAM W. JUSTICE,
ANTHONY J. ANTELO,	CRAIGE LIPPINCOTT,
CHARLES W. WHARTON,	GEORGE W. CHILDS,
EDWARD H. COATES,	EDWARD S. BUCKLEY,

BEAUVEAU BORIE.

"LISTEN TO THE" tale of **FLORIDA** Profit and loss. Advantages and drawbacks in our monthly "**Florida Homeseeker,**" telling of an ideal township and climate. High, healthful lands. **Freedom** from Frosts, Swamps, and Malaria, 25 clear lakes.

Cheap homes sold on $1.00 (and up) per month instalments.

Cheap transportation to settlers and prospectus.

Cheap and good Hotel board. Free boating, etc.

Oranges, Lemons, and Pineapples our Staples. Summer is here delightful. No negroes, no liquor. Sample paper free. Hundreds buying. Write now.

O. M. CROSBY, Editor, Avon Park, Fla.

"THE CITY OF SMOKE STACKS!"

EVERETT, WASHINGTON.

Only Ten Months Old. 5000 Inhabitants. $2,000,000 in Industries. Terminus of Great Northern R.R. Co. The very choicest **Business, Manufacturing, Water-Front, and Residence** Property for sale. Money loaned for non-residents. References: Bank of Everett, First National Bank of Everett, and Columbia National Bank of Tacoma.

JOHN E. McMANUS, Everett, Snohomish Co., Washington.

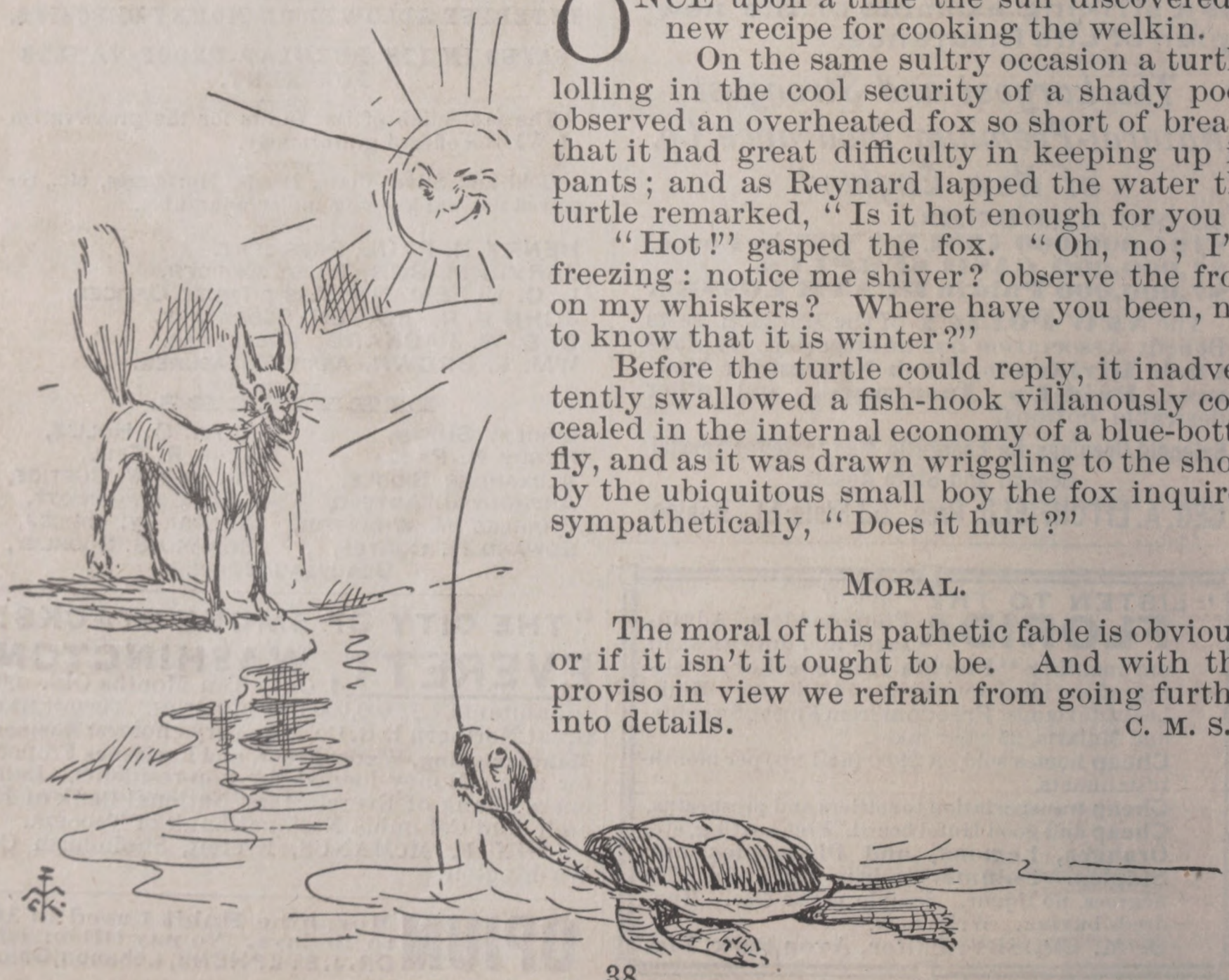
OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

Fable of the Missionary.

ONCE on a time—so runs the rhyme in this instructive fable—there came a man, with views extreme, to ventilate an ancient theme to congregations sable. Said he one day, "Dear friends, I pray in every word and action that I, from every point of view, shall perfectly agree with you in fullest satisfaction." They told him then, these sable men, in this supreme connection, that, though at first they had been foes, his recent gain in adipose had settled all objection. Just then a wight as black as night (by way of illustration) invited him to stay to tea with such an urgent manner he embraced the invitation. And when at last the thin repast was stowed away compactly, they all agreed, with surfeit sense, that his delightful Reverence agreed with them exactly. But bliss, though brief, still comes to grief, for one complaining glutton caressed his jaw with aching ruth; for he had cracked his wisdom tooth on a suspender button.

The moral, then, that comes to ken, with a suggestion stealthy, slips through some door of sense ajar, and sighs, "*Don't get too popular, because it isn't healthy.*"

Fable of the Fox and the Turtle.



ONCE upon a time the sun discovered a new recipe for cooking the welkin.

On the same sultry occasion a turtle, lolling in the cool security of a shady pool, observed an overheated fox so short of breath that it had great difficulty in keeping up its pants; and as Reynard lapped the water the turtle remarked, "Is it hot enough for you?"

"Hot!" gasped the fox. "Oh, no; I'm freezing: notice me shiver? observe the frost on my whiskers? Where have you been, not to know that it is winter?"

Before the turtle could reply, it inadvertently swallowed a fish-hook villanously concealed in the internal economy of a blue-bottle fly, and as it was drawn wriggling to the shore by the ubiquitous small boy the fox inquired sympathetically, "Does it hurt?"

Moral.

The moral of this pathetic fable is obvious: or if it isn't it ought to be. And with this proviso in view we refrain from going further into details.

C. M. S.

STATIONERY

Great Reduction IN THE AMOUNT OF PROFANITY IN THE WORLD!

Write for Catalogue.
Bloomsburg, Pa.

BY USING THE PAUL WIRT FOUNTAIN PEN.

A. W. FABER'S LEAD-PENCILS,

Pen-holders, Rubber Bands, and Pencil Sharpeners.

If you cannot obtain these goods from your Stationer, send 30 cents for samples.

EBERHARD FABER,

CHICAGO. SOLE AGENT AND MANUFACTURER. **NEW YORK.**

ESTABLISHED 1846.

FRANKLIN PRINTING INK WORKS,

JOHN WOODRUFF'S SONS,

1217 and 1219 Cherry Street,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

This Magazine is printed with John Woodruff's Sons' Inks.

VELVET LEAD (Glass Finish) LEAD PENCILS ARE ABSOLUTELY THE BEST.

AMERICAN LEAD PENCIL CO., New York.

DIXON'S AMERICAN GRAPHITE PENCILS

Are unequaled for smooth, tough points.
Samples worth double the money for 16c.
Jos. Dixon Crucible Co., Jersey City, N. J.
Mention LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

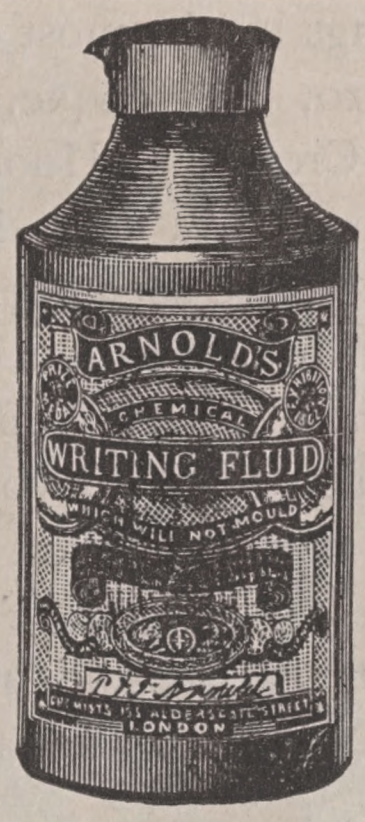
Columbian Desk Catalogue 160-pages, postage 7c. Desks from $6.00 to $600.00.

American Desk & Seating Co.
270-272 Wabash Av., CHICAGO, U.S.A.

HIGH FIVE OR EUCHRE PARTIES should send at once to JOHN SEBASTIAN, G.T.A C., R.I. & P.R.R., Chicago. TEN CENTS, in stamps, per pack for the slickest cards you ever shuffled. For $1.00 you will receive free, by express, ten packs.

FOR YOU

1 Package Mending Tissue, mends Silk, Satin, Kid Gloves, etc., better than needle and thread; 1 Package Solder, mends all kinds of Tinware; 1 Package of Starch Gloss, for polishing cuffs, collars, and shirt bosoms; 3 Hair Crimpers; 4 Papers Needles, 8 Darning, Worsted, Lace, Glove, Carpet, and Motto Needles; 6 Hat, Shawl, and Toilet Pins; Illustrated Book on Fancy Work, Knitting, etc.; Designs for Tidies, Cushions, etc.; 44 Songs, including **Ta, ra, boom, ta ray,** words and music. All sent by mail, postpaid, for **10 cents.** Address
HOWARD MFG. CO., Providence, R.I.



FOR SALE

ARNOLD'S INKS

EVERYWHERE.

BARGAINS IN TYPEWRITERS.
$85.00 Caligraphs for $20.00 and up. **$95.00 Remingtons for $35.00** and up. **Odells for $8.00.**
Others in proportion.
A. W. GUMP & CO., Dayton, Ohio.

RESTORE YOUR EYESIGHT. Cataracts, Scars or Films can be absorbed, Paralyzed Nerves restored, Diseased Eyes or Lids cured. A Home Treatment; "no risk." Hundreds convinced. Pamphlet free. Address
EYE INFIRMARY, Glen Falls, N. Y.

THE BEST EDITION OF

Scott's Waverley Novels

New Library Edition. Published in connection with Adam and Charles Black, the authorized publishers of the works of Sir Walter Scott.

Each volume contains a complete novel, printed on fine paper, in bold, legible type. To the last volume is appended a synopsis of the principal incidents and persons introduced in the text.

The entire work is complete in twenty-five volumes, and is illustrated with steel engravings by the most eminent artists of their time, including Vandyke, Zucchero, Le Jocque, Wilkie, Turner, Roberts, Landseer, Stanfield, Frith, Creswick, Hook, Horseley, Stone, Ward, Ellmore, Pickersgill, Phillips, Faed, etc. No artists of a later period have been able to give to the public such excellent representations of the scenes and characters depicted by the author of the Waverley Novels.

The *New Library Edition* contains *fifty steel engravings*, and is sold in cloth binding at $1.75 per volume ($43.75 per set); half morocco, $56.25; half calf, marbled edges, $80.00; three-quarters calf, $100.00.

The *New Library* SPECIAL *Edition* contains *one hundred and eighty-five steel engravings*, and is sold in sets at $62.50, cloth binding; three-quarters calf, extra, $125.00; full tree calf, gilt edges (London), $150.00.

"It is a stately edition—the best now in print, and will, undoubtedly, supply in the best way the increasing demand for the Waverley Novels which has been noted of late."—*New York Times.*

"And this superb edition, printed as if for a prince, and bound for all time, is worthy of the works of the master."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"*The best* popular edition of Scott that we are acquainted with."—*Chicago Dial.*

"It is the edition of the day, and combines cheapness with elegance."—*Boston Transcript.*

"The edition is the best ever offered the American public."—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

This edition is for sale by all Booksellers.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, Publishers,

715 and 717 Market Street, Philadelphia.

*** Catalogue and specimen pages of all the best English editions of *Thackeray's Works* sent on application.

STATIONERY

J. B. Lippincott Company

Wholesale and Retail
STATIONERS and
IMPORTERS.

tationery and Fancy Goods Department

Fine Decorated China, Glass Goods, AND Bronzes

IMPORTATIONS FROM GERMANY, AUSTRIA, FRANCE, AND ENGLAND.

THE latest Novelties from the celebrated Royal Worcester Potteries, Doulton Ware, Pointon, Royal Stafford, Hungarian, Crown Derby, Adderly, Bonn, Jones & Sons, Limoges, Dresden, etc., comprising useful and decorated ornaments.

Also a choice collection of **Holiday Goods** from leading American and European manufacturers.

Glove, Jewel, and Handkerchief Cases, Photograph and Autograph Albums, Five O'Clock Tea Sets, Fancy Boxes, Odor Cases, Fancy Baskets, Manicure Sets, Toilet Sets, Lamps, Calendars, Easels, Frames, Mirrors, Clocks, Tables, Etc., Etc.

FINE STATIONERY OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

715 and 717 Market Street, Philadelphia.

Fable of the Philosopher and the Burglar.

ONCE upon a time a despondent burglar, who had met with a disheartening series of unyielding time-locks, accosted a philosopher who was extracting with indifferent success the nutriment from a large-sized cud of reflection.

Said the burglar, "How do you manage to keep so offensively cheerful?"

"Well," answered the philosopher, as he extracted a juicy apothegm and buttered it with a layer of sophistry, "you are welcome to the formula: I always take things as I find them."

"Ah!" exclaimed the burglar, startled to discover a sentiment so much in harmony with his own views, "but you have never been subjected to the inconvenience of going beyond the maxim, whilst I have put it into practice."

"May I inquire," asked the philosopher, "what is your occupation?"

"Certainly," responded the rogue, easily. "I am a burglar."

"Great heavens!" exclaimed the philosopher, startled into bolting an epigram entire, "you should not apply philosophy so literally. Discard the practice, and adopt the theory."

"Ah!" laughed the burglar, "you admit, then, that there is a discrepancy. For my part, I prefer things that hang together."

"In that case," said the philosopher, "continue in your present occupation and stick to your accomplices. In the end you are sure to hang together."

Beautiful Teeth, the Crown of Beauty!

WHEN other charms have faded, a sound, white set of teeth redeems the countenance, but they should be brushed every day with **Sozodont,** in order to keep them white, or to render them so.

SOZODONT

is a composition of the choicest and purest ingredients for cleansing and preserving the teeth, hardening the gums, and imparting a **delicate, cool, aromatic fragrance** to the mouth. **Sozodont** has received the most flattering testimonials from many distinguished **Dentists, Physicians, Clergymen,** and others, who have carefully tested its merits, and from long and regular use are enabled to recommend it with confidence.

One Bottle of SOZODONT will last Six Months.

It is an exceedingly economical and inexpensive dentrifice. Purchasers are requested to note the size and fluid capacity of the bottle, and particularly to remember that, unlike *tooth powders* and *tooth pastes*, **there is no waste.**

Sold by Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

Lippincott's * * * * * * * * Biographical Dictionary

Large octavo.

Bound in Sheep, $12.00.

Bound in Half Russia, $15.00.

Patent Index, 75 cents additional.

Contains Memoirs of the Eminent Persons of all Ages and Countries, and Accounts of the various Subjects of the Norse, Hindoo, and Classic Mythologies, with the Pronunciation of their Names in the Different Languages in which they occur. By JOSEPH THOMAS, M.D., LL.D.

It is really a cyclopædia within itself, including every character that has strong claims to our notice, either from public notoriety or lasting celebrity, and from it may be gathered a knowledge of the lives of those who have made the world's history famous.

Sold by all Booksellers.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,

715-717 Market Street, Philadelphia.

THE EAGLE AND THE TORTOISE.

ONCE there was an epidemic.

Discontent.

It began with that beatific beast the ass, and ended with the tortoise.

One day the tortoise beheld an eagle executing, for public approval, some convoluted manœuvres in the firmament. "Ah!" cried the tortoise, "what a point of observation! I say, can't you give a fellow a lift? I'd like to fly, too."

"To be sure," responded the eagle, as it very promptly swallowed the tortoise, and reascended. "How's that?"

"Alas!" cried the tortoise, as the digestive process began to disintegrate his anatomy, "I have often been accused of being too slow, but on this occasion I am entirely too fly."

MORAL.

Tortoise.—"If I had only stuck to my mud!"
Eagle.—"If I hadn't swallowed that shell!"

C. M. S.

YOU ARE NEVER INVITED to the Biggest Store in the World to look at——

lots of left-over goods from last season, but to see the newest and freshest things gathered by our buyers from all around the globe.

It is confidently said by many of our friends that no Dry Goods store in this country shows so complete a stock of Dress Goods as ours, and we believe a comparison of styles, qualities, and prices will more than sustain our claim of always the best value for the money.

The policy of our business touches the whole community. It has wrought itself into the ideal and actual life of the Men, Women, and Children of the entire vicinage.

Materially. Manufactured things. The world's contributions to many—nearly all—human needs are collected here without stint.

Economically. The cost of things. The new ways of the retailing world are perfected here. And the best things are sold at the cheapest rates.

Ideally. The store is never allowed to fall to an insipid dead level. Life and beauty abound in it.

No faltering spirit has touched this business. It commands every resource of grand assembling and dispensing of merchandise. The stock now unfolding surpasses our own past and is said to have no present equal.

The Winter Program has twin propellers.

The Port Screw is the richest accumulation of things you need. The greyhounds of the sea, the iron horses on the land hourly bring new trophies.

The Starboard Screw is welded of low prices. For regular things the cheapest rates, and inwrought throughout the whole house a tissue of bargains caught by cash and skill from existing trade conditions.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

STANDARD

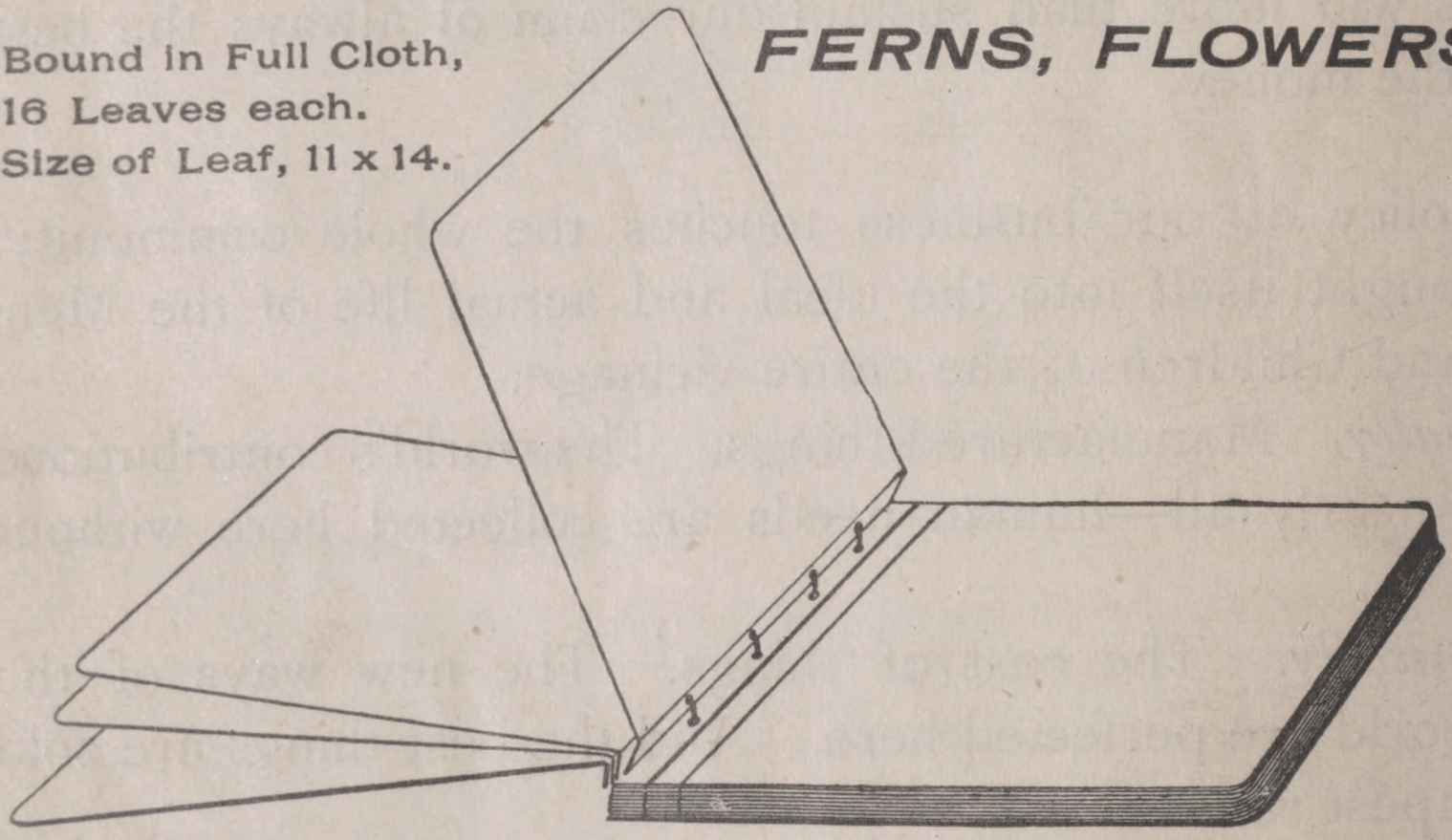
Photograph Holder,

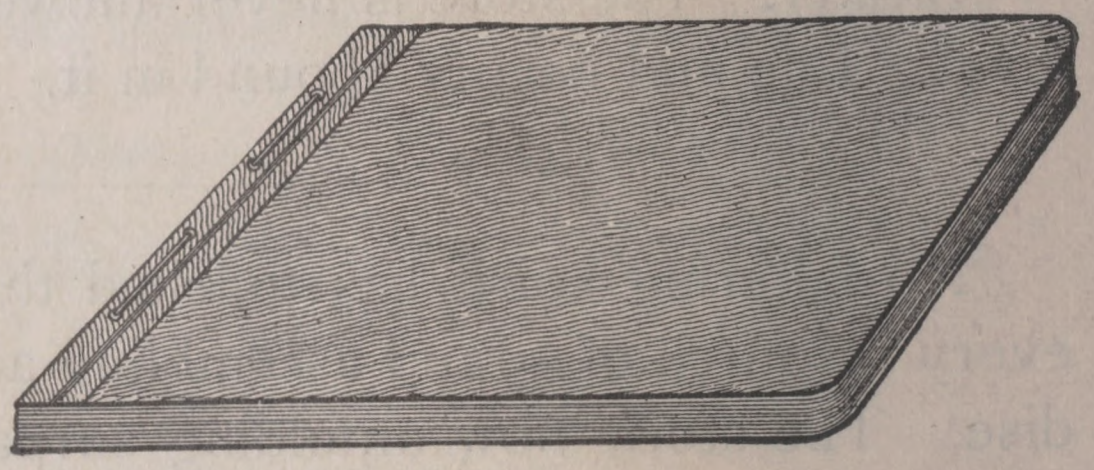
No. 1893.

FOR UNMOUNTED PHOTOGRAPHS,

FERNS, FLOWERS, ETC.

Bound in Full Cloth,
16 Leaves each.
Size of Leaf, 11 x 14.





It is indispensable to amateur photographers and others desiring to preserve in an attractive form a collection of pictures. The leaves can be easily removed and replaced, the pictures can be mounted and dried under a pressure, thus avoiding the warping and buckling so objectionable in other albums.

These books can be made any thickness by adding or taking out leaves. Leaves are made of best photographic mount cards, with vellum cloth hinges.

Price per book, containing 16 leaves, $2.25.
Extra leaves, per dozen - - - 1.25.

ASK YOUR STATIONER FOR THEM.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA.

$100 for $50

Or its equivalent in Life Insurance for One Year, is offered by one of the most Reliable Insurance Companies in the United States, on the "Natural Premium System," which is the true benefactor of the Widow and Orphan.

MUTUAL RESERVE.

Death Claims Paid
to September 1st, 1893,
$16,650,000.00.

OLD SYSTEM.
(Ordinary Life).
Amount which the same premiums would have secured in an OLD SYSTEM or Level Premium Company,
$8,158,000.00.

Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association.

Reliable Agents Wanted in Every State.

Parties desiring Insurance will be furnished free information at the Home Office, or by any of the Association's General Agents.

HOME OFFICE:
Potter Building, 38 Park Row, New York.
E. B. HARPER, President.

CH&D
CINCINNATI, HAMILTON & DAYTON R.R.

The World's Fair Route

CINCINNATI,
INDIANAPOLIS,
CHICAGO.
CINCINNATI,
DAYTON,
LIMA,
TOLEDO, AND
THE LAKES.

THE FINEST EQUIPMENT THAT RUNS.

D. G. EDWARDS, General Pass. and Tkt. Agent,
CINCINNATI, O.

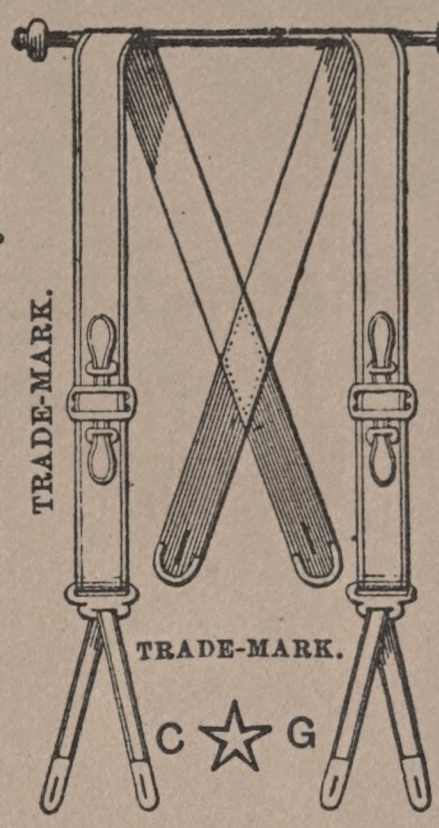
WARNING

HYGIENICALLY EVERY MAN COMMITS A CRIME

AGAINST COMMON SENSE IF HE DOES NOT WEAR THE GENUINE

GUYOT SUSPENDERS.

BRETELLES HYGIENIQUES. TRADE-MARK.



BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

THE NAME OF

CH. GUYOT

ON EVERY PAIR.

ALL OTHERS ARE IMITATIONS.

For sale by every Men's Furnishing, Dry Goods, and Clothing Store in the United States and Canada.
If you are unable to procure from your dealer, send 50 cents in stamps for a sample pair to

OSTHEIMER BROS.,
New York:
406 Broadway.
Sole Representatives for U. S. and Canada.
Philadelphia:
917-919 Filbert Street.

ORIENTAL RUGS.

We have placed on Sale a large proportion of our Stock of

ANTIQUE and MODERN ORIENTAL RUGS,

At prices from

25 to 75 % less

than formerly marked.

W. & J. Sloane,

Broadway, 18th and 19th Sts.,
New York.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

Group 89. When you want a first-class Steel Pen, ask your dealer for GILLOTT'S.

Royal Baking Powder

Absolutely Pure

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength. —*Latest United States Government Food Report.*

Royal Baking Powder Co.,
106 Wall St., N. Y.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

W. BAKER & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa

from which the excess of oil has been removed,

Is Absolutely Pure and it is Soluble.

No Chemicals

are used in its preparation. It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

W. BAKER & CO., DORCHESTER, MASS.

INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE

THE GREATEST INVENTION OF THE AGE

EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE IT

POWDERED AND PUT UP IN ONE POUND TIN CANS
75 CTS. PER CAN

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON
INVENTORS AND SOLE MANUF'R'S
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

KNABE PIANOS

EUGEN D'ALBERT: From fullest conviction I declare them to be *the best Instruments of America.*

DR. HANS VON BÜLOW: I declare them *the absolutely best in America.*

ALFRED GRÜNFELD: I consider them *the best Instruments of our times.*

P. TSCHAIKOVSKY: Combines with great Volume of Tone a rare sympathetic and noble Tone Color and perfect action.

Baltimore: 22 and 24 E. Baltimore St.
New York: 148 Fifth Ave.
Washington: 817 Pennsylvania Ave.
Chicago: Lyon & Healy, State & Monroe Sts.

"I must have it"

Lundborg's

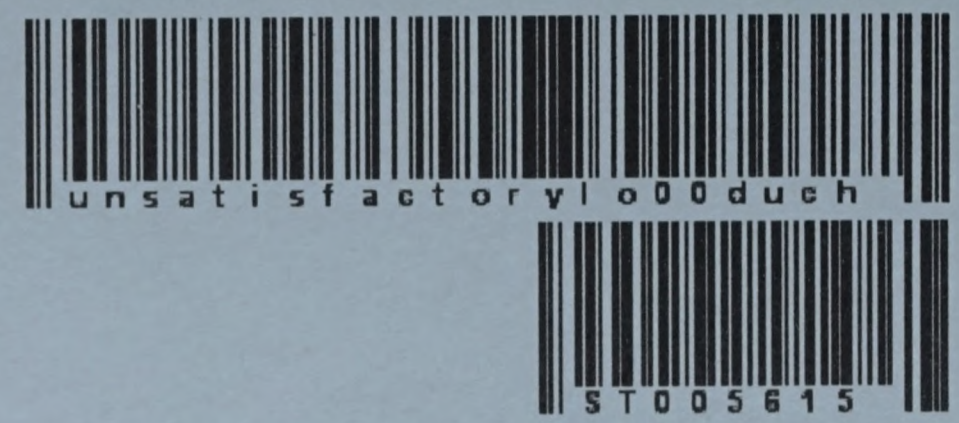
Are the most popular Perfumes at the World's Fair and everywhere else.

THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS. *For Extra Fine Writing, No. 303. For Fine and General Writing, Nos. 404 and 604. For*

Group 89. When you want a first-class Steel Pen, ask your dealer for GILLOTT'S.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

DOBBS BROS.
LIBRARY BINDING
JAN 1977
ST. AUGUSTINE
FLA.
32084

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
00022039635

An unsatisfactory lover
Duchess, 1855?-1897
7742976
The Library of Congress
[138] unsatisfactorylo00duch
00022039635
Apr 20, 2016